July 12, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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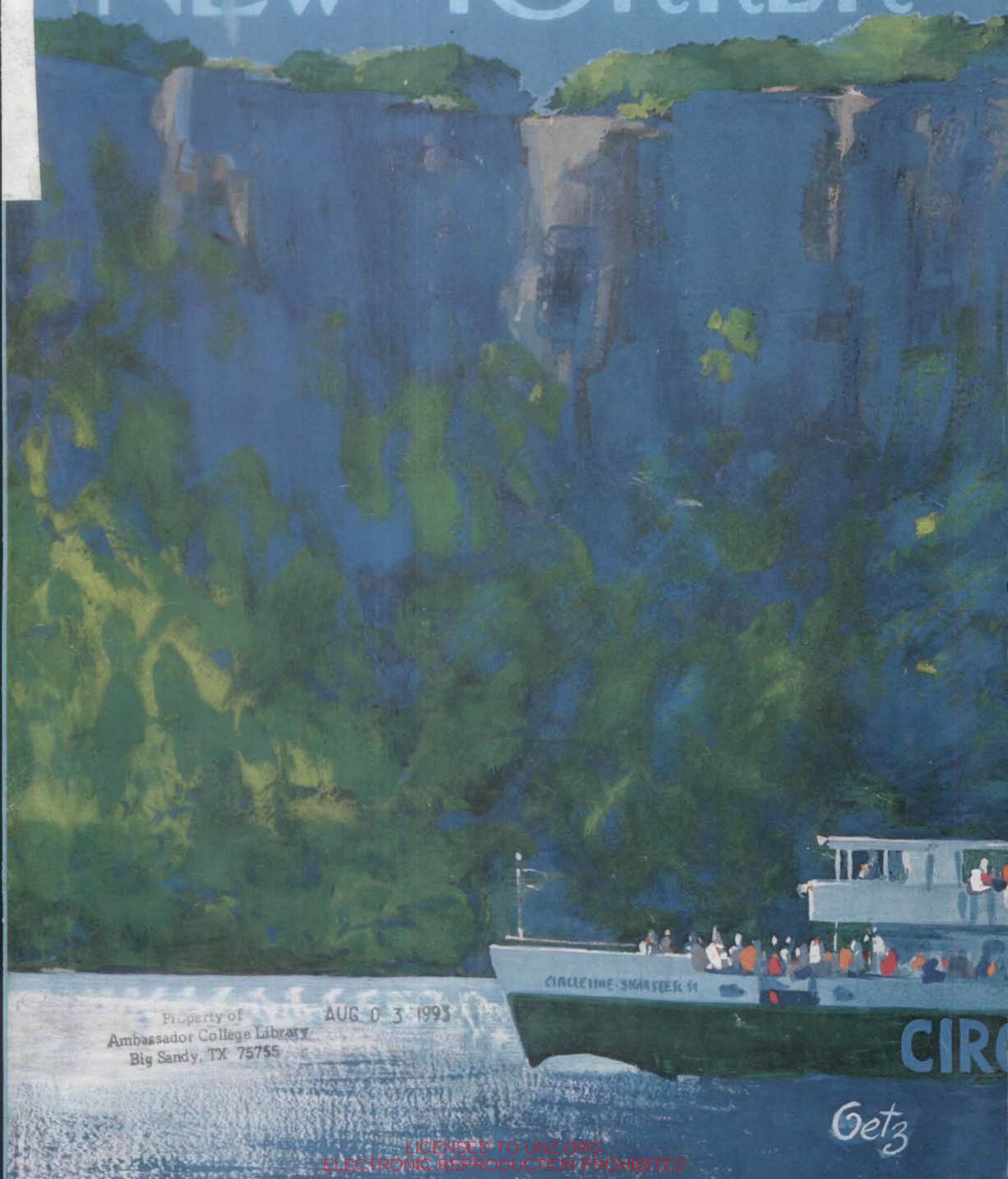
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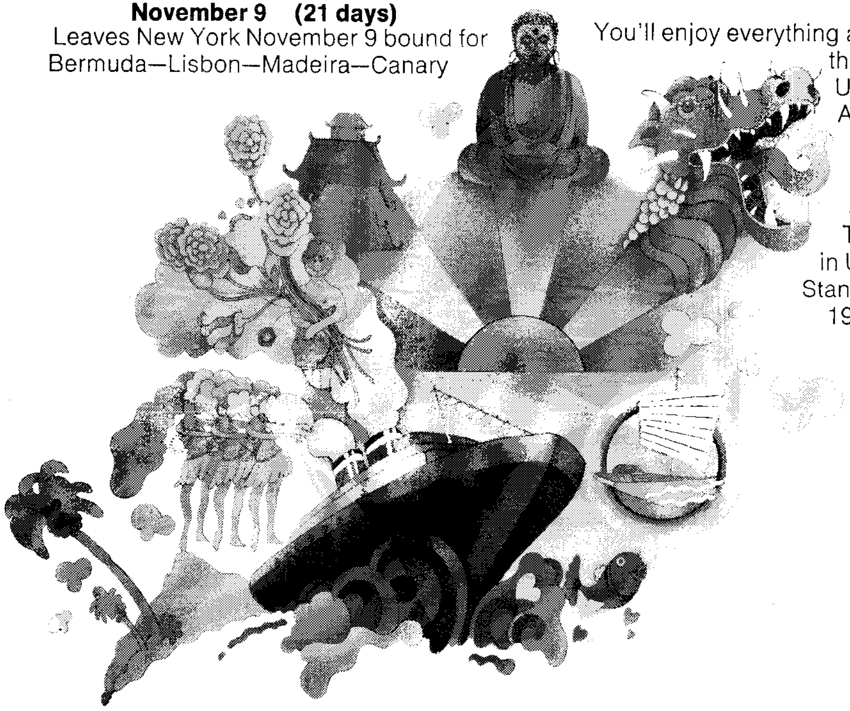

ss United States

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**The Boys in the Band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **The Great White Hope:** A huge cast, headed by James Earl Jones, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prize-fighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Plaza Suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Better Man—This musical—the Negro Ensemble Company's final production of the season—about the doings of a passel of superstitious villagers in Trinidad makes a rather aimless and occasionally tedious show, in spite of an agreeable mock-calypso score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson, bright singing and dancing by the cast, and a number of good individual performances. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 20.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short

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sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

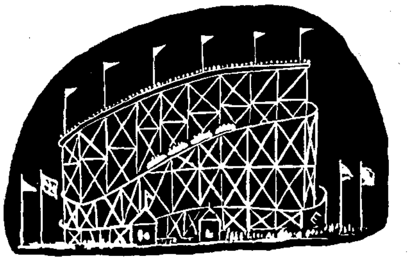
Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whores, Wars & Tin Pan Alley—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **Cabaret:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Tandy Cronyn and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Curley McDimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **The Fantasticks:** He was raving all night about a black panther, Stephen said. Where is his guncase? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . .



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Fiddler on the Roof: Jerry Jarrett in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Hair:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Hello, Dolly!:** Reopens Monday, July 14. Again with an all-Negro cast, still headed by Pearl Bailey. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Mame:** Anne Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Man of La Mancha:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Your Own Thing:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Tap/Jazz—Old-time vaudeville performers, including Chuck Green, Jimmy Slyde, and Sandman Sims, in a weekly series of programs. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Mondays at 8:30; through July 28.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of Ibsen's **Peer Gynt**, with Stacy Keach, Judy Collins, and Estelle Parsons. The first of two plays by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Wednesday, July 9, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 2. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **South Pacific**, with Jerome Hines, Nancy Dussault, and Jerry Lester. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. The Ace Trucking Company, an improvisational group, does comedy routines. Singer John Braden is also here until Wednesday, July 16, when an effective rock band called McKendree Spring replaces him. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A tenebrous and sometimes significant coffeehouse, where some of the most talented young entertainers are apt to be seen and heard. The Colwell-Winfield Blues Band, singer-guitarist Steve Elliott, and country guitarist David Rea are on the bill, giving performances at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz, like that produced by the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet or—starting Tuesday, July 15—the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet. On Tuesday, July 15, the Elvin Jones trio will take over. On Sundays, things start at seven. Mondays, from nine to four, are devoted to sundry jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Junior Mance trio entertains, beginning at about ten-thirty. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Dizzy Gillespie's tightly knit quintet, enhanced by James Moody on reeds, takes turns with Sonny Rollins' nonstop quintet. Beginning Tuesday, July 15, the Gillespie five will play opposite Herbie Mann's octet. On Sundays and on Tuesdays through Thursdays, shows are at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Fridays, the music begins at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Pharoah Sanders quintet is on the stage. On Tuesday, July 15, Roland Kirk's ebullient quartet will move in. On Saturday, July 12, from five to nine, a five-tuba outfit named the Substructure will perform before the evening session, and on Sunday, July 13, from five to nine, Warren Smith's Composers Workshop Ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till

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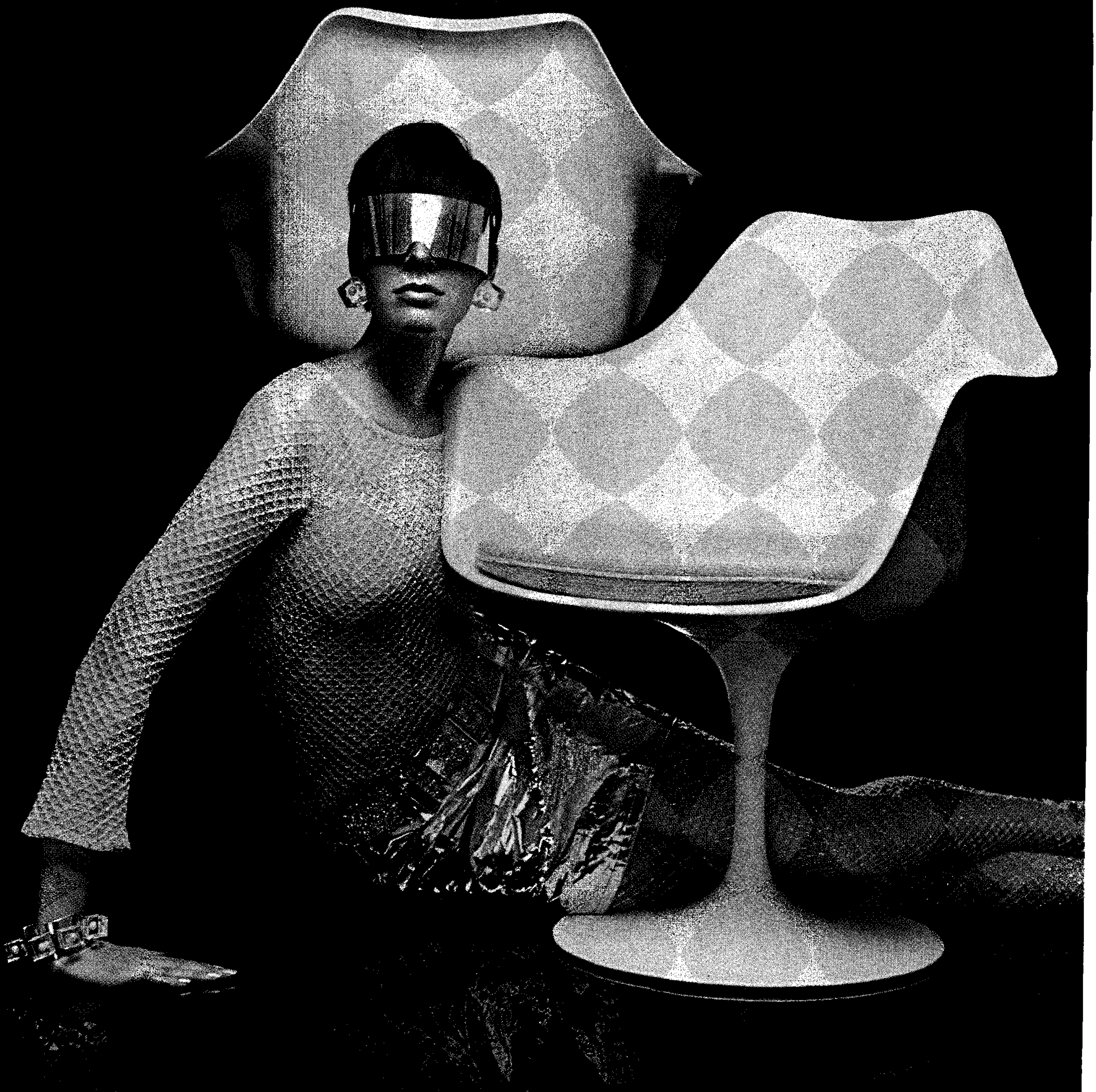

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the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-0570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Twentieth Century Zoo plays for dancing (abetted Friday through Sunday, July 11-13, by the Enchanted Forest) until Tuesday, July 15, when Man takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, a seven-man outfit called the Faculty plays and sings. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Elephant's Memory does. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0080)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Get Back," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): One of the best of all possible midsummer-night's dreams. Dancing *to* Joseph Sudy's band and Quintero's band, as well as dancing *by* Ed Sims and Audre Deckmann, who belong to a good old school. Music from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that, in the Café Pierre. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time. On the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Trees, grass, winged life, and other reminders of a bygone age are within an eye's reach from the terrace, where Phil Wayne's merry men make most of the dance music, which goes on every evening after seven-thirty.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

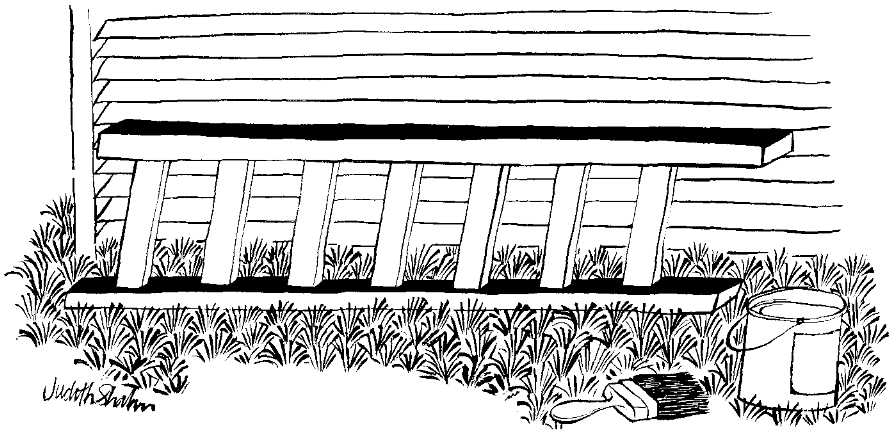
Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—A revised summer edition of "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Backyard chatter (and music, music, music) across the fences—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—of the Mediterranean world. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Hedva and David provide some Israeli folk songs, and a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box goes back into business on Thursday, July 10, with the new comic team of Steve Rossi and Slappy White, and a group of singers and players known as What Four. The orchestra of Lee



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Evans returns to action the same night. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The reign in Spain falls mostly to Los Chavales de España, even when, as now, their majesties are on tour—chanting, chaffing, cajoling, and cantering through their festival of song and prance. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours (ten to four, anyway) and every night. Emilio Prados is the highly necessary guitarist.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—A crack of thunder—the thunder of a fondly remembered old era—is heard at six-thirty and continues until two every night but Sunday. The major implementation is the welcome horn of Wild Bill Davison, leading his Jazz Giants into the fray. Lighter but nevertheless firm touches are contributed by the threesome of the perpetual Teddy Wilson and by Muriel Roberts' solo piano. No dancing, sorry to say.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Summer visitors from the provinces are in town, among them the Parker Sisters, who sing in the Persian Room at dinnertime during the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. The chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte sound, as always, like perennial New Yorkers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Joe Bushkin, who can give the piano plenty of power plays, leads his triad to victory, and Mousie Alexander's threesome fills up the interludes. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Fridays through Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery, the pièce de résistance on the menu (at dinner and supper) is Helen O'Connell, who sings quietly and true-blue from the bottom of what must be a very big heart. Dancing from seven until two. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The summer sessions run from cocktails until well past bedtime for the benefit of anyone from the Hamptons who can't get away in time for the Cannonball. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, singly and in tandem, play swashbuckling piano hour after hour. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays are dark. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Reopens on Monday, July 14. Every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest will be singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Friday and Saturday, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closes for the summer after Saturday, July 12. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Parliamentary rules prevail in what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle, but Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, is nevertheless whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/ Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Alt Wien and Nieuw Amsterdam meet in the piano and commentary of George Feyer, upholder of the *ancien régime* in dinner and supper music. Eight-thirty to one-thirty, except Saturdays and Sundays. Mr. F. goes on a two-month sabbatical after Wednesday, July 16, but Tony Gorody's piano will serve in his stead. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Good and plenty, in both setting and sound, the best of which is Bob Kail's piano, from six to twelve, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the manifold Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper, there is piano from four to eight Mondays through Fridays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the lower depths of Rockefeller Center, but still in *plein air*, nourishment and music are purveyed every night but Sunday, and even as early as noon.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Gorky, de Kooning, and Newman—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A wide assortment of artists, among them Don David, Ernest Briggs, and Martin Hurtig; through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamayo, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Sept. 14. (Closed mornings.) . . . **COLOMBIAN CENTER**, 140 E. 57th St.: Colonial and modern paintings, carvings, and sculp-

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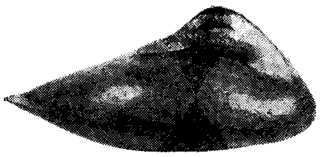

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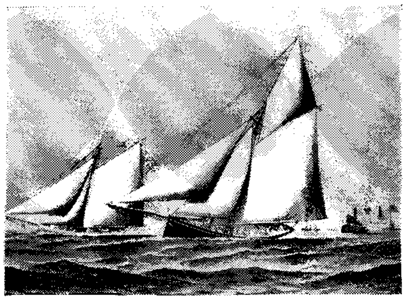

AUGUST 16, 1969—10:00 AM

Collection of rare paintings by noted American artists - A. Bierstadt, A.T. Bricher, William Bradford, C.C. Curran, John La Farge, Alexander Wyant, Paul Weber, R.M. Sully, Jane Peterson, and many other important American artists

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AUGUST 23, 1969—10:00 AM

Exceptional marine and whaling collection of scrimshaw, models, journal log books, and many important marine paintings by Robert Salmon, James and Thomas Buttersworth, Thomas Birch, C.S. Raleigh, Benjamin Russell, William York, Jacobson, etc.

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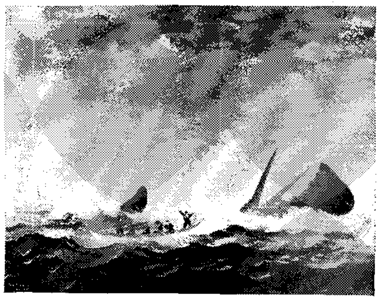

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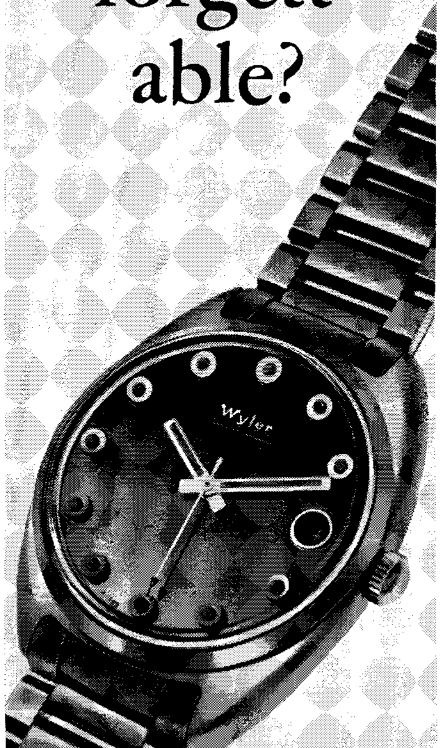

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tures from Colombia; through Sept. 30.... **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through July 31. (Closed mornings.)... **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Boxer, Manning, Martin, Massey, Rabinowitz, and Vivona; through July 25.... **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through July 25.... **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by artists identified with the gallery; through Friday, July 18.... **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes and still-lifes stressing the theme of summertime; through Aug. 15.... **LANDAU-ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wonner; *through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)*... **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Alechinsky, Bissier, Sugaï, and others on the gallery's roster; through Friday, July 11.... **NORDNESS,** 236 E. 75th St.: Ralston Crawford, Rico Lebrun, Walter Meigs, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald are among the artists represented in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and handicrafts; through Friday, July 11.... **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by De Chirico, Schiele, Pascin, Giacometti, Picasso, Morandi, and other twentieth-century artists; through Aug. 29. ... **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by German Expressionists; through Aug. 29. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)... **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 4.)... **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, and Walt Kuhn (to name a few); through Friday, July 18.... **WADDELL,** 15 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicolas Schöffer; through Sept. 30.... **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (LeParc, Piene, Mack, and such) and newcomers; through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)... ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART,** 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—One hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. ... ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; starting Tuesday, July 15.... ¶ Sixty-one paintings and fourteen drawings by Thomas Cole (1801-48), outstanding figure of the Hudson River School; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Fifty-two works by twenty-eight leading Japanese poster artists, who deal with such themes as politics, tea ceremonies, travel, and sports; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A presentation of sculptures inflated by various means; through Sept. 1. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Drawings by George Catlin of early-nineteenth-century North American Indians; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Several very large works apiece by four artists; through Sunday, July 13. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

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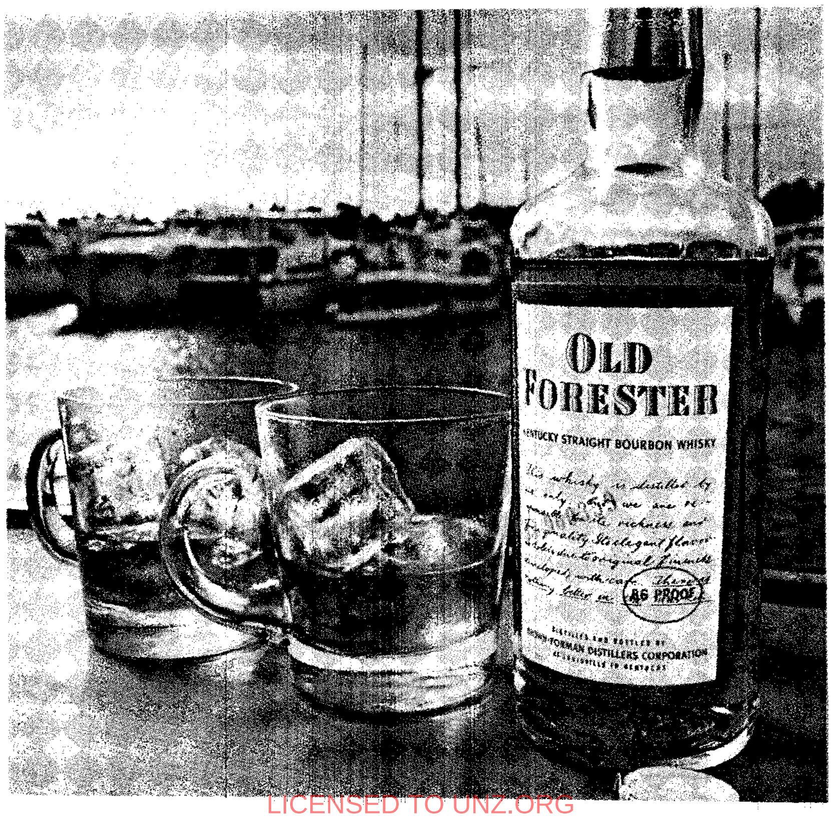
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

formed by Mr. Schneider and Isidore Cohen, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Murray Perahia, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: **CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY**. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: **JIMMY MCGRIFF AND HIS ORGAN TRIO**. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

John Mayall, Preservation Hall Jazz Band, and Spooky Tooth—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Blind Faith, Free, and Delaney & Bonnie & Friends—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 12, at 8.

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Terry Reid, and Aum—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 17. Robert Russell Bennett will share in the conducting of a program of his own works on Thursday, July 17.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 9, at 7 and 9:30: Blood, Sweat, and Tears and the Carolyn Hester Coalition. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 8 and 10:30: Herbie Mann and Eddie Harris. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8 and 10:30: Chuck Berry, the Byrds, and John Lee Hooker. . . . ¶ Monday, July 14, at 7 and 9:30: Jeff Beck and Orpheus. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16, at 7 and 9:30: Ten Years After and Fleetwood Mac. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8 and 10:30: Buffy Sainte-Marie and Cashman, Pistilli & West. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8 and 10:30: Cannonball Adderley and Sweet Inspirations. (Through Saturday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Janette Moody, soprano. (Thursday, July 10, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in a series of concerts. (Fridays at 8:30; through Aug. 15. Vincent Persichetti will conduct several of his own works on July 11.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 11, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello, in a recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of Mozart's opera "The Abduction from the Seraglio" in concert form, with Beverly Sills and Anne Elgar, sopranos; George Shirley and Jerold Siena, tenors; Raymond Michalski, bass; and the Tanglewood Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: David Zinman conducting a varied program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Mr. Silverstein. . . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Iron Butterfly and the Staple Singers on Tuesday, July 15, at 8.] . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7: Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in a recital. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting another varied program, with Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31.)

Newport Folk Festival—Wednesday, July 16, at 8: A concert of traditional music and dance. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 2: Hootenanny. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8: Johnny Cash with June Carter, Doug Kershaw, Carl Perkins, and the Tennessee Three; Len Chandler; Spider John Koerner and Willie Murphy; Jenkins, Jarrell, and Cockerham String Band; Key West Junkanoo Band; Buffy Sainte-Marie; Billy Edd Wheeler; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8: "The Blues," with Sleepy John Estes and Yank Rachel, Jesse Fuller, Son House, Taj Mahal, Buddy Moss, Big Mama Thornton, and Muddy Waters Blues Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8 (a special concert at Rogers High School): "Fiddle Around the World," with Theodore Bikel, Buzinos Belios, Tex Logan and Don Stover, Old Fiddlers Club of Rhode Island, Pennsylvania Tambouritza Orchestra, Riendeau Family, Mike Seeger, Bjorn Stabi and Ole Hjorth, and the Turkish Cabaret Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: B. C. Harmonizers, Rev. William Carroll, Cook County Singing Convention, Everly Brothers and Ike Everly, Arlo Guthrie, Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick, Joni Mitchell, New Lost City Ramblers, the Staple Singers, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8 (another special concert at Rogers High School): "The Bluegrass Story," with Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys; Carlton Haney; Tex Logan and Don Stover; Don Reno, Bill Harrell, and the Bluegrass Cutups; Jean Ritchie; Mac Wiseman; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 11: A free concert of gospel music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2: "Young Performers," with John Allen Cameron, Charlie Chin, Van Morrison, the Pentangle, Frank Proffitt, Jr., James Taylor, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Steve Young. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 8: Ramblin' Jack Elliott, John Hartford, Jean-Bosco Mwenda, Pete Seeger and the Hudson Sloop Group, "The Leadbelly Legacy" with Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and others. (Festival Field.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Howard Mitchell conducting the National Symphony of Washington, with Van Cliburn, piano. The third in a series of six concerts. (Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, July 19, at 8:30.)

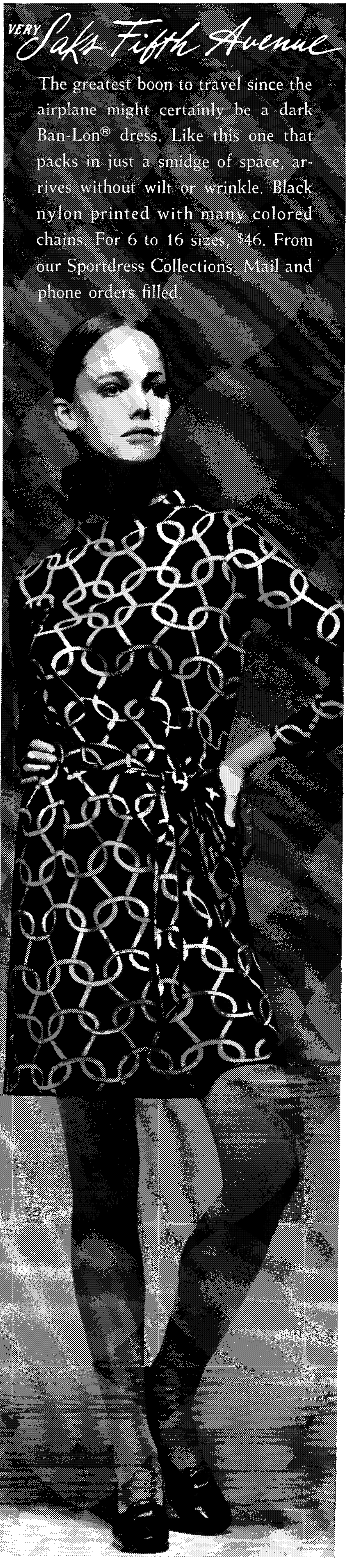
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Sunday, July 27—Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Four Temperaments," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: "Irish Fantasy," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Friday, July 11, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: "La Sonnambula," "Four Temperaments," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 13, at 3:30: "Irish Fantasy," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Petula Clark on Monday, July 14, at 8:30.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 15, at 8:30: "Jeux," "Fantasies," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 16, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: "Firebird," "La Source," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:30: "Jeux," "Fantasies," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 3:30: "Firebird," "La Source," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 750-2734, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 12: Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, Norman Walker and his company, and Lotte Goslar. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 15-19: Ruth Mata & Eugene Hari and Norman Walker and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Saturday, July 19, at 7: Twyla Tharp and dancers, outdoors, on the college campus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Yvonne Rainer and group, in the Crozier-Williams Center. (New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, July 9, at 8:05, and Thursday,



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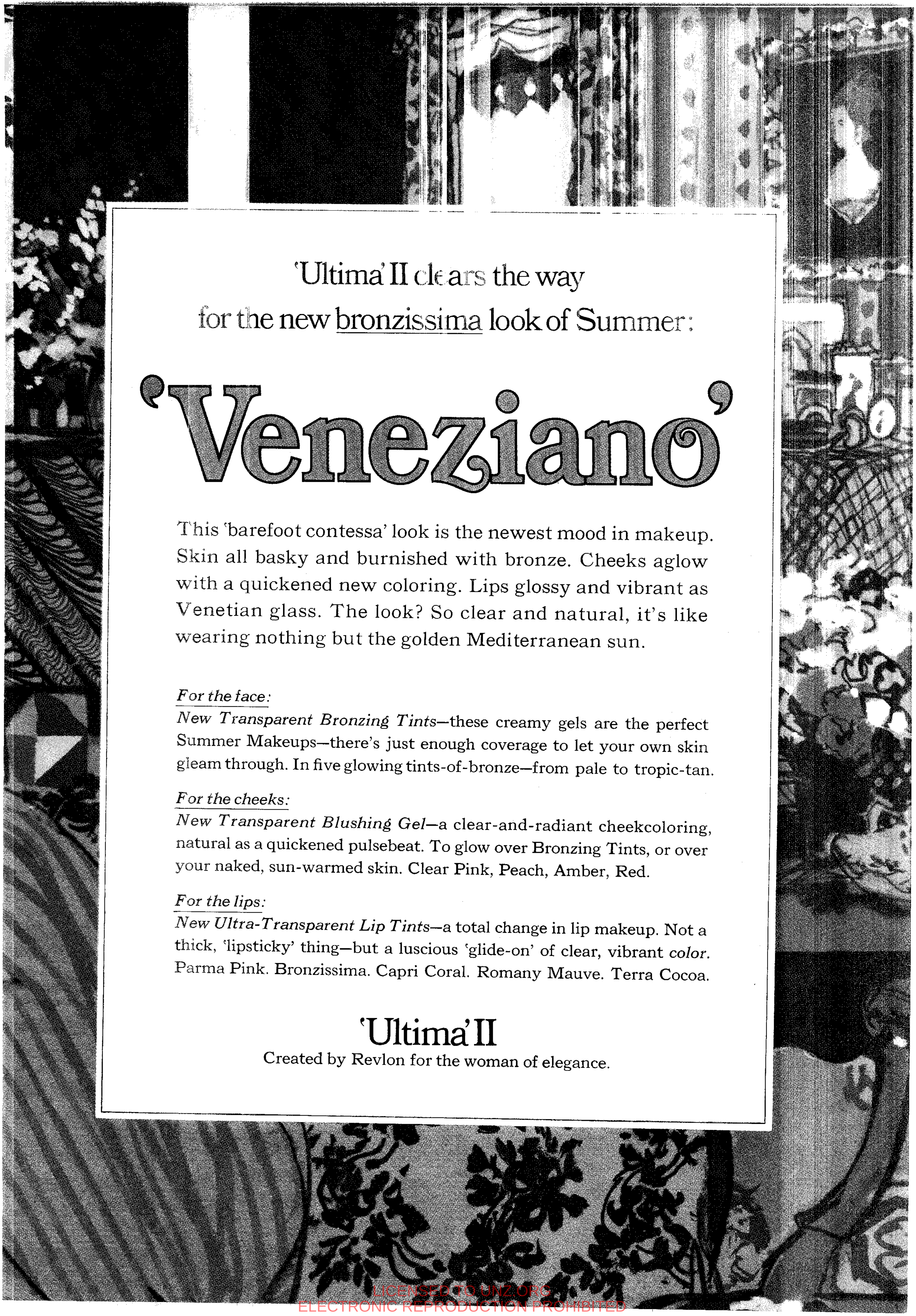

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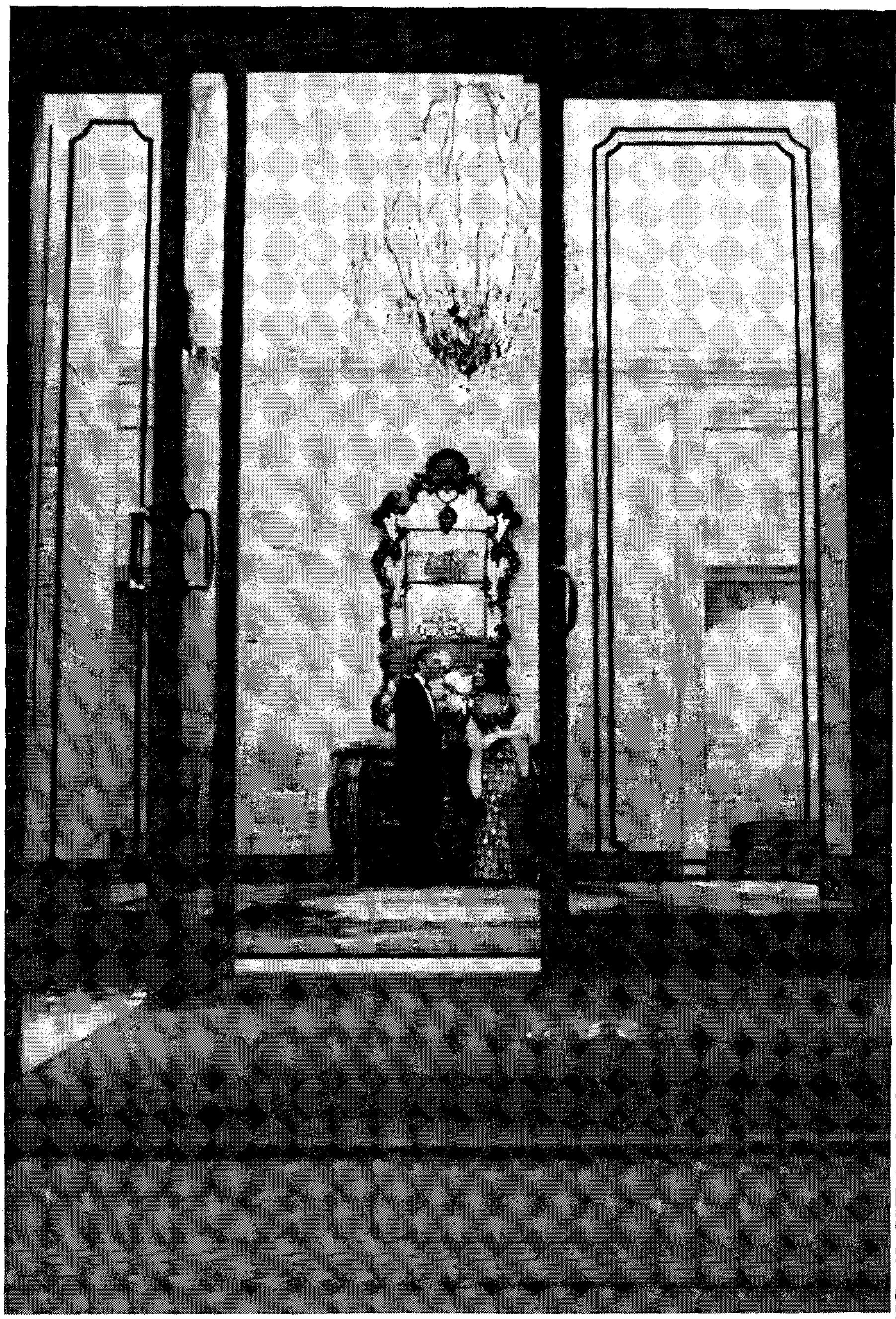

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 10, at 2:05....¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Friday, July 11, at 8:05; Saturday, July 12, at 4:05; and Sunday, July 13, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Tuesday, July 15, at 1 (doubleheader), and Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 8....¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 18, at 8, and Saturday, July 19, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader).

Boxing—Donato Paduano vs. Billy Lonergan, middleweights, 10 rounds; Ismael Laguna vs. Genaro Soto, welterweights, 10 rounds; and José Torres vs. Jimmy Ralston, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, July 14, at 8:30.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 9; the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 12; the Great American, Wednesday, July 16; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 19.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 12; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 16; and the Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, July 12, at noon, and Sunday, July 13, at 2:30.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 19.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Walking Tours—"Central Park—The Vanishing Greensward," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 13. Meets at Central Park West at 72nd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last five programs in a series called "A Tribute to Anita Loos": July 10 at 2 and 5:30, "They Met in Bombay" (1941); July 11 at 2 and 5:30, "Blossoms in the Dust" (1941); July 12 at 3 and 5:30, "When Ladies Meet" (1941); July 13 at 2 and 5:30, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953); July 14 at 2 and 5:30, "Hold Your Man" (1933) and "Manhattan Madness" (1916)....¶ July 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Die Nibelungen, Part II: Kriemhild's Revenge" (1923), a German film, directed by Fritz Lang....¶ July 10 at 8: "Easy Rider" (1969), with Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper....¶ July 12 at 11:30: "Rashomon" (1950), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune....¶ July 15 at 2: "Strangers, Voyage to Italy" (1954), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders....¶ July 15 at 5:30: "Juggernaut" (1969), directed by John Klein....¶ July 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Raven's End" (1964), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg....¶ July 17 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Johnny O'Clock" (1947), directed by Robert Rossen, with Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

What Next?

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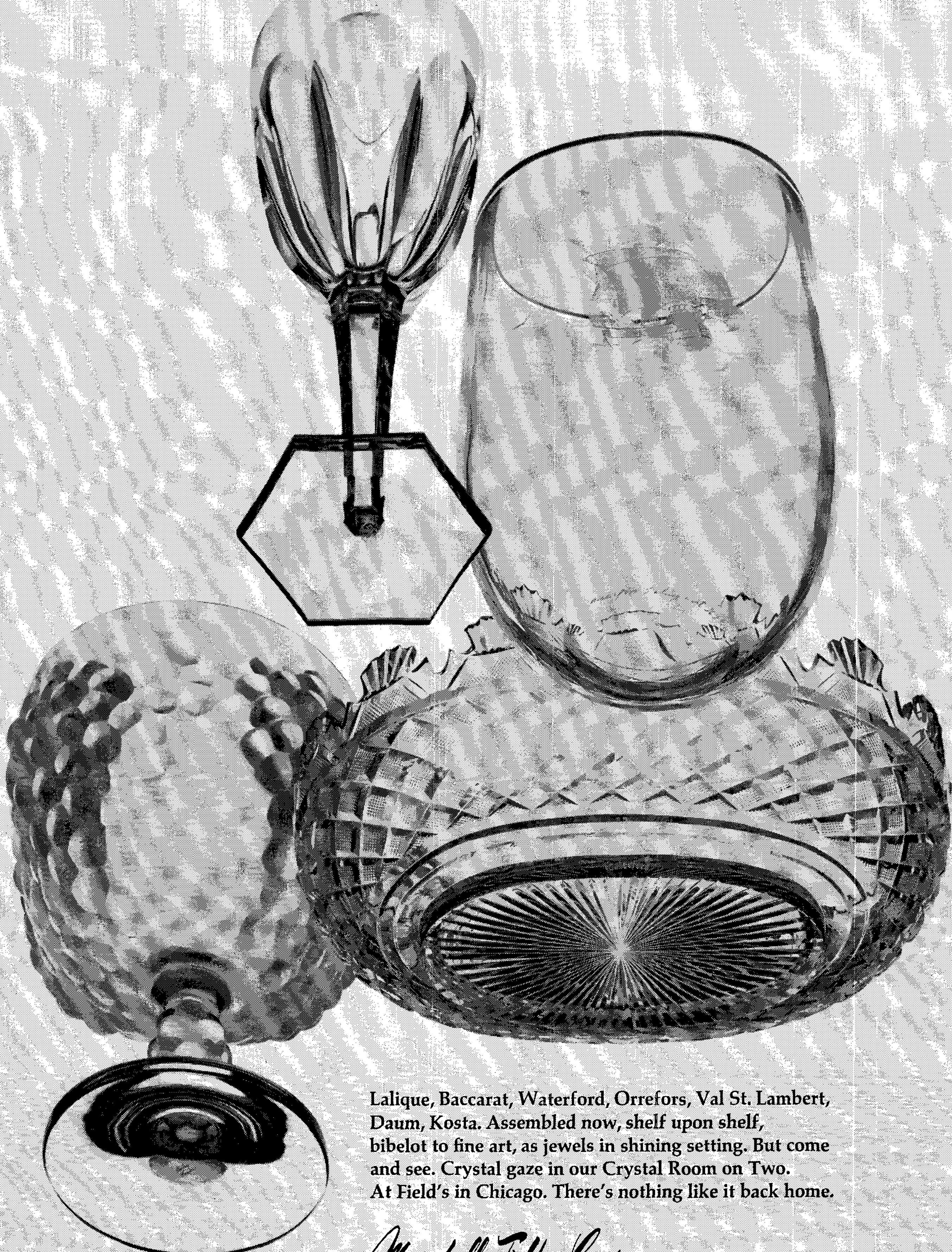

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 10-16.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 13.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 17.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 17.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 10-14.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 15.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of contemporary London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 13.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 15.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 9.)

Enter Laughing (1967)—Comedy about show business in the thirties, directed by Carl Reiner from his own novel, with José Ferrer and Elaine May. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 15.)

Faces—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semidocumentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 15.)

Finian's Rainbow—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take, but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 16.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—A pleasantly tawdry underground version of a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 15.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

If . . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 16.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1945-46)—Directed by Sergei Eisenstein. In Russian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 9.)

The Knack (1965)—A comedy of sex in London, with Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 16.)

MOTION PICTURES

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The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lola (1962)—Directed by Jacques Demy, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

The Loves of Isadora—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 15-17.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 9.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the freewheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 17.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. Directed by Satyajit Ray. In Bengali. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 10-16.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 16.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through July 15.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 10-16.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Sea Gull—There are some fine pieces of performance strewn amidst the wreckage of Chekhov's play, misdirected by Sidney Lumet. With Vanessa Redgrave (who has great moments), James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and, regrettably, a miscast Simone Signoret. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 16.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this movie about a pianist in a Paris café. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 10-14.)

Stolen Kisses—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting July 17.)

La Strada (1956)—The fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). Directed by Federico Fellini. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—A documentary on Mexico by Sergei Eisenstein. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

Warrendale (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Wild Bunch—Sam Peckinpah's very good, terse Western, set in 1913, with Robert Ryan, who is quietly one of the natural classic actors in the country. William Holden and Ernest Borgnine play members of the wild bunch—gunslingers of the Old West in a New West where the gleanings are thinner and the personal heroics changed. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WARRENDALE; and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 15: **GREETINGS**; and **CUL-DE-SAC**.
From July 16: **IF . . .** ; and "Inadmissible Evidence" (1968), Nicol Williamson.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 15: "Where Eagles Dare," Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.
From July 16: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 15: "The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.
From July 16: "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE WILD BUNCH.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 12: "Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick.
From July 13: "Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Secret World," Jacqueline Bisset.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 15: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.
From July 16: "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

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Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
July 9: "Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.
From July 10: "Putney Swope," a Robert Downey film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 13: **BLOW-UP**; and **DARLING.**
From July 14: "Easy Rider," Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Marry Me! Marry Me!" (in French), Claude Berri.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Mackenna's Gold," Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Chairman," Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 9: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French); and **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
July 10-16: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and "The Bliss of Mrs. Blossom," Shirley MacLaine, Richard Attenborough.
From July 17: **STOLEN KISSES** and **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (both in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 15: **FACES**; and **DUTCHMAN.**
From July 16: **THE SEA GULL**; and **PETULIA.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 15: "A Star Is Born" (1954), Judy Garland, James Mason.
From July 16: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 9: **IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PARTS I AND II** (in Russian).
July 10-14: **CITIZEN KANE**; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French).
July 15-17: **M** (in German); and "Death of a Cyclist" (1955; in Spanish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"How to Commit Marriage," Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Devil by the Tail" (in French), Yves Montand, Maria Schell.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through July 15: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.**
From July 16: "One Hour with W. C. Fields," a film made up of excerpts from some of his old films; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through July 15: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.
From July 16: "The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

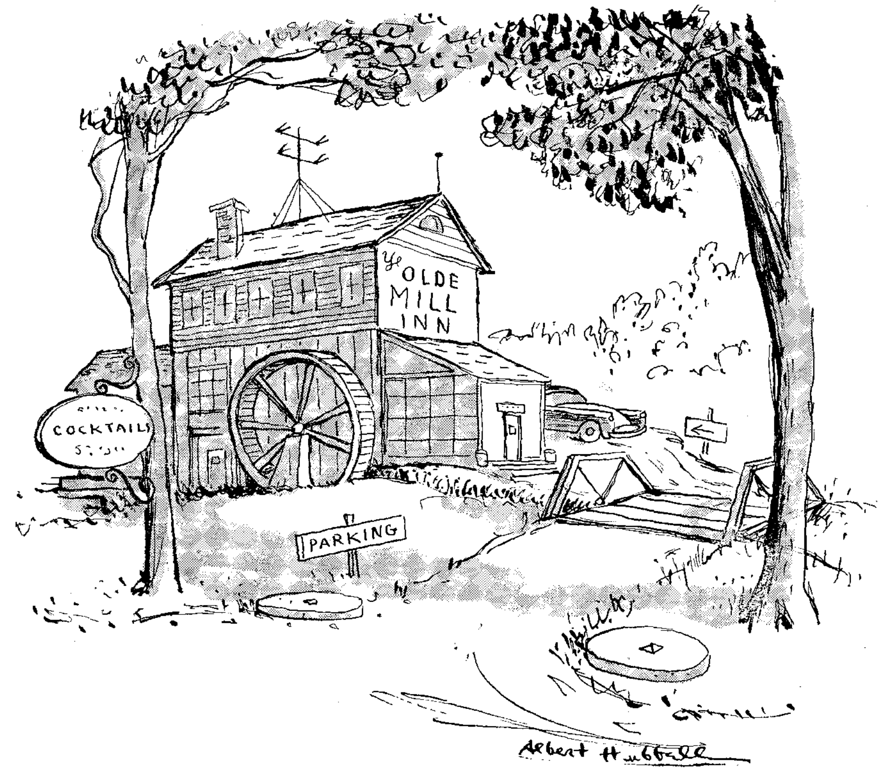
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 9: "42nd Street" (1933), Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers.
July 10-16: **RED DESERT** (in Italian); and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From July 17: **OF HUMAN BONDAGE**; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German).

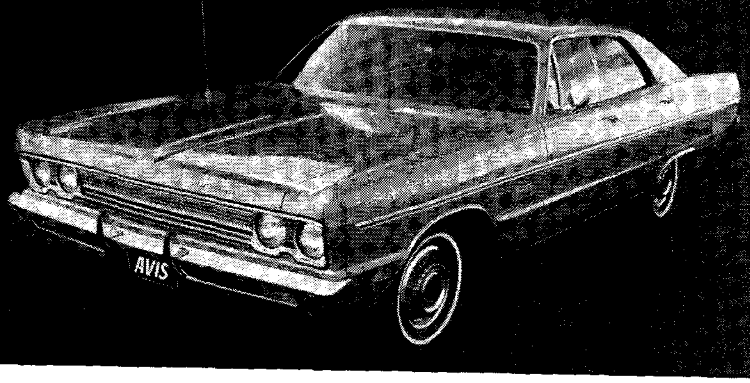
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 15: **ENTER LAUGHING**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From July 16: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 9: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** and **LOLA** (both in French).
July 10: **PATHER PANCHALI** (in Bengali); and **TIME IN THE SUN.**
July 11: **THE NAKED NIGHT** and **THREE STRANGE LOVES** (both in Swedish).
July 12: **HORSEFEATHERS**; and **MONKEY BUSINESS.**
July 13: "Nothing but the Best" (1964), Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott; and "Oscar Wilde" (1960), Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
July 14: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST.**
July 15: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (in French); and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1939; in French), Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
July 16: **THE KNACK**; and **THE BALCONY.**
July 17: "Things to Come" (1936), Raymond Massey; and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937), Roland Young.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
ROMEO AND JULIET.



The 180 day wonder.



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sun-blushed complexion...in shades of Pink, Peach or Apricot,
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*in two shining depths to make you look tan, or even tanner.
All together—a great look!*

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

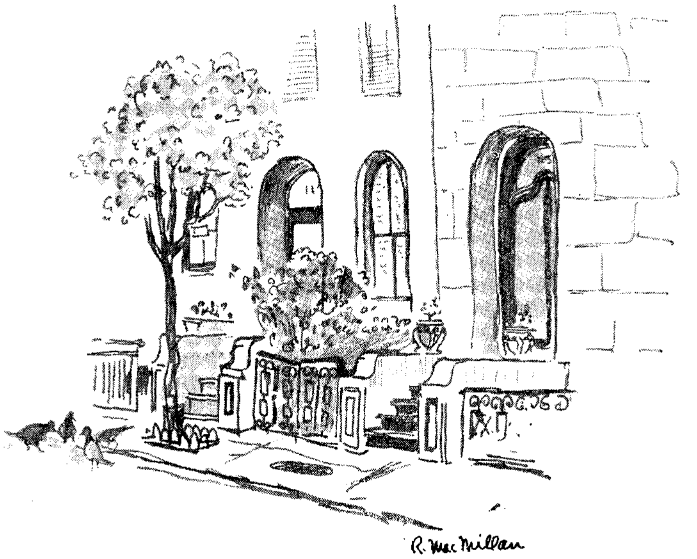
Notes and Comment

A GREEK-AMERICAN friend of ours who lives in Boston has written to let us know about the birth of his son, whom he has named Eleutherios, which means "free," and about a few other things that are on his mind: "Of some chapter in Greek history, somebody wrote, 'Today, to be Greek is to be in mourning.' It is a little like that now. Since we are not characters in a Greek tragedy, no messengers have been supplied to deliver the bad news in breathless stichomythy or a three-page heroic utterance; nevertheless, it has been delivered, in voices harsh with pain, testifying in a closed room in Strasbourg, France—voices to notify us once again of innocent persons locked away in the middle of the night, of beatings and reprisals and all the boringly ingenious apparatus of a scared, exhausted tyranny. A number of people were brought by the Greek government to Strasbourg last November to repudiate, at hearings of the European Commission on Human Rights, charges that they had been tortured. Two men duped their custodians and told what I must believe to be the truth; one woman was never permitted to talk. She was last reported weeping over her dinner in the company of her guards. I am haunted by her tears. We are all Greeks. We are patriots of a country that struggled to give a name to pain, that invited man to encounter his destiny on the fiery ground of the spirit. It advanced the idea that suffering is important. I saw the play 'Dionysus in 69' when I was in New York last month, and it horrified me, not because the players kept stripping to the buff (I found this rather diverting) but because they perverted that idea, husking Euripides' shattering play of its sensational brutality and discarding the essential tragedy. With pity and terror, I watched a bunch of naked actors con a nice audience in good clothes into complicity in the death of Dionysus' victim, when you are meant to be a compassionate witness to it. Dionysus makes a convenient Pop hero for this bloody-minded year. It's as though we were all so dazzled by the spectacle of violence we've forgotten the hurt. The Greeks were more concerned with its effects. I think, for example, of Prometheus, heroically wronged, whose loud outrage at what was done to him has to speak for those who are oppressed but silent. There are so many victims around, and no one will ever hold up their suffering to the clear light of intellect and poetry and ask for an explanation. But we need not assent to it. We Americans could stop giving Greeks rifles with which to beat other Greeks over the kidneys. We could throw them out of NATO until they gave the people back some rights. We could cancel our airline reservations. How many, I wonder, of those who sat with me through all that exciting box-office blood and nudity are streaking toward Greece this very minute, to drink ouzo, and discover that the Parthenon is yellow, and photograph the Lion Gate at Mycenae, where poor, crazy Cassandra kept trying and trying to tell about the evil in the house but no one cared to understand what she was saying?"

Transfer

RECENTLY, over a period of five days, the Wellington Management Company, which manages the Wellington Fund, one of the biggest mutual-fund organizations around, arranged for the physical transfer of approximately $1,700,000,000—that's one point seven *billion* dollars—in securities from the First Pennsylvania Banking & Trust Co., in Philadelphia, to the State Street Bank & Trust Co., in Boston. The transfer, which is said to have been the largest of its kind ever undertaken in this country, was carried out by armored-car convoys, and in great secrecy (only two bank officers—one at State Street and the other at First Pennsylvania—knew the entire plans for the transfer), but we were permitted by Wellington to ride in what was described to us as "the shotgun car," which accompanied the last installment of the securities to be carried in convoy.

On the afternoon before the transfer of these securities, we took a train down to Philadelphia and, in an upper-floor office of First Pennsylvania, met several of the bank and Wellington officers involved in the move—C. Leslie Applegate, vice-president in charge of the Trust Department of First Pennsyl-



vania; Leonard G. Locke, an assistant vice-president of State Street; and William Robertson, director of communications (or head P.R. man) for Wellington—to discuss the complexities of the operation. Mr. Applegate is a bald man of stately appearance, Mr. Locke is a rather wiry blond man of sober dress and intent gaze, and Mr. Robertson is a handsome fellow in his mid-thirties, who on this particular day was wearing a vividly pink shirt and a kind of Art Nouveau pink-and-blue tie—reflecting, possibly, some of the go-go aura of Wellington Management, which is controlled by a group of young financiers who have the reputation of running a "high-performance" mutual-fund operation.

"Why are you gentlemen moving all these securities?" we asked.

Mr. Robertson undertook to outline the background of the move. "At Wellington Management, we're investment advisers and managers for eleven mutual funds, including the Wellington Fund," he said. "Our operation has grown and diversified at a tremendous rate in the last few years, and since we've taken on the management of four mutual funds that were formed in 1967, and three formed in 1968, we've found that we need to have more and more of our services, which are now rather dispersed, under one roof in order to gain efficiency and maximum operating control. Up to the present, the major part of our investments, which amount to something over two billion dollars, have been physically kept here in Philadelphia, in the form of securities, under the custody of First Pennsylvania. Probably half a billion dollars in securities, representing assets managed by our investment-counsel affiliate, Thorndike, Doran, Paine & Lewis, are kept in a Boston bank. We don't deal directly with the public, you know—only with brokers—and virtually all the individual shareholder records of people who invest in our mutual funds have so far been kept not in Philadelphia or Boston but in New York. Clearly, it makes sense to have the shareholders' records and the actual securities that belong to our associated mutual-fund organizations in one place, and the only place we've been able to find with the right floor space, clerical personnel, and computer capacity for the work we feel we'll need done is the State Street Bank."

We asked whether the transfer of securities from Philadelphia to Boston had been going smoothly so far.

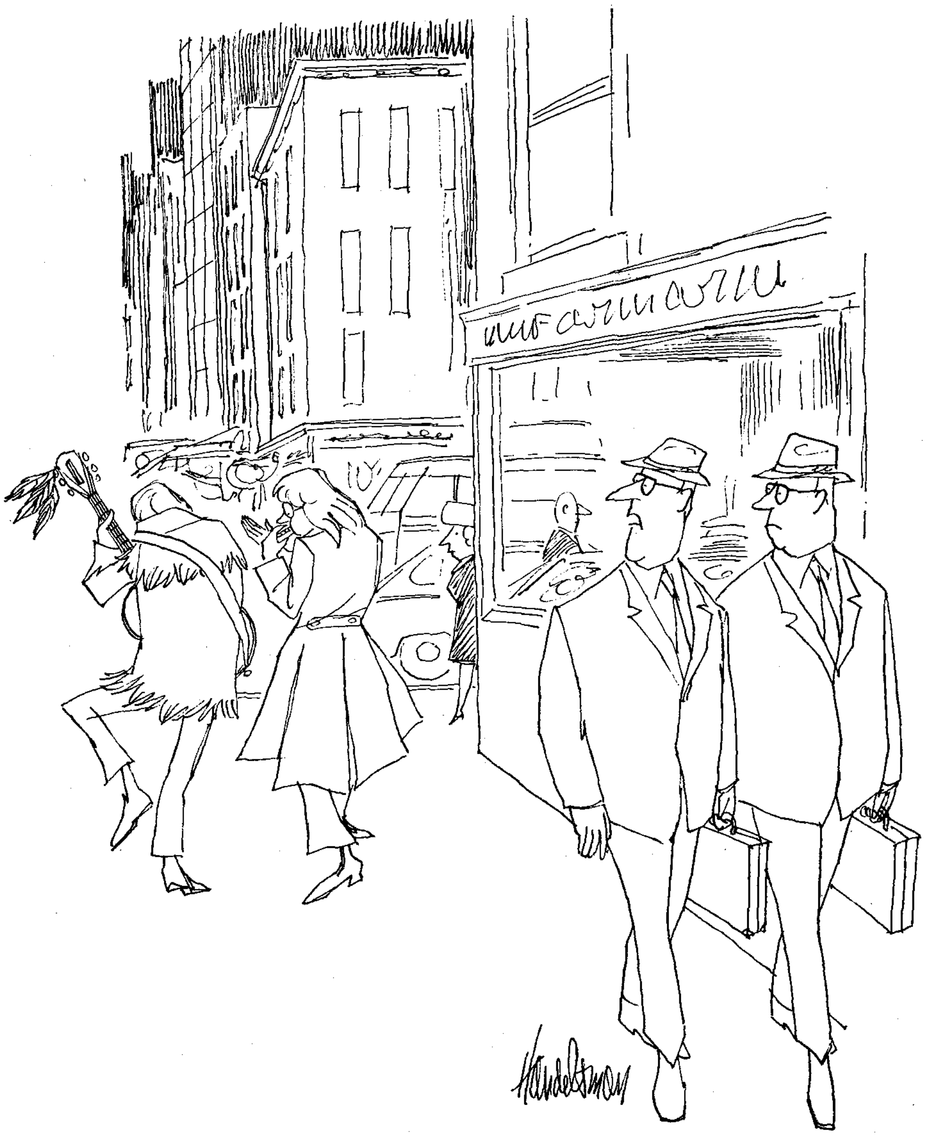
Mr. Locke, who was in charge of the operation, said that it had been very smooth. "The planning for this move hasn't taken more than a month," he said. "I've arranged the transfer of large amounts of securities in the past, although certainly not on this scale, and experience has taught us quite a bit. The main thing is to undertake a transfer with the fewest possible motions. We have had four hundred thousand stock certificates to move, and all of them have had to be accounted for and the lists checked and reconciled, day by day, before the shipments were made. It's one thing to count the securities you have to move and another to write down and recheck the number of each certificate. To do all this entering entirely by hand would involve an almost impossibly tedious operation. Fortunately, we've had some mechanical help in the form of a Recordak machine, into which we could feed most of the certificates. The machine automatically photographs the certificates on high-speed film, counting them at the same time."

We asked Mr. Locke how the transfer of the securities from Philadelphia to Boston was being carried out.

"We've been handling this in a low key," he said. "Quite often, in a large city, banks transferring securities to other banks in the same city have quite a show, quite a bit of publicity. The press and TV are there in force, and police swarm all over the route. The police look forward to this sort of thing. It puts a little money in their pockets—in some cities, anyway. Plainclothesmen get into the act. That's all very well for a transfer of securities within one city, but from Philadelphia to Boston, through five states—that's a different story. Notoriety while we're making a move as big as this is something we want to avoid."

Mr. Applegate nodded approvingly. "We downplay sensationalism in any way, shape, or form," he said.

"Of course, we're using an ar-



"How old would you say they are? Eighteen? When I was eighteen, I was already stuffy."

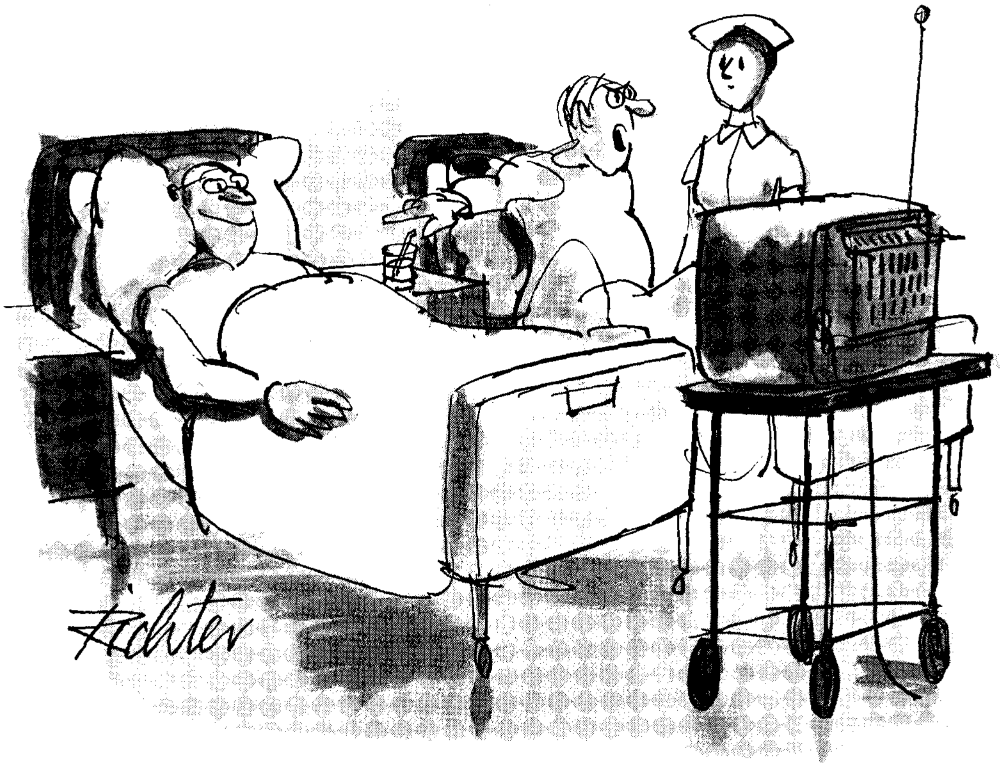
mored-car service for the move," Mr. Locke said. "We prefer shipment by road to shipment by air. We go through fewer motions and attract less attention that way. The outfit we're using is the Mercer & Dunbar Armored Car Service, which operates principally out of Hartford. We've made two shipments this week to Boston, using Dunbar armored-car convoys. The total value of the securities transferred so far is approximately one point two billion dollars. I say 'approximately' because their value depends on whether you calculate it before or after the close of the stock market on a shipping day—there could be a fair difference. A total of thirteen vehicles from Dunbar have been employed in the transfer. During a shipment, the cars involved leave First Pennsylvania at intervals that are varied, for security reasons, and the convoy takes different routes to Boston each time. I can't tell you the routes, but you'll see for yourself where you're going when you leave with the final convoy, first thing tomorrow morning."

An hour later that afternoon, carrying a pass signed by Mr. Applegate, we were admitted, through heavily barred doors, to the securities-vault area of the First Pennsylvania Bank—a cavernous place two stories underground, with pale-green walls and overhead fluorescent lighting. We were led to a table just outside the securities vault itself, which is separated from the rest of the area by another barred door, lying within the vault door—a huge steel affair equipped with time locks. Around the table were Mr. Applegate, Mr. Locke, several people in shirtsleeves, and a short man with white hair and a reddish bow tie, whom Mr. Applegate introduced as C. Norman Kunz, an assistant secretary of First Pennsylvania and the man in charge of the whole securities-vault area. Mr. Kunz and several of the other people around the table were in the midst of comparing tallies of the half-billion dollars' worth of securities we were to accompany to Boston. We asked Mr. Locke how much of the half billion was in negotiable securities.

"Approximately fifty million dollars," he said.

"Just how negotiable are they?" we asked.

"Immediately negotiable. Bearer bonds. Just like fifty million dollars in cash," he said.



"I'm on liquids, and he's watching 'Gourmet Chef'!"

Mr. Kunz let us read some of a list of the securities that would go in the next day's shipment to Boston. They included 825,000 shares of A.T.&T., valued at $47,540,625; 810,000 shares of Royal Petroleum, valued at $44,550,000; 120,000 shares of I.B.M., valued at $39,240,000; 70,000 shares of Xerox, valued at $19,215,000; 459,000 shares of Standard Oil (New Jersey), valued at $38,211,000; and 600,000 shares of F.M.C. Corporation, valued at $19,000,000.

Mr. Applegate invited us into the trust vault, under escort. He himself required an escort to get in, he told us. As for us, we had, by way of company, Mr. Applegate, Mr. Kunz, and several revolver-festooned guards. Inside, in the middle of a space surrounded by rows of large vault boxes with handles wrought in a kind of Napoleonic style, a number of clerks were counting other batches of securities, under the scrutiny of men called observers. Mr. Applegate led us to a secluded spot in the vault and showed us part of the shipment of securities that was to go out the next day. The securities had been put in wooden boxes, each about four feet long and two feet wide and deep, which had been padlocked and sealed and marked "Dunbar Armored Car Service." There were five filled boxes, and Mr. Applegate said that there was one more box to come—it would be filled as soon as the counting of securities was finished. With his permission, we stepped forward and picked up one of the boxes by a handle at one end. It was pretty heavy—about like a steamer trunk. We asked Mr. Locke the value of the securities it contained. "Approximately seventy-five million dollars," he said. We lowered the end of the box without a word.

At eight o'clock next morning, under escort again, we were again outside the securities vault, and at eight-fifteen, the time clock on the vault door having released the proper inner locks, a bank official swung the door open. In went four burly men in plain clothes, under the supervision of a tall, well-built man, who was introduced to us as George W. Dunbar, Jr., secretary and general manager of the Mercer & Dunbar Armored Car Service, and son of its president, George W. Dunbar, Sr. The boxes of securities were wheeled out, by twos, on dollies and taken through a boiler-room area that looked like any other boiler-room area, and the first four boxes were then wheeled into an unroofed freight elevator, which we squeezed into with Dunbar and some bank guards, jammed up against the boxes containing all the millions. It rose slowly and with a horrible mechanical whine. At last, an arched steel beam attached to the top of the elevator bumped up and pushed aside double steel cellar hatch doors, bringing us into daylight at street level. Just four feet in front of us was the first of three International Travelalls—vehicles smaller than panel trucks but larger than ordinary station wagons—that were lined up at the curb. These were the Dunbar armored cars. They were painted gray and were unmarked. No policemen were in sight. As we stepped onto the sidewalk, we saw an imposing figure standing, feet apart, by the third armored car. He was big and wide, and had bushy white hair; he was dressed in a rather horsey manner, with a conspicuous tweed jacket, out of the breast pocket of which a colored handkerchief sprang sportily; and he looked as though he were about seventy years old. He was eying us with frank suspicion. "Who is this man?" he demanded of one of the Dunbar guards. We approached and introduced ourself. "Oh, yeah. I've been expecting you. Glad to meet you. You'll ride with us," he said. This was George W. Dunbar, Sr. He had come to oversee in person the final shipment of securities to Boston. He seemed to us like a figure out of "Dick Tracy." The street was quiet. A few people on their way to work went along the sidewalk as the boxes of securities were being moved to the first two armored cars; they stepped, unheeding, past all the crated riches. Mr. Dunbar, Sr., looked about him—to the left, to the right, across the street.

We asked him why no boxes of securities were being loaded into the third armored car.

"The third car *is* loaded, but with empty boxes, which look just like the others," he said. "We do that to confuse any gang that might have designs on the convoy. And we need a third truck in case one breaks down. What if we get a puncture on the way to Boston? What if something goes wrong? And we need help? We've got to keep going!"

Within five minutes after the rest of the securities had been brought up in the freight elevator of the bank, the two loaded armored cars were locked, the whole operation having been carried out very unobtrusively, and, one by one, the three cars slipped away from the curb, the car carrying the dummy load following the first. Mr. Dunbar, Sr., showed us into the back seat of the escort car, a big green Cadillac. He himself got into the front passenger seat, and his son took the wheel. In the back seat with us were two other top men from Dunbar—John Powers, a big man, who is a former lieutenant colonel in Military Police, and Jack Kenny, an equally big former Connecticut state trooper.

"Pardon me. That thing that's poking you in the side is my gun," Mr. Kenny said to us as the escort car sped off behind the three armored cars.

"Yes, we're all armed and ready for anything," Mr. Dunbar, Sr., said. "The two men in each of the armored cars in the convoy are armed with both sidearms and shotguns. Our service has a hundred and seventy vehicles all told, including a large number of heavy armored trucks—the really big kind, which you're probably familiar with. Now, these cars ahead of us look like ordinary Travelalls, but they've been completely rebuilt inside in our workshops—lined throughout with armor plating and layers of a special bulletproof fibre. The windows are made of bulletproof glass an inch thick. The cars are air-conditioned, and no window is ever opened. Some of the cars have radios. We have two two-way radios in this car—one communicating with our headquarters, in Hartford, which is out of range right now, and the other communicating at all times with the Connecticut State Police, who will relay any calls from us to the police in the states we'll be passing through. We're going to take a parkway route up to Boston. By taking parkways, we get to our destination with the fewest possible stops, and also avoid side roads and slowly moving or dense traffic that could be dangerous for us."

As the escort car made its way out of Philadelphia, we could see, at a considerable distance ahead of us, the first of the three armored cars; the tops of some of the boxes it was carrying showed through its rear window. We headed north on the New Jersey Turnpike. Mr. Dunbar, Sr., and his son kept a sharp watch on the car ahead. In the back seat, Mr. Powers kept watch to the side, and we kept feeling Mr. Kenny's gun in our ribs as Mr. Kenny turned to keep watch to the rear. Mr. Kenny was wearing dark wrap-around sunglasses, like the ones worn by the man in the Silva Thin commercials.

"Got to watch for any suspicious signs. Any cars following us for any unusual length of time," Mr. Kenny said. He added, "There's no doubt about it. You've got to be suspicious every minute."

Fifty miles later, still looking about him, Mr. Kenny said, "There's no telling. A woman alone in a car could be the start of something."

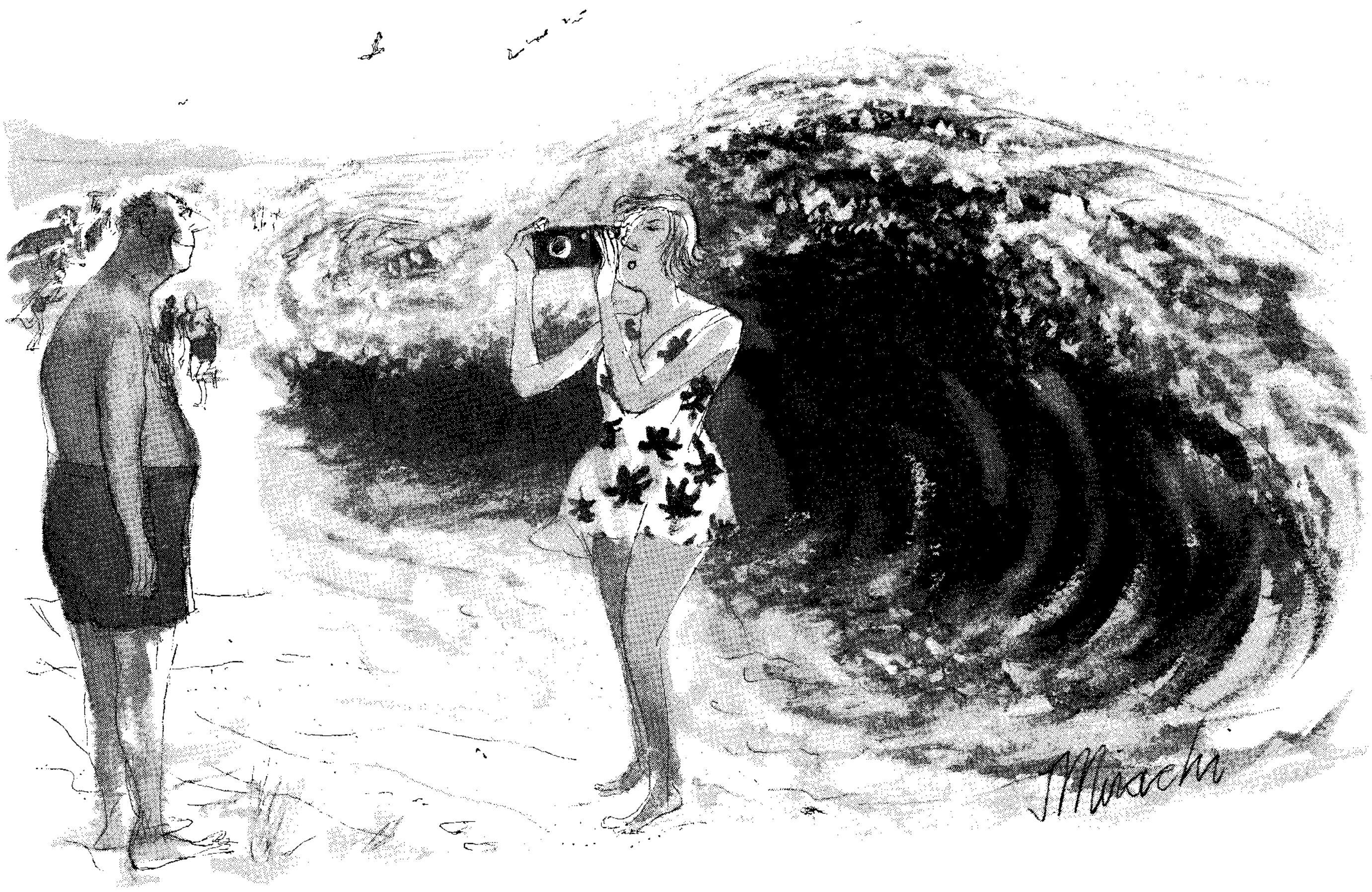
Thirty miles from New York, we swung into an entrance to the Garden State Parkway. At one side of the road, a young man was standing, his thumb pointed ahead. "What have we here?" Mr. Powers asked suspiciously, and he watched the hitchhiker carefully as we swept on into the Parkway.

"Now, there's something I don't like," Mr. Kenny said to us a while later. "A car with a radio antenna like that." He indicated a car abreast of us with an antenna on its roof. "He could be casing us. Part of a gang." Mr. Dunbar, Jr., stepped on the gas, and we left the car behind.

"The convoy is going inland now," Mr. Dunbar, Sr., informed us presently. "We'll head over the Tappan Zee Bridge instead of the George Washington Bridge. Our exposure is less that way. The heavier the traffic, the greater the risk."

Soon the cars crossed the Tappan Zee Bridge, keeping well away from heavy traffic, slums, disaffected persons, and acquisitive gangs that might not hesitate to use force when it suited their purpose.

The convoy picked up the New York Thruway, and after a while it was rolling along the Merritt Parkway. The armored cars maintained a steady pace ahead of us as they followed the gently banked curves of the Parkway—treasure-fat galleons heeling over in a trade wind. Eventually, the convoy reached Hartford and headed into the fortresslike headquarters of the Mercer & Dunbar Armored Car Service for a lunch break. A very quick sandwich in an employees' lunchroom, amid gulping guards, and we were off to the north again, along Route 91. "The less time we take to make delivery, the less risk we take," Mr. Dunbar, Sr., told us before we left. On this final leg of the journey, only Mr. Dunbar, Jr., and Mr. Powers were with us in the escort car. The rest of the journey was as smooth as the first part had been. We arrived in front of the State Street Bank at about 4:20 P.M., just as the last armored car disappeared behind a lowering door on a ramp leading to the bank's basement loading-and-unloading area. With Mr. Powers, we jumped out of the escort car, ran down another ramp, presented identification to a guard, who had been told to expect us, and were admitted to the unloading area. The boxes containing the half-billion dollars' worth



"*Hold it! You've finally managed a halfway decent smile.*"

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of securities had just been put onto dollies. We were allowed to accompany them into the vault area. Mr. Locke was there already; he'd flown up from Philadelphia. We were introduced to a tall, freckle-faced man named Edward Foster, an assistant vice-president of the State Street Bank, and to Mr. Gordon Mills, manager of that section of the vault—an unblinking man with eyeglasses that had colorless rims. The vault was a very modern affair, with a two-foot-thick steel door. Dolly by dolly, the boxes containing the securities were rolled into a space where they could be prepared for opening and counting.

We told Mr. Locke that we remembered what he had said about the fluctuations in the worth of the transferred securities, and we asked him if he could estimate for us how much the value of the half-billion dollars' worth of securities that we had accompanied that day had altered since they left Philadelphia. He thought for a few moments, and then replied, "Well, the Dow-Jones averages were up two points at the close of the market, and the securities left before the market opened. And so, assuming that Wellington Management's associated funds did at least as well as the Dow-Jones, you'd have an appreciation in the worth of the securities during the time of transit of— let's see, very roughly, about one million dollars."

The Higher Faith

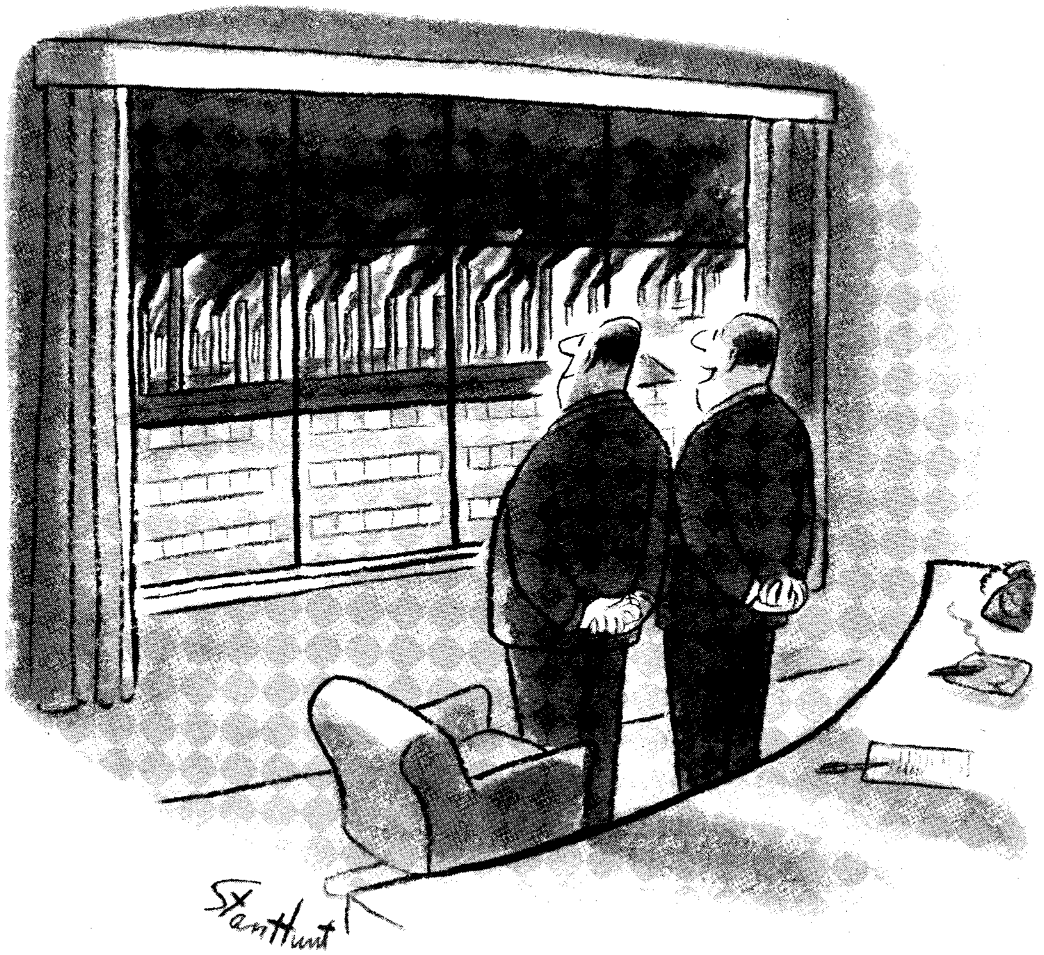
A YOUNG Cornell friend has just sent along a form letter he received that goes, "We would like to take this opportunity to express our interest and confidence in the youth of America and especially to you, the college student, who is preparing for greater responsibilities as a future leader. As a token of our confidence, we would like to offer you an Esso Credit Card . . ."

Ruby's

WE have come to know a fine eating place on Lenox Avenue at 117th Street (the southeast corner), called Ruby's Bar-B-Que. Ruby's is a small place, occupying one small storefront; it is open nearly all the time; and each week it serves some ten thousand people prodigious amounts of barbecued spareribs, baked ham, and chicken. The front of Ruby's is a serving area, where the prodigious amounts of barbecued spareribs, baked ham, and chicken are on view. In the back are booths. A car ran through Ruby's window at four in the morning five or six years ago, and the whole place was redecorated shortly thereafter. The sign over the door says only "Bar-B-Que" and does not mention Ruby at all, but it is *Ruby's* Bar-B-Que nonetheless, and is referred to as such by everyone, although the proprietor's name is Cyril Watson.

There are a number of reasons Ruby's is a fine place to eat at. First of all, there are the spareribs (over a ton of them cooked each week). These are large and meaty, and not at all like the ribs frequently encountered elsewhere, which, as Mr. Watson says, are dried up like sticks. Then, there is a well-looked-after jukebox that plays three songs for a quarter *loud*. Also, there is an interesting black cat. There are free peaches for dessert. There is the opportunity of talking with, or at least watching, Mr. Edward Kane, Mr. Watson's most peripatetic employee ("I'm in and out, and up and down. I bring my stock in, and I take my orders out. I'm just a one-man show"), and from time to time there is the opportunity of talking with Mr. Watson himself.

On a recent warm afternoon, we



"*Beautiful, Bradley. Really beautiful.*"

had a long talk with Mr. Watson. "I came to this country in 1920 from Trinidad," he told us. "My father was in the mercantile business in Port of Spain, and I grew up with a certain amount of business knack. I came to this country to go in for a profession. My first job was in the Hotel Devon, on West Fifty-fourth Street. It was an apartment hotel for the better class of trade. I stayed there five years. That makes it 1925. In 1925, I had three thousand dollars, and I opened my first place. That was the Spa Restaurant, at a Hundred and Thirty-third Street and Lenox. We did a great deal of trade. At that time, most places, even in Harlem, would not serve Negro people. You couldn't get a cup of coffee at Childs, for instance. Colored people had to go to the colored restaurants. I remember the colored Elks' convention in 1927. We cooked for *days* for those people, because they couldn't go downtown. And we used to do a big business with the Negro baseball clubs. We had the Lincoln Giants—that was a New York team—and the Bacharach Giants, from Philadelphia. We cooked a lot of corn bread and hot biscuits. They really liked that. And at that time we had a very good kind of help. We had boys from Howard University. They couldn't get any other kind of job. They were *forced* to get into this business. The salaries were low—we used to pay three dollars a week—but they made good tips. There were quite a few of us. Our main competitors were Tabb's and Baron's and Johnny Jackson's and Glen's—they just served chicken—and Bank's. None of them are in business now. I'm the only one still going. In 1932, we moved to a Hundred and Thirty-sixth and Lenox. That was the prime time of the Depression. It was very, very hard. We were the first ones to introduce the twenty-five-cent meal. We gave a choice of meat, vegetables, and hot bread, and we had over a thousand customers a day. In 1937, we moved here. During the forties, we had *three* places on this block. During the forties, the white people who lived in this neighborhood really began to move out, and a lot of white stores went with them. In 1942, Loft's went out, and we opened a luncheonette where they had been. In 1943, Bickford's, across the street in the Bernheimer Building, went out, and we opened a straight restaurant there. We closed both of those places in the fifties. The whole neighborhood has changed. There used to be a lot of theatres here. Loew's and R.K.O. used to have theatres on a Hundred and Sixteenth Street. And there was the Alhambra Ballroom and the Harlem Casino. But *we* haven't changed. We serve the same food, and people still like it."

We said goodbye to Mr. Watson, and as we left, we paused in the doorway. Lenox Avenue at 117th Street is marvellously wide—a fine boulevard, really, running down to the top of Central Park, at 110th Street (now sometimes called Central Park North). These blocks between the Park and 117th Street are particularly bad—a center of drug traffic. There are two buildings that stand out. One, on the southwest corner of Lenox and 116th, is the recently completed Muhammad's Mosque No. 7, which, except for its silver-colored, onion-shaped dome, resembles an office building. The other, across from the mosque, on the north side of 116th Street, is the Bernheimer Building, where Mr. Watson had his restaurant. The Bernheimer Building has recently been renovated. On the second floor are signs that proclaim the existence of the Harlem-East Harlem Model Cities Committee and the Milbank-Fawley Circle Urban Renewal Office. On the ground floor is a new Woolworth's—built of the sturdiest firebrick, with only two small display windows, which are protected by the most sophisticated metal grillwork. Apart from these two buildings, there is nothing visible from Ruby's, on this fine avenue, that is not dingy and in disrepair.

We said goodbye to our friend Mr. Kane.

"It's a rough corner," he said to us, "but it's rough all over, technically speaking."

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ON the island of St. John, in the Virgin Islands, where it is the custom of the local taxi-drivers to give their cabs charismatic names—Mother's Love, Yellow Bird, Agent 99, Dream Lover—there is one called Boston University.

YOU SAY WHAT I FEEL

WHEN you turn off Sunset onto La Cienega, you go down a great, steep slope. On the occasions that I have been driven down it at night, I have felt I was descending into a sort of netherworld and that, *au fond*, I would be somehow different—or, as Le Beau says in another context, have more love and knowledge.

I mentioned this impression to my father when I found him in the steam room, which happens now and again. He said I had always been a dreamy boy, and uneasy, and that he was often struck by how well I had done. We were alone. Steam rose between us. I told him he was misled, that I was very imperfect. He said we all fall short, not to expect felicity or, even, a moment's peace. The proper study of man, he said, is how to lose gracefully, like Lee. I said I agreed with his sentiments but didn't find his illustration apt.

Not long ago, on one of my infrequent trips to Los Angeles, I was riding down this profound hill, in the dark, in Miles Ackerman's *deux-chevaux*. I had first met Miles in New York, when he was doing a talk show on an FM station. He said he admired my work, and had read some of it on the air, without permission. "I dig your stuff," he told me. "You say what I feel." Later, I was his guest, and we discussed, I believe, Fellini. We came to have lunch or dinner two or three times a year. I got a kick out of Miles. He told funny stories about himself and filled me in on his career.

Miles wasn't the King of FM, as he styled himself, for long. In one of those cataclysmic changes, which I no longer view as extraordinary, he became an independent producer and moved to the Coast. He had made, so far, three films, all of which grossed over ten million; the last, I had read, did better than thirteen. Miles never mentioned grosses to me; with me he dwelt on what he called "our creative forces." What he might say was "You're a word man, I'm visual, but we have underlying affinities." This evening, before leaving for dinner, we had stood by Miles' pool. He lived high in the Hollywood Hills, and we were gazing down on the city. "Describe it to me," Miles said. "Describe what?" I said. "All that," he said, gesturing. "I'm closing my eyes. I want to hear it." He remained standing, his eyes shut. From time to time he shifted his head slightly, as though the sound of my voice might come from an unexpected direction. What he heard, though, was a phone ringing in his cabaña, and he went at last to answer it.

Although it may be due to a recurrent sense of my own inadequacy, I have always felt that Miles didn't dig my stuff, or, for that matter, me, as much as he professed. I was, I suspected, being kept on tap for the moment—whenever—that he would need to make use of me; and I suppose one of the reasons I kept seeing him was that I was curious to learn the role I would finally play. Another, of course, was that through Miles I had entrée, however transitorily, to *Hollywood*—all its echoes and resonances—to a world and a life of which I had once vaguely dreamed, perhaps still long at times to be part of.

Miles was driving the *deux-chevaux*. He was wearing a T-shirt with "L.A. Rams" across the front, which was too big for him, chinos, and pink go-aheads, or zoris, and with the watch he had on he could dive to six hundred feet and know what time it was.

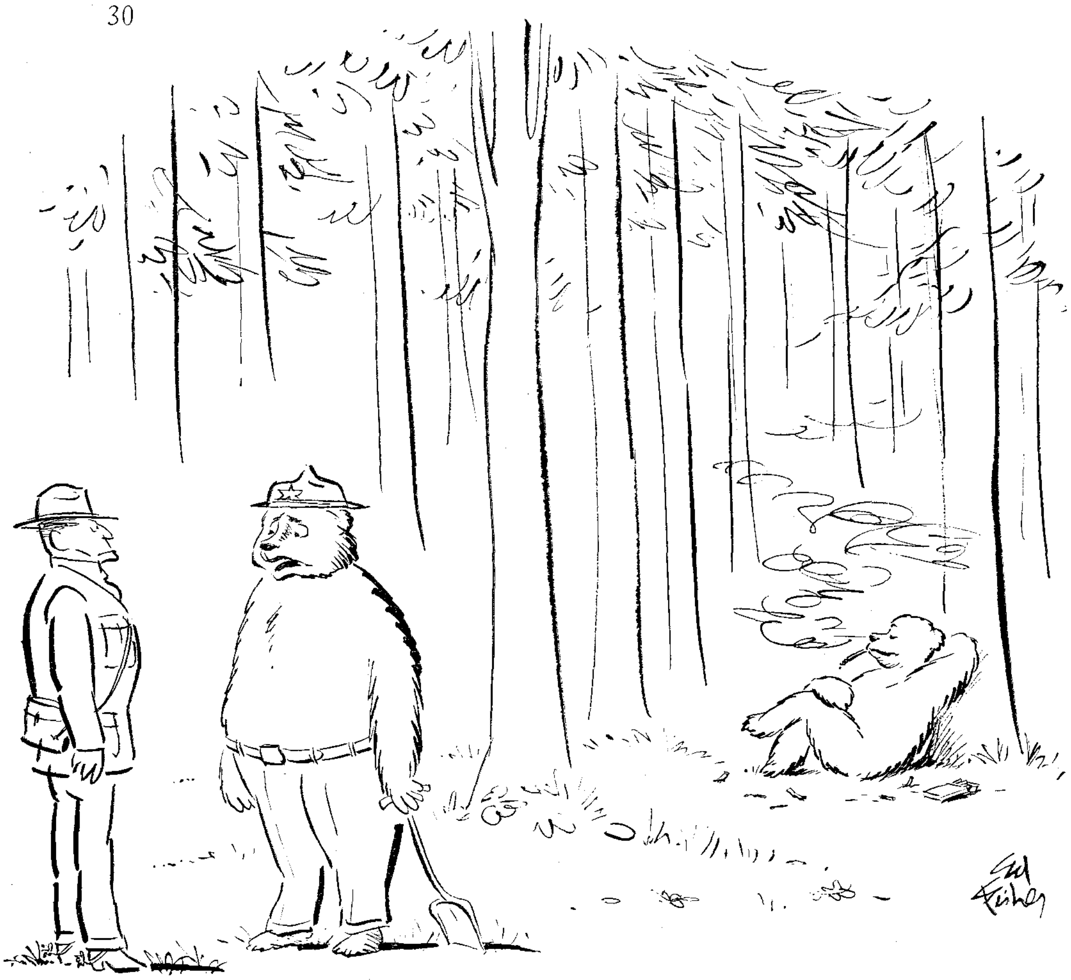
"How do you like what Jerry is doing with my hair?" he said. Jerry, I gathered, was his stylist. Miles turned his head this way and that so I could get the full effect. By this time we were past Santa Monica Boulevard, and the lights from the restaurants revealed Jerry's handiwork. Miles' hair was longer than before and what my father would call "unsightly." "Do you think it distracts from my having next to *bupkes* on top?" Miles said. He took his hands off the wheel and, thrusting his head at me, grabbed most of his hair in two handfuls and violently parted it, disclosing his wan crown. Out of control, the car veered toward the center line. I was dazzled by the lights of the oncoming traffic. "Do you?" Miles said. "Do you?" I reached past his bowed, bared head and guided the car back. Miles took the wheel from me as if we had never gone awry.

Farther on, he indicated a restaurant up ahead. "Great curries," he said. "Used to eat there all the time. My accountant picked it up for me. I can't go in there anymore. All the time I'm seeing spots on the waiters' ties. I told my accountant, don't buy any restaurants behind my back. I'm dying for a great curry and I've got to take you to a little Italian place."

Miles shortly pulled up before it—it was, of course, quite grand—and explained to the parking valet how to work the shift. Inside, he was greeted, in succession, by the hat-check girl, the bartender, and the owner's brother. Miles told each of them that he was *mezzo mezzo*. "Great linguini with white clam sauce," he said when we had been seated at a table for four, and stuffed a corner of his napkin into the neck of his T-shirt. He closed his eyes once more and gently shook his head; for a moment I thought I was going to be called upon to describe the restaurant. However, he said nothing further. I imagined him slouched in pajamas strewn with cigar ash, looking at the daily rushes far into the night, and becoming aware that what he was seeing didn't match his original vision.

The owner's brother approached. "The linguini with the white clam sauce, Mr. Ackerman?" he said. "You're on," Miles said. "Order a drink," he told me. "I'm on the w-a-g-o-n." When the brother left, Miles took out his wallet, ex-

"Who are you to be blessing me?"



"I *did* give him a talking-to. He just laughed at me."

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tracted a set of prints which had been cut from a contact sheet, and spread them out on the tablecloth. "I want you to look at a bunch of pictures for me," he said. "I'm putting them in chronological order for you." He spent some time pushing them back and forth, as though he were playing with one of those puzzles in which the object is to align little movable squares, numbered one through fifteen. In the end, he had the photographs neatly arranged in four equal rows. There were, in fact, sixteen, and they depicted two strangers—a very young blonde and a short, smiling man who was possibly Mexican.

"That one there," Miles said, pointing to the blonde, "is someone I've been seeing on the side. I might be in love with her."

"Who's the Mexican?" I asked.

"His name is Angel Moreno," Miles said. "He's from Panama, and he rides for me. I've got horses now." This last revelation seemed to depress him disproportionately. "Do you think they're me?" he said at length.

I said, "Why use him, in the circumstances?"

"You and this lawyer I've got," he said. "I showed him the pictures and he tells me there's a distinct possibility he could do something through Immigration to get Moreno's temporary work permit lifted and have his *tushy* kicked back to Panama. But, you see, he wins for me."

He readjusted one of the prints.

"Let me fill you in on the sequence," he said. "In the first picture here, they're pulling up to the Sans Souci Motor Inn, in Costa Mesa, for a nooner—a portion of the sign is visible to the naked eye in the upper-left-hand corner, if you'll observe—in the little Mustang I gave her."

Miles paused. I felt obliged to make a comment.

"Nice depth of field," I said. "Who took them for you?"

"His name is Gertler," Miles said. "He has a flair. In the next picture over here, Moreno is being a little gentleman, opening the car door for her. In this one here, he is giving her a kiss. He's got lifts on, but if you examine the picture carefully you can see he's up on his toes notwithstanding. Over here now, they're arm in arm, strolling to their unit."

A waiter arrived with our order. "Stick 'em out of harm's way," Miles told him, waving his arm as he had when he encompassed the city. "In this next row," he said to me, "you'll observe that the shadows have changed around because time has passed." I was reminded of one of those elderly, shuffling guides in shiny suits, with insignificant decorations in their lapels, who lurk about the naves of cathedrals and whom you cannot shake off. "Now here the duo is en route back," Miles was saying. "He kisses her, he opens the door of the little Mustang, she gets in and so forth and so on."

His spiel was apparently over, for he stacked the pictures, put them to one side, and set the dish of linguini before him; the clams, which were on the half shell, were arrayed around the rim. He bent low over the bowl and inhaled deeply. "Great aroma," he said. "Go ahead and sniff yours. Take a real lungful, for Christ's sake." He began to wolf his food down, his chin nearly level with his plate. Suddenly he let his fork drop. He took his wallet out again. "The goods," he said. "Xerox of Sans Souci registration card." He handed me a slip of paper that had been folded many times. I unfolded it while he resumed eating. "Mr. and Mrs. A. Moreno," the top line read in a surprisingly fine hand. "Don't you think she's beautiful?" Miles said next. I saw that he had turned his attention to the photograph on the top of the pile, which portrayed the duo en route back. "Of course, it's a heck of an angle. Gertler knows his still photography."

We ate in silence. Bent, like Miles, over the linguini, I wished I were in bed, in my hotel room, reading Boswell. Why had he picked *me* to make sense out of his life, to depict it in words, to console him? Of course, why had I called to say I was in town? I covertly looked at my watch; if I didn't get back to the hotel soon, it would be midnight in New York—too late to phone my wife.

"You remember Joan?" I heard Miles saying. I looked up and saw that his wife—his second—whom I had met once, when they had stayed at the Regency on their way back from London, was standing by the table. Joan had been an actress before she married Miles—indeed, had played in his first picture. Now she nodded to me.

"Great linguini, Joan," Miles said. He was evidently used to her turning up unexpectedly. "I'll have them whip you up a plate *molto molto.*"

"I ate," she said, letting him seat her.

"What did you have?" he asked. He really wanted to know.

She opened her bag, took out a sheet of paper, and laid it in front of him. I could see it was a bill from an M. Russell DeWinter & Associates, for twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

"What's this, Joannie?" he said mildly.

"He couldn't find you," she said.

"Who couldn't find me where?"

"DeWinter," she said. "My detective."

"He couldn't have looked very hard."

"You weren't there."

"Where was I supposed to be?"

"In New York."

"Who says I wasn't in New York?"

"Me and DeWinter," she said. "You told me you had to go to New York, but you were somewhere else, making it with that little blonde."

"I was there," Miles said. "DeWinter is misinformed. Let me recommend a detective to you. His name is Gertler. He takes pictures and everything. A heck of a man with a long lens."

"You weren't there, you son of a bitch," she said, "so you pay the son-of-a-bitching bill."

She got up and left. The owner's brother started to come over. Miles held up his hand.

"I wasn't there," Miles said to me. "What's the date on that thing?"

I told him.

"Where was I?" he said, more to himself. "*Commendatore,*" he said loudly. The owner's brother now advanced.

"I'm sorry," he began, "but—"

"Forget it," Miles said. "You got any nice melon?"

"Right away, Mr. Ackerman," the brother said.

"Make sure it's nice," Miles called after him.

I realized that Miles had been fortunate in one respect, at least; Joan had somehow overlooked the photographs and the Xerox. He had not been that lucky with his first wife, Barbara, who had caught him in bed with his dental hygienist. Miles may have been thinking along these lines, too, because he said, "Did I ever tell you about when Barbara and I got married? It was in the Essex House—or the Hampshire House. After the ceremony was over and the dancing had been going on for a while, Barbara kept getting after me if we couldn't please go upstairs to our room. I suppose she wanted to have dinner or to be alone with me or to consummate our marriage or whatever, but I didn't want to leave the wedding. I wanted to keep on *shmoozing* with the guests."

He pondered this or something else for a moment, then dug in his pocket, took out his cigar case, selected a cigar, and stuck it in my breast pocket. I was about to withdraw it, to glance at the band, when he reached across the table and laid a hand on my pocket, inadvertently against my heart. It was, I suppose, the most intimate gesture that had ever passed between us.

"It's from Las Palmas," Miles said. "In the Canary Islands, and not half bad. A guy gave me a box of fifty." He went into his pocket once more, this time producing an envelope. First the view of L.A., then his scalp, the photographs, the Xerox, the cigar, and now this. What paraphernalia! He was a magician performing a trick for me, but one that was so obscure—or so poorly done—that I didn't know when to marvel.

"It's from my mother," Miles said. "She was out to see me. It comes in two parts. Read the clip first."

This was a photograph cut out of the New York *Post,* showing Mayor Lindsay and Thomas Hoving at a preview of the "Harlem on My Mind" exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. Miles' mother had written on Hoving's neck, with an arrow pointing to his hair, "Above collar!" Similarly, she had written on the Mayor's neck and shoulders, with accompanying arrows, "Bottom of ear! Not above collar!" The letter read as follows:

Dear Miles,

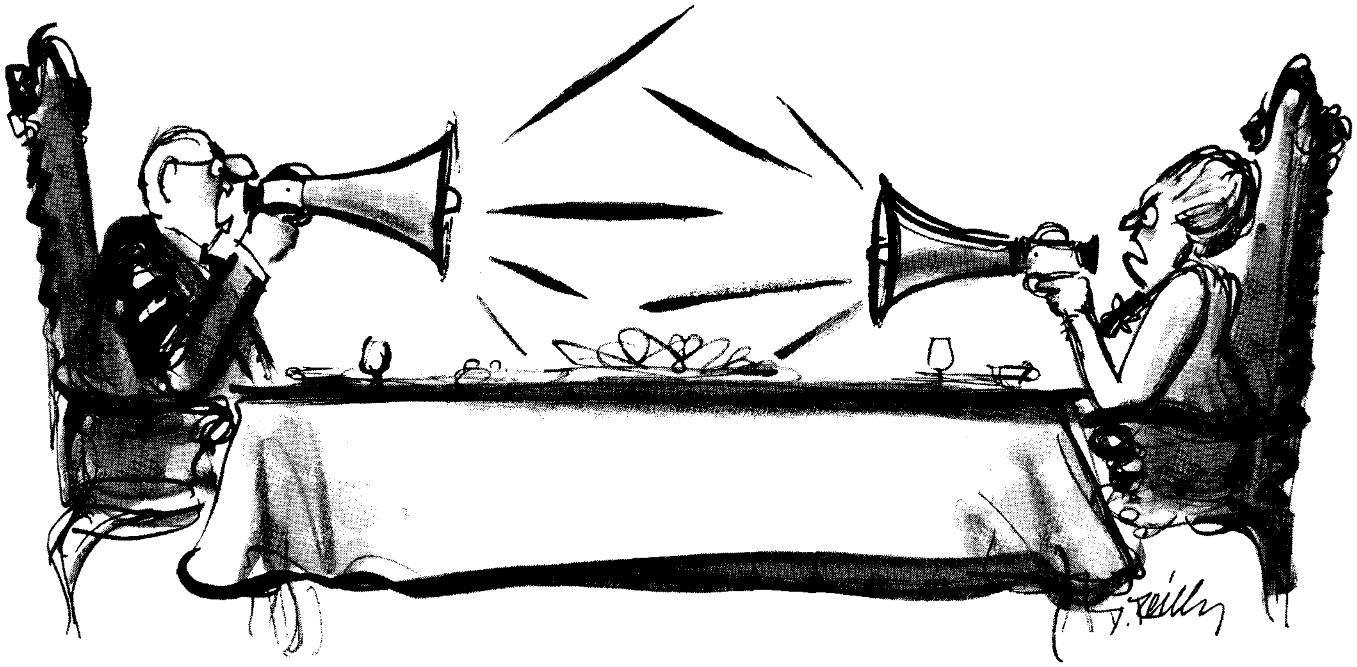
Please examine the enclosed, especially of the Mayor, since your head is more like his. Long hair, a little below the ear, but not over the collar! Yours gets over the collar and meets your rounded shoulders, making the hair pushed up like this [at this point there was a crude sketch of the back of Miles' head, and these notations: "head," "no neck," "over neck meeting shoulders," "no contour"]. It just looks *old, old, old* and not *mod* or anything that a good barber would do. He is taking advantage of you. It distressed me so much because you can look so handsome. *Please* have the barber fix it and always have him *hand cut hair on neck.* Don't let him use the electric clippers ever!

So much for that. You really must be frustrated because you're taking it out on eating. I think you must have gained ten pounds when I was in Hollywood, and that always makes you look older, too, and unkempt.

You know I love you. That's why I feel I can say it.

Mom

I put the clipping and the letter back in the envelope and returned it to



Miles. He laid it on top of his other belongings, next to the empty linguini plates, with their dismal litter of clam shells. He did, I realized, look old, but not on account of his hair.

"Jerry wouldn't dream of using electric clippers," he said.

The melon arrived. He took a spoonful of his. "Eat," he said. I did so. "How do you like it?" I said it was nice. "Where was I?" he said.

"When?" I said.

"When that DeWinter was looking for me. Honestly, I don't know where I was."

"I can't help you, Miles."

"Who can?" he said.

"So why," I said, "have you showed me all these things?"

"Who can I show them to," he said, "if not to my best friend?"

I suppose I should have known. Perhaps, in a way, I was.

"Hey," he said, "this English director's supposed to meet me here. They tell me he's gay. I'll be in New York in a couple of weeks. We'll have lunch."

This announcement was not unexpected. Our meetings generally ended on much the same note.

I thanked him for dinner and got up. "What's wrong with me?" he said. "How are you going to get back to your hotel? Take the car. Tell the kid I said it's all right."

"I'd rather—"

"What are you talking about? I must have six or seven of them at home. Emil'll pick it up tomorrow or something."

"I don't know how to work the gearshift," I said.

"You don't?" Miles said.

"And I thought I'd walk."

"Walk!"

"I've always had it in mind to climb the hill."

"What hill?"

"The one we came down."

"Oh, that," he said. "It never entered my mind."

"The air," I said.

A minute or two later, I was on the sidewalk outside the restaurant. In the distance rose that vast, sombre, and terrible slope, its crown somehow reminiscent of Goya's "A City on a Rock," in which winged men fly about a fantastic summit. These musings were interrupted by someone calling my name. It was Miles, running toward me, go-aheads flopping, Rams T-shirt out at the waist.

"Give me back that cigar," he said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Give me back that cigar," he said more vehemently.

WAKING DREAM ABOUT A LOST CHILD

Misty and cool. Morning. Who are you, with one hand
Combing damp, fair hair, leaning on the other in your bed?
Outside is the Pacific where the sun went last night
And already another one is coming on behind you.
The latch of the cottage chuckles in the wind. You laugh.
The others are sleeping. Night prettiness is fading.
You think of your parents—a one-dollar bill and a five-dollar bill.
You see them waking up under the red tile roof
Where your little sisters stay. The one-dollar bill weeps;
The five-dollar bill crumples itself in its hand.
Disinheriting them, you put on your orange-and-yellow dress.

(Here in the East, I stir in sandy bewilderment.
What debilitating rage can I share with this child?
I cannot imagine seventeen. I can barely imagine
The uses of my middle age. I am fit only for waking.)

Now you think maybe the ocean will know the answer.
You don't think on, as I would, *because it keeps vast,*
Sliding appointments or, *because it tidies up the world's wrack.*
You are simply drawn down the beach like bright new wrack.
Leaving the door to creak on the other runaway children,
You moon down to the water's edge in orange and yellow.
You are like a fresh joint tossed into damp sand.

"More promising than I, why are you extinguishing yourself?"
I call out from the dunes of waking,
"Do you know what you're doing?"
And more than your clear, thin "Oh, yes,"
It is your smile that cleaves and ages me.
Is this what it means to be of two generations?
You put a heron's foot into the dawn-strange water.
Who can help what he dreams?
Mist is everywhere. It is damp in this bedroom.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

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I handed it over. He took out his case, replaced the cigar, and gave me another.

"That's a Montecristo I've placed in your hand," he told me. "It's the finest smoke on the market. You can't even buy it in the U.S.A. I don't know how I could have ever done such a thing. Forgive me. I don't know what came over me."

I noticed that the dial of his watch was glowing powerfully, as though, in fact, he were far below the surface.

Then he turned and walked slowly back to the restaurant. Before I reached the bottom of the hill, I hailed a passing cab, which took me up it and out along Sunset to my hotel.

THAT night, I dreamed of Miles. He was standing on the roof of a residential hotel in Miami Beach—the section known as South Beach, which is largely inhabited by elderly Jews in reduced circumstances. It was a balmy night, Miles was dressed as he had been when we were both awake, and he was slightly drunk. I was on the roof with him, as were some others. The dream took liberties with geography; the hotel we were on top of had only three or four stories, but it was on a height, and before and below us lay the width of South Beach, blocks of old stucco hotels palely colored and tumbled like seashells, and beyond that the dark, serene sea. Swaying a bit, Miles gazed upon the scene like a painter or an emperor. "You might as well give me a trim," he said, not unkindly, to a young man next to him, who went and stood behind him and, bending his knees so that he was on a level with Miles' head, began snipping at his hair. My father now planted himself in front of Miles and interviewed him, though he took no notes. "Mr. Ackerman," he said, "what's your formula for making successful movies?" I was embarrassed by the question; I felt it was trite. Not Miles. "You put a city shoe on one

foot," he said, "and a country shoe on the other foot, and then you dance." And he did a little time step.

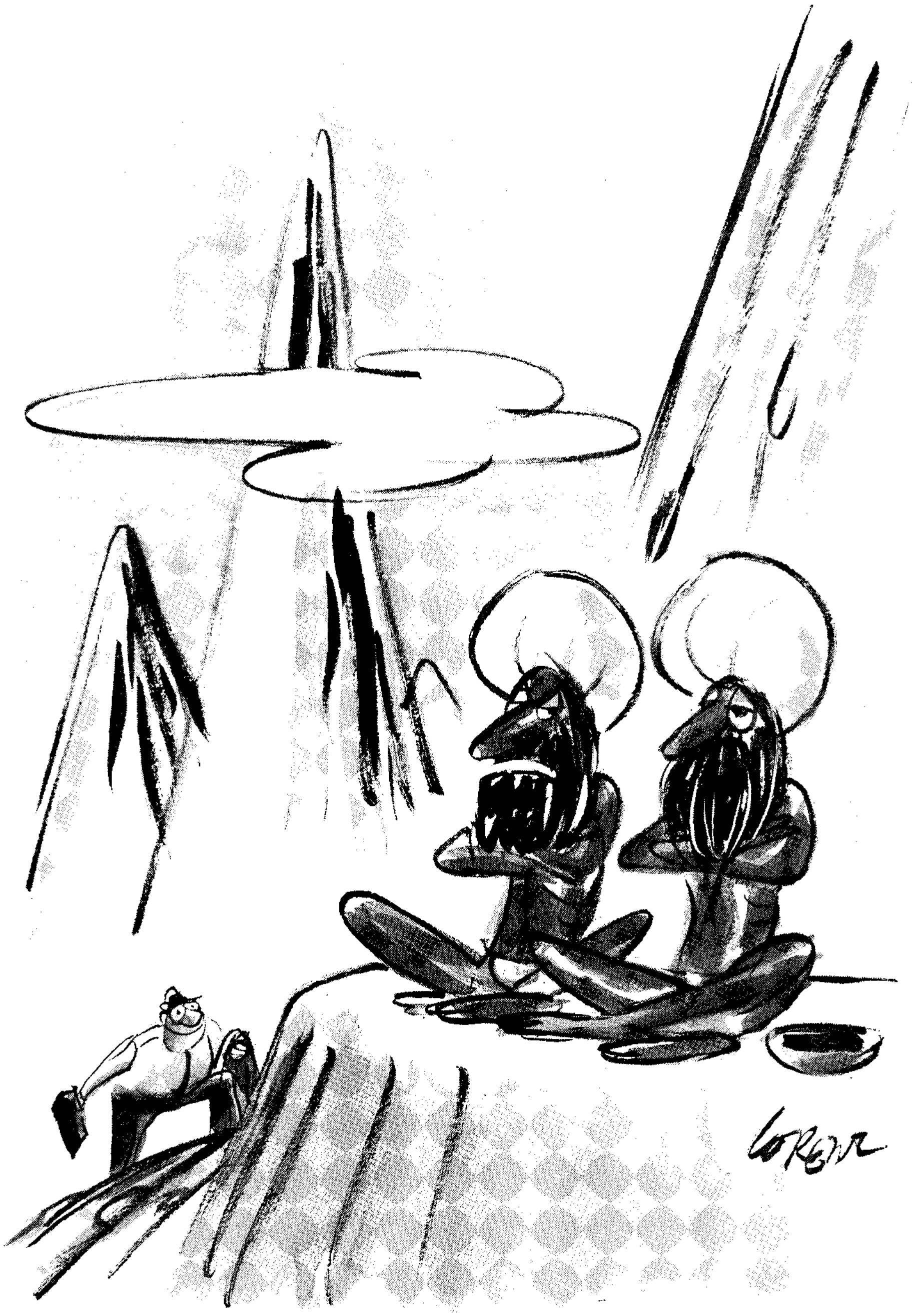
His meaning seemed clear enough, but why did he use that figure of speech? Before he had stopped dancing, I recalled one of Boswell's letters in which he had written that "speculation renders us miserable. Life will not bear to be calmly considered. It appears insipid and ridiculous as a country dance." I verified the wording when I at last awoke.

If Miles came to New York in two weeks, he didn't call. When I heard from him, a year had gone by. His latest movie was playing at Radio City Music Hall; every time I passed, there were long lines.

"Do you remember," he said, when I answered the phone, "my asking you to describe L.A. to me?" I said I did. "I'm sitting in my cabaña looking at it," he said. I expected him to continue, but he didn't go on. "And?" I said finally. He said, "I wish you had told me what we saw together. You never did. Remember?" I said I remembered. "It's not the same anymore," he said. "What was there, that's all gone. Everything looks different." I recalled his telling me, when he had displayed the photographs, how the shadows changed around, marking time passing. I asked him what had happened to the blonde. "Who?" he said. "The one in the contacts," I said. "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "The one with the jockey," I said. "I don't know what happened to her," he said. "She went away. My accountant sold the horses. They were never me." I had a feeling Joan had gone away, too, but I didn't inquire. I realized Miles never asked about my life. Had he ever even conceived it? "I'm having a drink," he was saying. "I've fallen off the w-a-g-o-n. I'm by myself. It's getting dark. What do you think happened to my scenery?" I told him I couldn't tell from here. He agreed and in a while we hung up.

Not long afterward, I met my father in the steam room. I said I had walked across the Park and had gone by the softball diamond where, thirty years before, Mr. Sanders, who was the first person I knew who wore oxblood shoes, took the second grade for P.E. Children were playing ball there now, and, as in the past, Mr. Sanders was standing, motionless, under a tree in right field, as though he had never moved away. I went up to him to say hello, but veered off without speaking; he had shown no sign of having recognized me; his hair was all white. "Like me," my father murmured, "but I know who you are." I told him he didn't. I said that seeing the old diamond, with its eroded base paths, had brought home to me how little I knew of what had happened to me since I had played there. So much time had gone by. How much more I should have done. My father asked which of my contemporaries had done more. I said, *shlock* and all, Miles Ackerman even. My father said hadn't I read today's paper. He often upbraided me on this account. I said I hadn't, and he told me Miles had been killed in an automobile accident. I recalled the blinding headlights and wondered if, unappeased, he had shown his pallid scalp to someone else. I related the incident to my father, who sat erect, enveloped in steam. He said the article stated Miles had been alone at the time. He said I had always been self-centered and that in the future I should be more *engagé*. Like Schweitzer? I said. My father said that was not what he had in mind.

—Gilbert Rogin

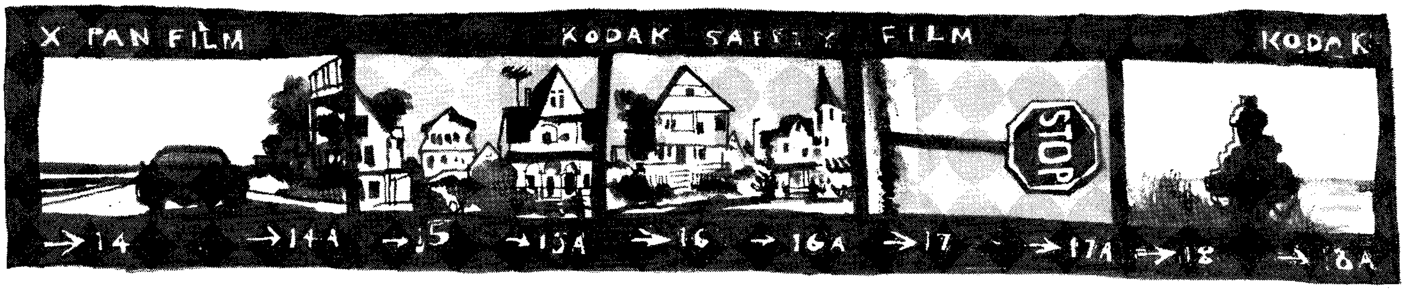


"Don't look now, but here comes that pest from the Rand Corporation again."

* * *

Bernal calls the Dark Ages the Age of Faith; the period from the end of the 17th to the beginning of the 18th century is often called the Age of Reason.—*Scientific American.*

Shortest damn age in history.



EARTH PROBE: SALTAIRE AVENUE

FRAMES 15-16

DATE: JUNE 13, 1969.

TIME

FRAME 14

A.M.

7.43 APPROACHED EAST BEACH BY VEHICLE (1967 OLDSMOBILE), PARKED, GOT OUT, AND WALKED UP SALTAIRE AVENUE (WEST TO EAST) CARRYING PAD, PEN, GEOLOGY MAP, CAMERA. SAT ON CURB OF SIDEWALK NEXT TO BEACH, FACING HOUSES, NEAR STOP SIGN AND FIRE HYDRANT, EXPERIENCING SLIGHT NAUSEA, POSSIBLY DUE TO BREAKFAST OF CHOC. CHIP COOKIES AND WARM TAB.

FRAME 17

FRAME 18

7.50 UTTER SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR MILD WAVE SOUNDS ON BEACH TO THE S.E. COOL DAMP AIR COMES FROM THE WATER BUT TEMP. IS RISING. GOING TO BE SCORCHER, BUGS ARE BITING.

7.52 STUDIED MAP (SURFICIAL GEOLOGY) ISSUED BY DEPT. OF INTERIOR, UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY 1961: SALTAIRE AVENUE (BLACKTOP) RUNS OVER BEACH DEPOSITS ("WELL-SORTED SAND AND PEBBLE GRAVEL DEPOSITED BY CURRENT AND WAVE ACTION") THEN RISES TOWARD N.E. AND ENCOUNTERS GLACIAL STREAM DEPOSITS ("GRAVEL, SAND, AND SILT IN VALLEY FILLS, KAMES, KAME TERRACES, AND ICE-CHANNEL FILLINGS") FOLLOWED BY END MORAINE DEPOSITS ("LOOSE TO COMPACT SANDY, STONY TILL WITH MANY SUBROUNDED BOULDERS") NEAR THE OLD SEA VIEW HOTEL ON THE HILL NEAR THE WATER TOWER. (SOMEBODY HAS CLIMBED THE TOWER AND PAINTED THE WORD "BEER" ON THE SIDE IN HUGE WHITE LETTERS.)

7.59 NO HUMANS IN SIGHT YET. LOTS OF BUGS.
TWINGE OF LONELINESS.
HOUSES SEEM BLANK. IS THERE LIFE — CAN THERE BE LIFE? — ON SALTAIRE AVE.?

8.01 STUDIED SURFACE OF BLACKTOP. ROAD IN MEDIOCRE

SHADE. NEAR CENTER OF ROAD CRACKS RUN LONGITUDINALLY, BUT BETWEEN FEET, NEAR CURB, CRACKS

FRAME 23 → ARE RANDOM, EROSION IS WIDESPREAD, AND SMALL MASSES OF BLACKTOP BREAK AWAY — ISLANDS SURROUNDED BY SAND.

FRAME 22

8.05 MILK TRUCK PASSES. DRIVER DOESN'T WAVE.

8.07 LARGE BLACK DOG APPEARS, ROAMS AREA, THEN CROSSES BEACH, HEADING EAST.

FRAME 29

○ 8.11 CONDUCTED EXAMINATION OF AREA IN VICINITY OF STOP SIGN. OBSERVED:

FLORA

BEACH GRASS
THISTLES
CRAB GRASS
DAISIES (WHITE)
BUTTERCUPS
CLOVER (NO 4-LEAF)
Q. ANNE'S LACE
WEEDS OF VARIOUS DESCRIP.

DISCARDED ITEMS

BEER CANS (2)
BEER CAN TOPS
PAPER PLATE
○ GOOD HUMOR STICK
POTATO CHIP BAG
CIGARETTE PACK
PAPER CUP
MATCHBOOK

8.19 MAN IN SHIRTSLEEVES AND STRAW HAT APPEARS ON PORCH OF WHITE HOUSE, LIGHTS CIGAR.

8.20 SECOND MAN — ALSO IN SHIRTSLEEVES AND STRAW HAT — BUT ACCOMPANIED BY SMALL BOY — APPEARS ON PORCH OF HOUSE NEXT DOOR (YELLOW). "GOT THE OL' CIGAR GOING, EH?" SAYS SECOND MAN, GREETING FIRST. GENIAL LAUGHTER. MAN AND BOY WALK DOWN STEPS, CROSS SALTAIRE AVE. TO BEACH. FIRST MAN SMOKES CIGAR FOR A WHILE, LOOKING AT WATER. THEN WALKS DOWN STEPS, GETS INTO CAR, DRIVES AWAY TO E.

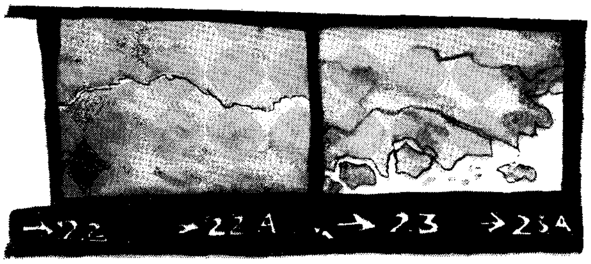
8.23 YOUNG MAN AND GIRL - BOTH IN BATHING SUITS — WALK TOWARD BEACH FROM W. THEY ARE TALKING ○ QUIETLY. THEY CROSS SALTAIRE AVE. TO BEACH, SETTLE DOWN ON SAND, SITTING ON STRIPED TOWEL NEAR WATER.

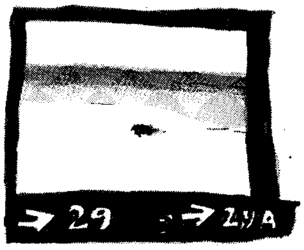
8.28 LARGE BLACK DOG COMES BACK, CROSSES SAND.

8.31 PICKED UP PAD, PEN, MAP, CAMERA. WALKED BACK TO VEHICLE.

8.33 BEGAN RE-ENTRY.

—James Stevenson





A REPORTER AT LARGE

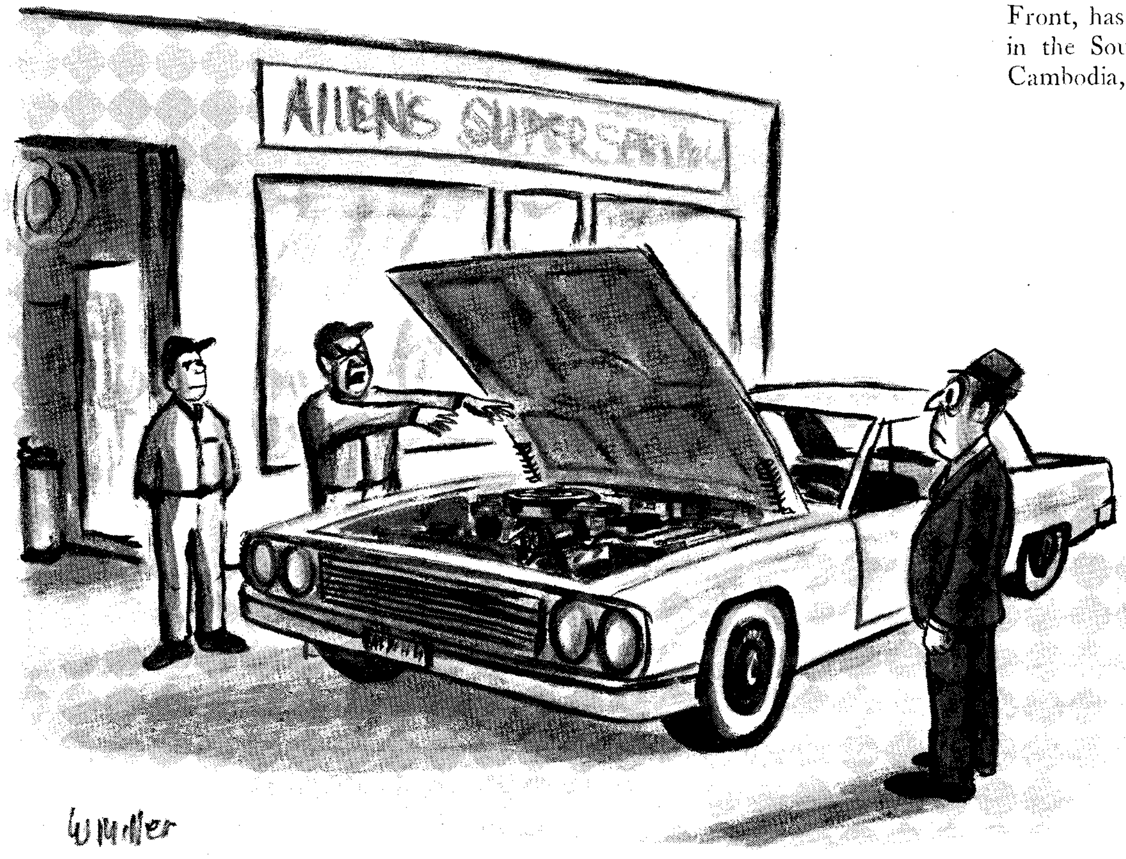
UNTIL THE CHAIRS ROT

PARIS, JULY 1

AS the Vietnam situation has unfolded in the last few weeks, several important events have taken place, in an inexorable sequence that suggests both Greek drama and a peculiarly American tragic dénouement. However quickly or slowly things move henceforth in Paris and in Vietnam, they must approach a resolution, whose outlines are beginning to become apparent, and, regardless of its exact form, it seems likely to recall both the pitiless harshness and the moral ambiguity of a Dreiser novel. No matter what we learn from our Vietnam experience about dealing with revolutionary and nationalist situations, and this may be very little, either substantively or psychologically, our whole future relationship with Asia can be seriously and permanently damaged—a fear that is probably reflected in the President's recently announced plan to go there this summer.

The chief event that has drastically altered the situation is, of course, President Nixon's decision, or at least his firmly stated resolve, or hope, as expressed at his press conference on June 19th, to remove all American combat forces from Vietnam by the end of 1970, leaving behind only enough men—perhaps two hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand—to give the refurbished South Vietnamese forces logistical support. The second important event originated in Hanoi, which, while persisting in its demand for the immediate withdrawal of *all* American forces and matériel, now has made an explicit, if probably temporary, political decision to allow the South Vietnamese Communists to travel their own revolutionary path—albeit under the sharp, experienced eyes of the hard men of the Communist North. What this means is that, for reasons of their own, the North Vietnamese have decided, in lieu of making further attempts at military conquest, now apparently unattainable, they will seek to "Vietminhize" the South—to follow the precedent of the broad coalition front, called the Vietminh, that the Communists created in the Northern jungles during the Second World War and then successfully used in establishing their new government in Hanoi in 1945. (A similar but short-lived Vietminh-style effort in Saigon, called the Committee of the South, was quashed by British occupation troops that same year, before French troops and the French colonial administration returned.) The Vietminh formula permits a large number of non-Communist, and even apolitical and primarily religious, elements to take part in the government during its initial period, devoted to building mass strength, after which the non-Communists undoubtedly will be eliminated by whatever means are handiest. Hanoi's decision to attempt this seems to derive from a decision, probably a very reluctant one, to take full control of the South more slowly than it had originally hoped to do, and to unite Vietnam later—perhaps five or ten years from now. This change of approach was signalled chiefly by the creation, in early June, of a new Provisional Revolutionary Government by the National Liberation Front and its fellow-travelling South Vietnamese adjunct, the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces. The new P.R.G.—which, like the Front, has its headquarters somewhere in the South Vietnamese jungle near Cambodia, and which has already been given diplomatic recognition by twenty-three nations—has twenty-five members, of whom at least nine, including three generals of the North Vietnamese Army, are said to belong to the Laodong (Workers') Party, which is what the Communist Party is called in North Vietnam.

A third, and most uncertain, element at present is the manner in which the South Vietnamese regime of President Nguyen Van Thieu will try to avoid accepting the coalition government sought by the Communists and will propose an alternative formula for holding free elections in which the Communists can take part. Such elections would probably limit the Commu-



"By the powers invested in me by virtue of my twenty-three years as a garage mechanic, I hereby estimate that it will cost one hundred and ninety-seven dollars to repair this motor."

nists' strength to twenty or twenty-five per cent of the total, and so far, not unexpectedly, they have refused to accept, even in principle, any election scheme that does not provide for the replacement of the Thieu government by a provisional coalition in which they would automatically be given a prominent role—an evolution much more likely to assure their ultimate dominance.

"We're not to wait. He's just had a meat-and-potatoes conference with some nuts-and-bolts people, and he's in no mood for dinner."

• •

While the Americans and the North Vietnamese continue to spar over the question of a mutual withdrawal or a mutual reduction of forces—a deliberation that may take months to reach a serious stage, and that may be obviated entirely, Hanoi believes, by a Washington decision to go ahead and withdraw unilaterally—the Vietnamese in the South will go on trying to work out some compromise on the coalition-vs.-elections issue, or conceivably propose a compromise that would not be called a coalition but would be tantamount to one. If this proves impossible, the war will drag on, although probably less fiercely as the year passes and as Hanoi responds to American withdrawals with unannounced ones of its own. Thus, the over-all reduction of violence advocated by, among others, Averell Harriman, who was President Johnson's chief negotiator in Paris, should gradually occur, though far more slowly than most Americans and most of the rest of the world would like. The process might be accompanied by agreements (formal or informal) on local and regional cease-fires in Vietnam, and perhaps in Laos, too—or, at least, on reductions in the level of American air operations against the infiltration of North Vietnamese troops along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. These agreements might be supervised by some sort of international body—an idea that the Communists have not actually rejected, though they have, of course, refused to consider any international supervision of election procedures in advance of a coalition government's being established in the South.

In any event, as one looks at the many possibilities and the many imponderables, two points stand out: First, President Nixon has made it clear that he wishes to reduce the American role in Vietnam in the shortest possible time, and apparently hopes he can do this without leaving the Thieu government, or any successor Saigon regime with similar aims, in the lurch. Second, the chances of the Communists' winning politically what the Americans have kept them from winning militarily are better than they were before, not simply because the Communists are better organized for political victory (they always have been) but because the internal differences within the Saigon government continue unabated. For this, Saigon itself is chiefly to blame, though Washington certainly bears a heavy responsibility for the failure to inspire a more successful consolidation of anti-Communist forces in the fifteen years since the beginning of the American commitment.

The obdurate line that the Communists in Paris are currently following, designed to achieve their dual aim of hastening the American decision to withdraw and either overthrowing or weakening the Thieu government and replacing it with a "peace Cabinet," has been repeatedly spelled out here, both at the weekly meetings of the peace conference and during interviews, formal and informal, between Western correspondents and Communist officials. Among the officials, it is generally agreed, the most forceful and impressive has been Le Duc Tho, who is probably the leading theoretician among the North Vietnamese Communists, and who is generally ranked No. 4 in Hanoi's Politburo. Tho, a tall, imposing man with an air of supreme confidence, is the "chief adviser" to the North Vietnamese delegation, and, as such, travels back and forth between Hanoi and Paris, making occasional stopovers at Moscow and

FIVE POEMS

THE REPORTS COME IN

A country Gulliver
staked down on these plains,

rusted Kaisers and hot
Buicks race out my limbs,
trailing dust like overhead shots
in comic books.

Inspected by grocers
and tiny druggists,
I down twenty hogsheads of syrup,
wagonloads of meatloaf.

The reports come in:
young men with .22s
blast roadsigns.

Mosquito bumps,
a stuffed trout shudders dust
on the patrons of a roadhouse,

and somewhere in the lamplight
my country lurches from
its cot like a combine lurching
over a field of oats,

and scratching in its underwear,
fumbles for a heritage.

WPA

The pilgrim and the Indian
in the post office mural
watch a puce engine chug
across America,
and the ship
steam under its bridge;
a world war chews the edge of a wall
and men with vulcanized muscles
stoke the national furnace.
The airplane and airship
troll overhead.
"Progress," says the pilgrim.
"Ugh," answers the Indian.
They're only painted concepts
like any landscape.

I'll live on this continent forever,
with the pastel truck
and the locomotive;
my colors changing
as I cross state lines
a poetry of maps in an atlas
and headed
for a mural of the planet.

THE WEATHER IS BROUGHT TO YOU

It is 64° in Devereaux,
and a volunteer pumper
hoses gas from the expressway.

Troopers with the faces of mandrills
hobnail over crushed metal,
using big flashlights like pointers
in a planetarium.

Sprockets dangle in the weeds,
torn radiators gurgle,

and the dead wait under wool blankets,
expiring
like tungsten filament
in a hissing, broken headlight.

LOST SILVERTIP

Standing on the mountaintop,
he chews the fire tower's metal
strut,
lips freezing to its zinc

and cries for his lost Silvertip
roasted away from her pines and
streams.
How many trout did they share?
How much sweet honey nuzzle?

The char sifts down
like black soap flakes
over the cooked ribs of bears,
and their ebony claws
blued by flame.

The streams have boiled,
inferno,
the trout poached and
pines gone into coal,
another life;

the honey crystallized,
and the honey-lover smoke.

PIGS

A tandem load of swine
grunt and stink in the pine-ringed
yard of a diner, drunk with travel.
Packed too tight, trailer slats sigh,
bristles rasp, and the diesel's idling
wheeze
mixes with the grease of a kitchen fan.

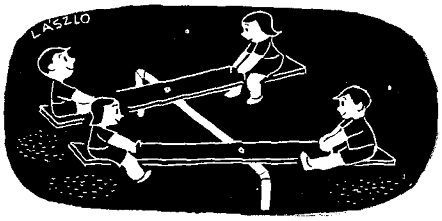
Inside the shack, the driver's mouth
full of eggs, yolks saffron in the
fluorescent air,
hitches his belt, smooths his hair
and jokes away the scalded legs of a
waitress;
the nose of his pie disappears,
jukebox blurs a waltz.

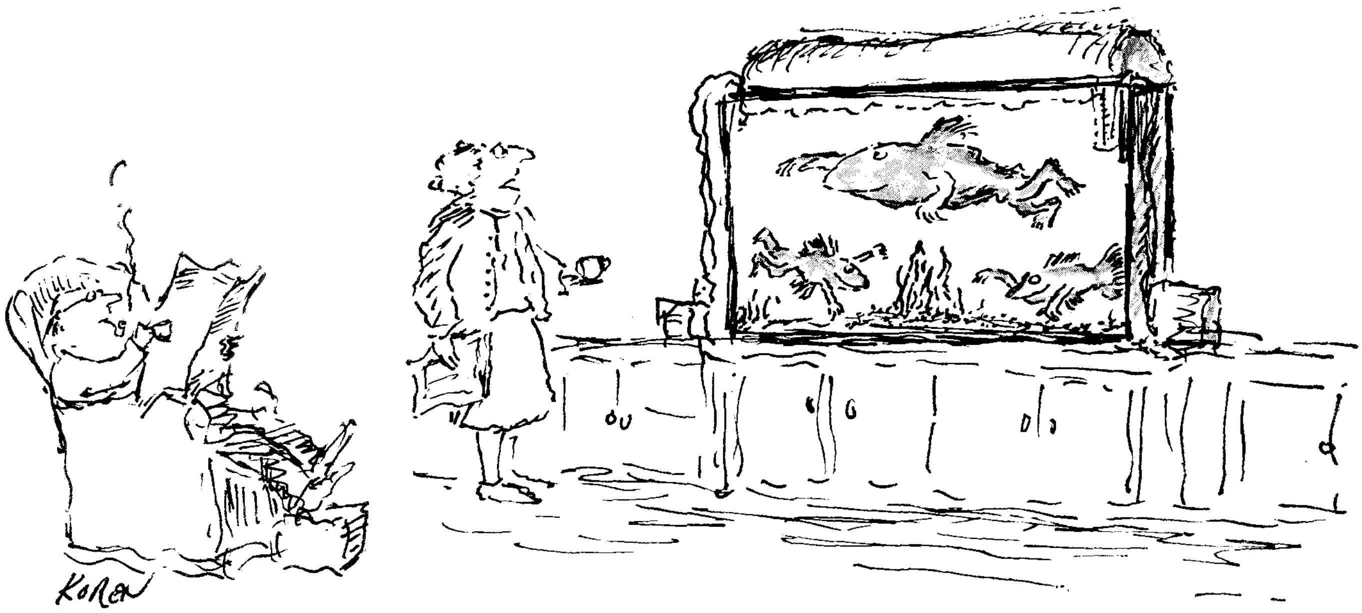
Outside again, he checks the load.
Pigs stare. The cab door thuds.
He cheats the log, revs up,
burps, sucks air,
throws the truck in gear,
smacking his nighttime lips.

—J. D. Reed

• •

Peking. During an impromptu conversation I had with him at a cocktail party in June, Tho smilingly and patiently declared over and over again that there could be no compromise with the Thieu government. "Thieu, Ky, and Premier Tran Van Huong must go—all three must go," he said. He also reiterated, with equal firmness, that a coalition in South Vietnam had to precede any election agreement. It is worth noting that these strong assertions came not from a representative of the newly created P.R.G.—such as Tran Buu Kiem, the erstwhile head of the Front's Paris delegation, or Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, who, as Foreign Minister of the P.R.G., again heads that delegation here, as she did at first—but from "the big man from Hanoi." If there had been any additional need to demonstrate who calls the tune in the South, he provided it. And, in a long interview two days later with Murrey Marder, of the Washington *Post*, Tho went further; in the face of Nixon's latest comments on large-scale withdrawal of troops, he castigated the President's "warlike nature," described his "maneuvers" as comparable to "building castles in the air," and accused him of wanting to prolong the war by strengthening the South Vietnamese forces until they could become, in effect, American mercenaries. Thus, Nixon's speech of mid-May, replying in a composed and almost friendly fashion to the ten-point program for peace that the National Liberation Front issued a few days earlier (the program was carefully endorsed later in a declaration of the Provisional Revolutionary Government); his trip to Midway Island to see Thieu; and the subsequent press conference, at which Nixon spoke of getting all American combat troops out of Vietnam by the end of 1970, were all meaningless to Tho. As Marder summed it up, "The thrust of Mr.





"Broderick, what do you know about evolution?"

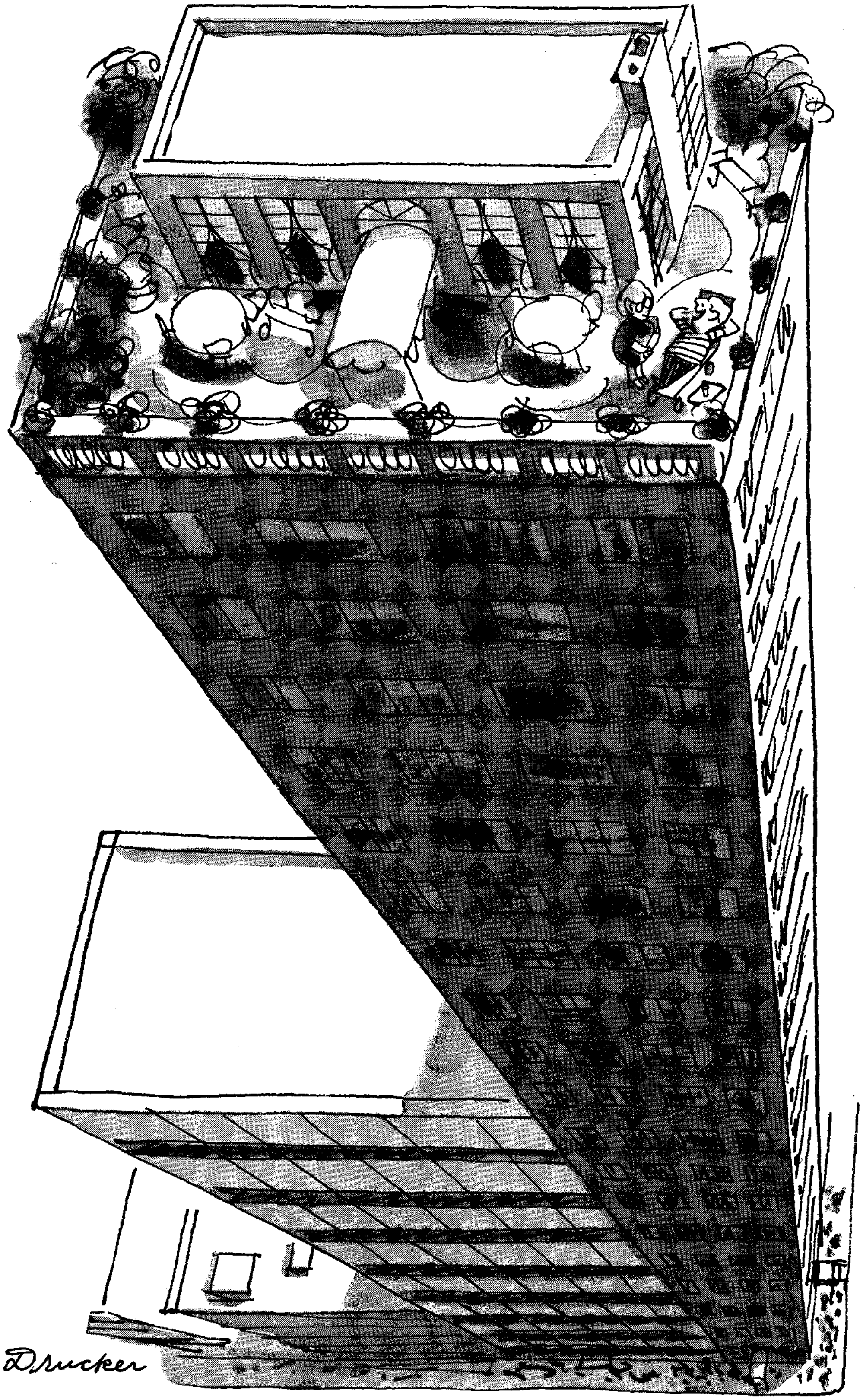
• •

Tho's remarks was intended to show no ray of hope, no way around yielding to the demands of the Communist side."

THIS apparently implacable Communist opposition to the Thieu government gives rise to such questions as what the Communists hope to achieve by it, how long they are likely to maintain it, and whether their obduracy has its origin in weakness or in strength. Any attempt to answer the questions involves consideration of the situation in North Vietnam, insofar as outsiders or occasional visitors can gauge it. The North Vietnamese have shown a remarkable strength and determination, a truly astonishing endurance, having been afflicted over the last two years with severe manpower shortages, crop failures, widespread industrial destruction, and an over-all decline in production. That all this has had a definite impact on their society is obvious from the speeches of top-ranking officials and from countless editorials in their newspapers. Though the Communist delegates in Paris have been stressing with renewed vigor the goal of "total victory," the Northern leaders—most recently Ho Chi Minh himself, in a talk to high-ranking Army cadres in May—have been emphasizing the need to "economize human and material resources and insure a satisfactory maintenance of weapons and equipment" and, in every way possible, "protect the Socialist North." Instead of blaming the weather for crop failures—though the weather last year was bad—the leadership is blaming "backward habits and traditions," and "corruption, waste, and luxury" on the part of certain cadres. The cadres are being accused of running a black market in such commodities as poultry and vegetables. According to a recent editorial in the Hanoi daily paper *Nhan Dan*, "The present danger originated within ourselves, and not from without," and the greatest single sin is "individualism," for it covers a multitude of other sins. Furthermore, the North Vietnamese are fully aware of the cadre problems in the South, where the ranks of the veteran revolutionary fighters, seriously depleted by the long war, have had to be increasingly bolstered by Northerners—who are political workers as well as soldiers. None of this implies that the Communists feel themselves to be in a position that could cost them the war, but their huge manpower losses have surely been a major handicap to them in their effort to reduce the war to "manageable" proportions—which means primarily getting rid of American manpower and firepower. This, obviously, is what accounts for their obstinate stand at present, and it represents a valid gamble on their part to use stubbornness to force Washington and Saigon to deal on their terms. It may also indicate that Hanoi has further decided that it has to rebuild its own Communist state before taking over the South. And since Saigon, despite its weaknesses, has sufficient political leverage—combined with that of other nationalist and religious groups in the South—to make an election too much of a gamble, the Communist goal, at least for momentary bargaining purposes, and perhaps for months to come, must be coalition.

It is true that, as a number of French experts maintain, the prosecution of the revolution in the South, in its own right, has been the principal aim of Hanoi since the Geneva Conference of 1954, and particularly so after the failure to hold the scheduled referendum on reunification in 1956—a decision taken by the Ngo Dinh Diem regime with the approval of the Americans, on the ground that a fair vote was then impossible. But it is also true that political conditions in the South have always been different from those in the North, going back to the nineteen-thirties and forties and long before that, and that the influences of various international revolutionary and evolutionary movements—Communism, Trotskyism, Socialism—were felt there before they were felt in the North. Standard Communist assertions to the contrary, Vietnam, in its two-thousand-year history, has not, except at rare and relatively short intervals, been "one and indivisible." Nevertheless, when the Vietminh succeeded in consolidating its Communist regime in Hanoi after the defeat of the French, its hope was to bring the South rapidly under its control, either by referendum or by force. When that failed to happen, chiefly because of the American support of Diem, the North, in 1960, created the National Liberation Front (actually, the N.L.F. flag had been seen two years earlier in the Vietminh-dominated areas of the South), and in 1962 it set up the People's Revolutionary Party, a Southern adjunct of the Northern Laodong Party. The latter development denoted a true turning point, the action being taken for two main reasons—to resist separatist tendencies on the part of some of the Southern revolutionaries, and to strengthen the Communist apparatus in the South, which had become weak. It may thus be said that the setting up of the P.R.P. marked the inception of the idea of eventually creating some sort of formal revolutionary government in the South as a prelude to the region's incorporation with the North. But it is probable that after the guerrilla war began in the South, in 1958, until the Americans came in at full strength, in 1965, Hanoi also retained hopes of taking over the South by force, without thinking too seriously of maintaining for very long the fiction of a distinct Southern revolutionary movement. And even after the tide of the war turned, in 1965 and 1966, and the Vietcong lost their chance for a quick victory, some elements in Hanoi clung to the hope that the Communists could somehow win out militarily, and it was undoubtedly for that reason that large North Vietnamese Army detachments began to infiltrate South Vietnam.

By the end of 1967, however, a serious debate had begun in Hanoi's Politburo over continued military prosecution of the war vs. toning down the North's commitment and thinking seriously about negotiations. The argument at that time was won by the do-or-die group, which mounted the Tet offensive in South Vietnam at the beginning of 1968; the leader of this faction was Le Duan, who is rated as one of Ho's likely successors. As everyone now knows, the Tet offensive, and the offensive that followed it that May, resulted in huge military losses for the Vietcong and North Vietnamese troops but had considerable success politically and psychologically. It disrupted the South Vietnamese government's schemes for pacification and administrative reorganization, and achieved the even greater feat of disillusioning such men as Robert McNamara and Clark Clifford and influencing President Johnson's decisions to end the bombing of the North and not to run for reëlection. The military stalemate that followed coincided with the start of the Paris peace talks. It remains to be proved whether, as Harriman maintains, Hanoi really was serious about diminishing the scope of the conflict when it withdrew many of its forces into Laos last year or whether the withdrawal was made simply because those forces needed to be rested and reëquipped; another contention of Harriman's that remains to be proved is whether Saigon's initial reluctance to come to Paris and the shifting of American troops from the Demilitarized Zone to the scene of fresh fighting along the Cambodian border also helped to prevent serious negotiations at that time. At any rate, Hanoi decided to return to a "theory of protracted conflict," in the words of Truong Chinh, who is one of Le Duan's rivals to succeed Ho. Rocket attacks against South Vietnamese cities, including Saigon, increased, the war continued to wax and wane—waxing especially during this year's Tet period—and the negotiations dragged on without progress. In this context, the creation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government



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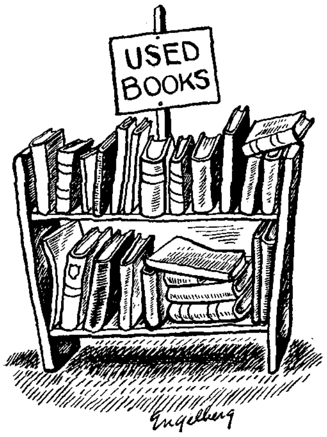
must be regarded as an extension of Truong Chinh's "protracted-conflict" line, which is based on the conviction that the Americans have grown increasingly tired of the war and now want to get out under almost any circumstances, and that the Saigon government, with or without American support, cannot survive very long.

THE evidence is that the plans to launch the P.R.G. were set in motion at least a year ago. When the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces was created after the 1968 Tet offensive, as a group to rally urban intellectuals and proletariat elements, its purpose, based on the hope that the offensive would lead to the collapse of the Saigon government, was to set up a new government in Saigon, which would negotiate for peace first with the National Liberation Front and then with the Americans. When the Tet offensive failed, the Alliance quickly changed its attitude of independence from the Front—toward which its political manner for a time had been calculatedly patronizing. It had now been ordered by Hanoi to ally itself openly with the Front, which then reassumed its unchallenged role of leadership. On May 8th of this year, the Front issued its ten-point peace proposal in Paris. On May 23rd, representatives of the Front and the Alliance met in the jungle near Cambodia for a preliminary discussion of the formation of the P.R.G. On May 30th, an impressive group of Front and Alliance representatives and intellectuals met in "a liberated area near Saigon," and Huynh Tan Phat, who was soon to be named the Chairman of the P.R.G., read a report described as "a review of the Southern revolutionary movement." He stressed the fact that the movement had steadily broadened, winning the sympathy and support of many "puppet" troops, police agents, officers, and administrative personnel in Saigon. Between June 6th and June 8th—just before the Midway meeting of Nixon and Thieu—what was described as the Congress of Delegates of South Vietnam held a major meeting, attended by eighty-eight delegates and seventy-two "guests," representing, according to the Front's Liberation Radio, "political parties, nationalities, religious groups, people's groups, various strata of the people, the People's Liberation Armed Forces [the Vietcong], and the shock youth troops from all over Vietnam." The presidium was composed of leading members of the Front and of the Alliance and representatives of various religious groups, youth groups, labor groups, and women's groups. Front and Alliance members made the keynote speeches and were allowed to guide the conference proceedings, after which a new "Republic of South Vietnam" was declared, on the basis of fourteen articles, the first of which adopted the national anthem and the flag of the Front, rather than of the Alliance. (Saigon, incidentally, was renamed Ho Chi Minh City.) Some of the other articles more or less repeated the 1967 program of the Front. "Vietnam is one, Vietnam is indivisible," Article 4 declared. Article 9 said, "The revolutionary administration in South Vietnam will be organized according to the principle of democratic centralism from central level to basic units." Universal suffrage was to be the means of electing People's Revolutionary Councils, which would designate the People's Revolutionary Committees.

It is significant that Huynh Tan Phat was named Chairman of the new P.R.G. Phat, an architect by profession, is a high-ranking member of the National Liberation Front and the head of the Democratic Party, which was one of the fringe groups of the early Vietminh and was also affiliated with the Committee of the South in 1945, during the brief seizure of Saigon by the revolutionary forces. Although South Vietnamese intelligence sources say he has secretly been a member of the Laodong Party since 1956, he was a logical choice because he has no *official* Communist position, because he is a Southerner with many personal links to the area (he is said to have made several clandestine visits to Saigon in the last few years), and, finally, because he is a man of attractive, warm personality. It is equally significant that Kiem, who had been heading the Front's Paris delegation, was named Minister to the Chairman's Office; most observers believe that Kiem, a hard-liner and definitely a Laodong member, will be the dominant figure in



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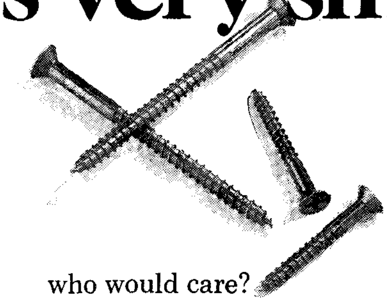

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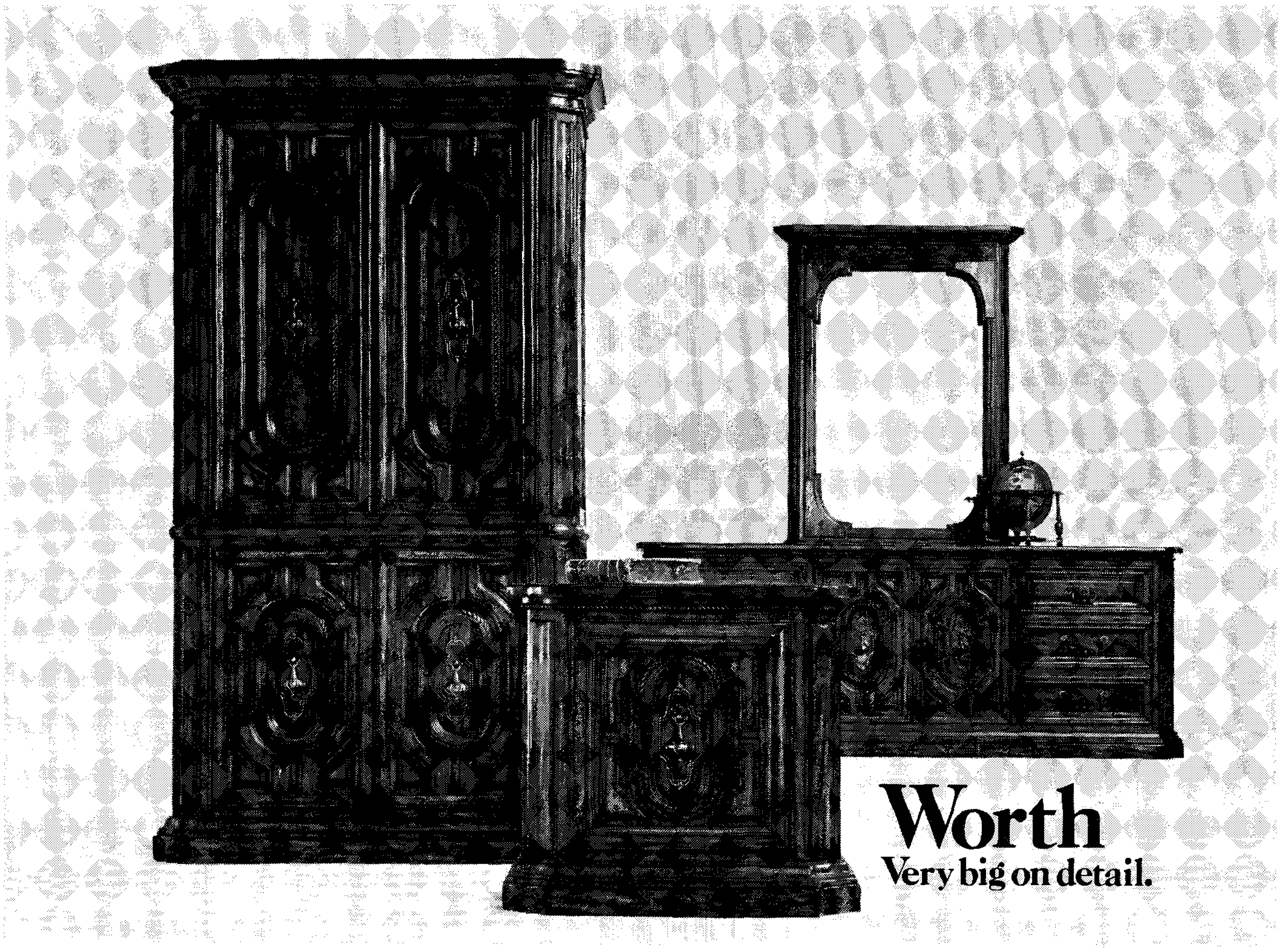

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the new government—the man at the Southern end of the political strings that tie the new regime to the North. Tran Nam Trung, named as Defense Minister, does not exist; the name is an alias for whichever of several North Vietnamese officers is, at a given time, the commanding general in the South. Since late 1967, the top North Vietnamese director of both military and political affairs in South Vietnam has been Pham Hung, a Politburo member, and he will undoubtedly exert his over-all directorial influence over the P.R.G. through the nonexistent Tran Nam Trung and two Deputy Defense Ministers in the new government. Five members of the P.R.G., including Kiem and Phat, are members of the presidium of the National Liberation Front's Central Committee. Seven members belong to the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces. The Ministry of Information and Culture, an important post, is headed by Luu Huu Phuoc, who, until 1965, was Director of Music and Dance in the North Vietnamese Ministry of Culture. Although almost all the ministers and deputy ministers came originally from the South or the central provinces, many have held important jobs in Hanoi, or have been in the North for varying periods. Articles 12, 13, and 14 of the P.R.G. declaration set up an advisory council of thirteen members, with whom "joint conferences" will be held "in the event that it is necessary to make great decisions on important problems of the country." Significantly, Nguyen Huu Tho, the Front Chairman, and Trinh Dinh Thao, the Chairman of the Alliance, have been accorded the two top positions in this apparently ineffectual council—a pair of appointments that should leave no one in doubt about Hanoi's intention of running the P.R.G. Significantly, the announcement of the P.R.G.'s formation that the Front issued in Paris was a far less bellicose version of Liberation Radio's account of what had happened at the meeting establishing the new government. The Paris statement played down the aim of "overthrowing" the Saigon regime and reiterated the group's desire to enter into "serious talks" with the United States on the basis of the Front's ten-point program.

Both Radio Hanoi and Liberation Radio lost no time in emphasizing the importance of the P.R.G. Hanoi has made a special point of stressing the growth in the number of village, district, and provincial Revolutionary Committees set up in the South. The

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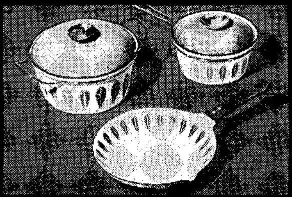

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Communists now claim that there are about thirteen hundred village committees, a hundred and twenty district committees, and twenty-three committees in towns and cities. The Americans and the South Vietnamese say that most of these, established since the 1968 Tet offensive, are simply "shadow groups," but even if this is so, it doesn't diminish their underground importance. Obviously, the P.R.G. is the new roof over these committees, giving them further "legal" governmental status in opposition to Saigon. Hanoi also particularly mentioned the continuing distribution of land to the peasants in Vietcong-controlled areas—perhaps to counteract the Thieu government's recent promises of a truly effective land-reform program. And, naturally, the Communists, both in Hanoi and here in Paris, have placed great stress on the number of governments throughout the world that quickly gave diplomatic recognition to the P.R.G.—six more than have recognized the National Liberation Front in the nine years since its creation. The figure is likely to rise, chiefly among the Arab nations and the non-aligned ones. It was also interesting that the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, and China all quickly recognized the P.R.G., for Hanoi has had a hard job maintaining a balanced position in relation to these three nations—two of which, China and Russia, have rendered it extensive military assistance. As some Americans here have pointed out, when the delegates of Hanoi and the Front demand an end to American logistical support of the Saigon regime the question might well be asked: What about the logistical support given to the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong by Moscow and Peking? When, if ever, will that cease?

MEANWHILE, the Thieu government, as it faces the new challenge of the P.R.G., is as badly beset as ever by old internal conflicts. Since its election in 1967, the government has certainly never been as stable as the Americans have claimed. ("Stable" is the word that Washington has applied to each of the whole succession of Saigon regimes that followed the overthrow of Diem in November, 1963, and each time the word has proved sadly inappropriate.) After President Thieu took office, a long internecine struggle took place between him and Vice-President Ky. The ultimate "victory" of Thieu and the temporary eclipse of Ky and his group did not solve any of the government's basic

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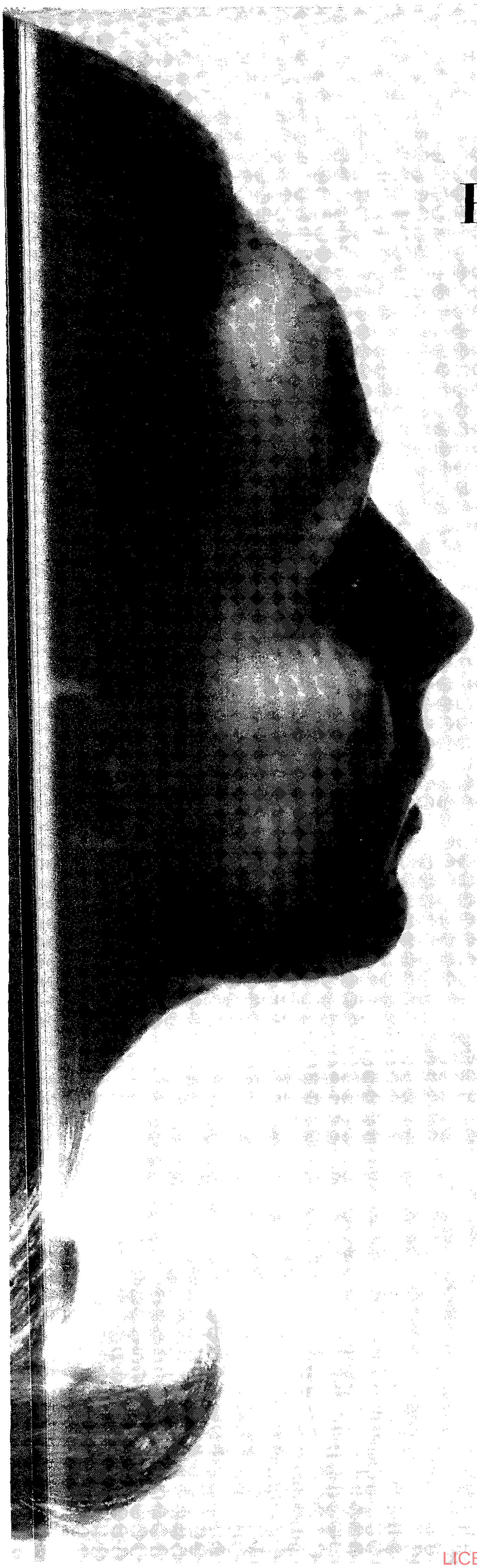

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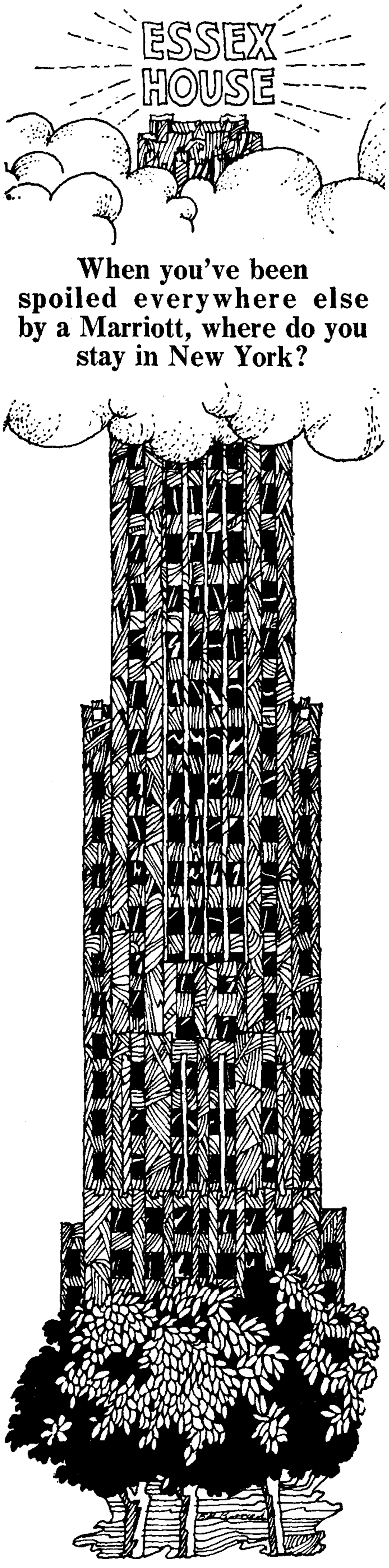

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problems, which included bad relations between Thieu and the National Assembly; an ill-defined relationship, in part constitutionally created and in part personal, between Thieu and Premier Tran Van Huong; and mistrust of Thieu by many Vietnamese officials, both civilian and military. The last of these problems derived from a number of past antipathies and suspicions, such as the Vietnamese are subject to, and from Thieu's own exceptionally suspicious nature, which has been evidenced by an inability to trust anyone for very long and by a predilection for manipulation and maneuver with the assistance of a small personal palace guard. This group has included a wealthy pharmacist, Nguyen Cao Thang, who has sought, with some success, to improve Thieu's relations with members of the Assembly, and whom Thieu sent secretly to Paris a few months ago to talk with some of the exiled or expatriate leaders here about their returning to Saigon. Among these leaders was Au Truong Thanh, a former Economics Minister, who was not allowed to run for President in 1967 because of alleged neutralist leanings, and who had been under house arrest in Saigon until last year, when he came to Paris. From time to time over the past year or so, Thieu has made efforts to establish contact, through his agents, with members of the National Liberation Front, ostensibly to determine what sort of deal they might be willing to make. There are those who maintain that instead of privately searching, as his supporters have claimed, for an "honest formula" under which individual members of the Front could be brought into the Saigon regime, he had a more personal motive; namely, to find out whether he would be acceptable to the Front as President under some sort of compromise. (There is reason to believe that the Communists, who will not deal with Ky, might, despite their anti-Thieu invective, make at least a temporary deal with the President.) In any event, as Thieu has continued his various maneuvers, a good many generals and politicians in Saigon have continued to mistrust him.

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During this period, too, the attempt to form new political parties or blocs in Saigon—to work out some common political front against the Communists—has continued to flounder, and many, if not most, Vietnamese, together with many Americans and neutral observers, have blamed Thieu for this. After the 1968 Tet offensive, there was an effort to rally a so-called National Salvation Front, but this did not amount to much. Then came an effort to combine that Front with two other groups—the Worker-Peasant Alliance, led by a labor leader named Tran Quoc Buu, and a group representing Thieu and the government, headed by Nguyen Van Huong, one of the members of Thieu's palace guard. Largely because Huong was extremely unpopular—he is a man of obvious personal ambition, and his methods of operation are devious—this effort also failed. Thieu next determined to take the lead himself in the creation of a political alliance, and on May 25th—at just about the time the Communists were setting in motion the machinery for the establishment of the P.R.G., of which Thieu undoubtedly had advance knowledge—he formed the National Social-Democratic Front, which he described as "the first concrete step in unifying the political factions in South Vietnam for the coming political struggle with the Communists" (and which, he said, in an odd defensive afterthought, would not be "totalitarian or despotic"). He told some two thousand generally hawkish delegates to its inaugural convention, "We shall do everything to prevent a hasty peace solution in Paris and to prevent the country from falling into the hands of the Communists," adding, "If necessary, we shall form into resistance groups and continue fighting." The new organization was composed of six essentially conservative bodies or parties: Northern Catholic refugees from the 1954 period; a branch of the old Revolutionary Dai Viet Party; one of many factions of the Hoa Hao religious sect; part of the equally fragmented Vietnamese Kuomintang, a nationalist party formed in the twenties and modelled on the Chinese Kuomintang; some remnants of Buu's Worker-Peasant Alliance; and—perhaps the most interesting of the new groups—the Nhan Xa, or Social Humanist Party, which includes some of the more enlightened young leaders of the old Can Lao Party, of the Diem era, and is a well-

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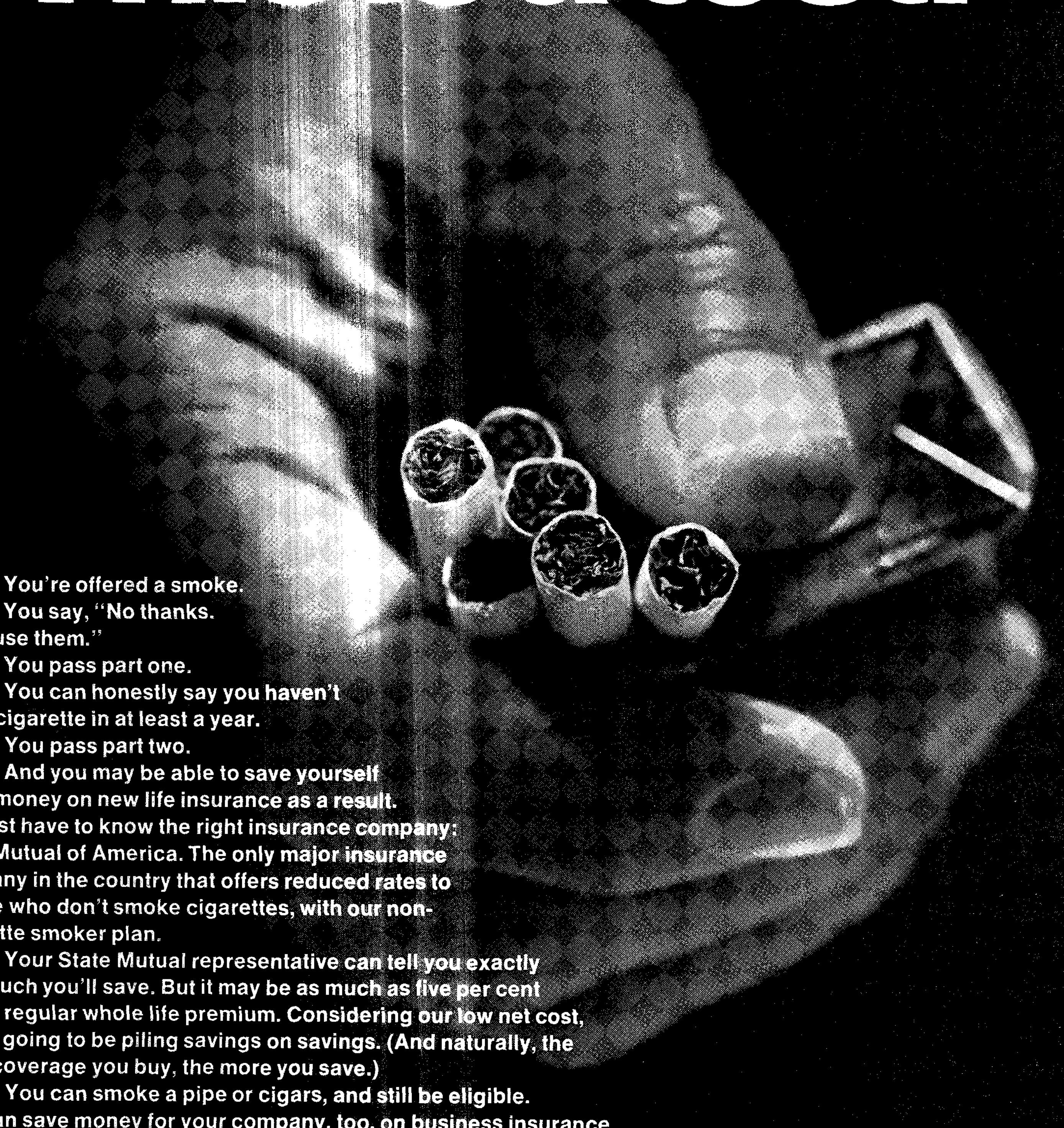

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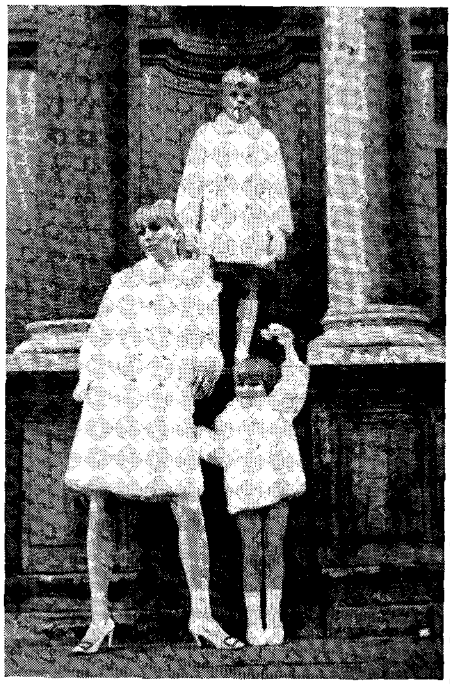

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organized group, predominantly Catholic. Many other political forces and factions were not represented, either because they refused to join or because they were not invited—the most notable being the militant Buddhists of the An Quang Pagoda. At best, the National Social-Democratic Front can be considered the first serious effort to form a government party. At worst—and this view is more realistic—it can be considered doomed for not including the anti- and non-Communist forces in the country who for one reason or another refuse to support Thieu. Certainly the new organization fell far short of constituting a body capable of combatting the Communists in a tough political contest. All it has done is to combine a few of the fragments that have been strewn about the South Vietnamese political landscape for years and have made it easier for the Communists to gain headway, first in the countryside and more recently in the cities. Nor has a recent election of hamlet and village councils in most of the government-controlled areas provided the political base that Thieu needs so badly, for these are not true political organs but simply new administrative units superimposed on old ones and controlled, like the old ones, by the cumbersome bureaucratic apparatus stretching down from Saigon through the provinces and districts.

A number of things happened following the creation of the National Social-Democratic Front. A Progressive Nationalist Movement, a potential "loyal opposition," was formed by Nguyen Ngoc Huy, one of the most respected members of the Paris peace delegation. Then, on June 4th, a Committee for the Establishment of a National Progressive Force, representing left-of-center students, intellectuals, and professional people, was formed. It was led by a lawyer named Tran Ngoc Lieng, who had defended Truong Dinh Dzu, the man who finished second in the 1967 Presidential election and was subsequently brought into court on some old charges of financial speculation and is now in jail, mostly because he advocates a coalition government that would include the Communists. And on June 17th, during a wave of arrests of suspected Communists and neutralists who advocate a coalition, four members of this new committee, which favors what it calls a "government of reconciliation," were questioned by the police. At about the same time, Thieu issued a warning, despite earlier governmental promises of a free press, that any newspaper dis-

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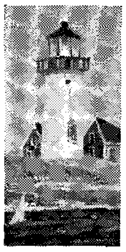

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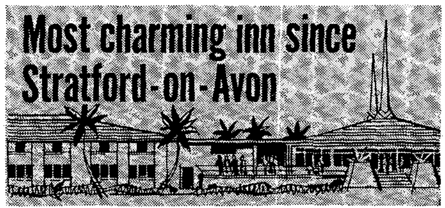

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torting the news in order to "demoralize" the nation would be shut down, and that publication of the English-language Saigon *Daily News*, whose editor had just been jailed for establishing contact with a Communist, was suspended. About a dozen other papers, Vietnamese, Chinese, and French, have also been shut down or suspended from publishing in the past few months.

THIEU had by this time returned from his Midway conference with President Nixon—a conference, incidentally, that was arranged in a hurry, without much planning, after Thieu refused a less formal invitation from Nixon to come to California. Back in Saigon, Thieu was obviously jittery at not having received any firm pledges from Nixon, and he was made more so by Nixon's announcement from Washington about American troop withdrawals in considerable excess of the twenty-five thousand mentioned at Midway. Whatever Nixon had said publicly about doing nothing to impose a coalition government, Thieu was well aware of the implications of Nixon's disclaimer about being "wedded" to the Thieu government. Thieu, then, was in trouble and knew it, and the Communists' creation of the Provisional Revolutionary Government hardly diminished his worries. He was faced with a renewal of what the Communists call a "special war," between Communist forces relying on the Russians and the Chinese for their supplies and South Vietnamese forces relying on the Americans—the kind of war that preceded the major American commitment in 1965—and he still had no firm political base to speak of. In fact, opposition was growing on both the right and the left. The fence-sitters in Saigon, the traditional *attentistes*, began to talk of buying exit visas. Moreover, the pace of the war had picked up again, and although the South Vietnamese troops fighting on their own did well in a few battles, for the most part their performance was poor or less than adequate. Desertion rates were still high, the morale of soldiers in the ranks remained generally low, and, all told, the rate of improvement in the fighting capability of the eleven South Vietnamese divisions and of the regional and popular forces was judged by American experts to be much too slow.

Thus, the race against time, on which both sides are now gambling, entered a new phase. Though there were signs that the Communists had stopped sending fresh reinforcements

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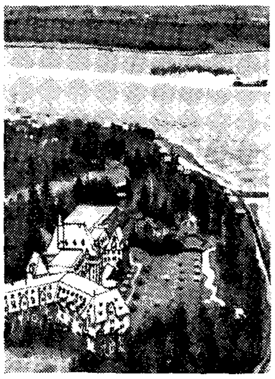

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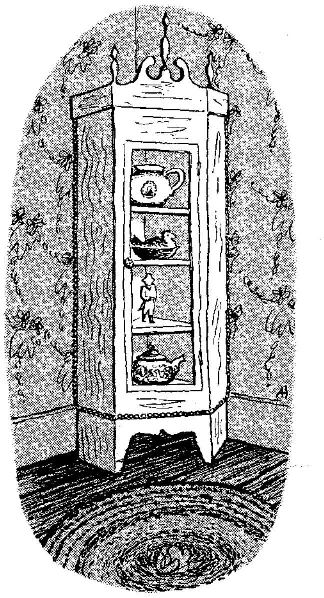
from North Vietnam, they still had plenty of troops making their way South along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, and plenty of strength to continue the "special war." They were also efficiently organized to continue their political offensive against the government both in the countryside and in the urban areas, which they were now increasingly stressing as the key to the struggle. (By "urban areas" they mean provincial and district capitals, and especially Saigon; intelligence reports indicate that they are again telling their followers, as they did during the 1968 Tet offensive, that they will be in Saigon "in the fall.") The political offensive continued to pick up momentum in Paris, where, in mid-June, a left-wing Buddhist organization announced that a Buddhist "shadow government," supposedly including some of the militant An Quang faction, had been set up in Saigon. Meanwhile, the Communists were making much of the diplomatic support that the new P.R.G. was receiving throughout the world. Obviously, the Communists remained on the offensive and remained convinced that they could keep both the Americans and the South Vietnamese on the run. They may be right, but there is certainly some question how long they themselves can endure a renewal of the "special war" under conditions of fatigue and declining morale, and also some question whether they can really outmaneuver and overthrow the Thieu government, as they still insist they will do before discussing elections.



What Thieu has not done but, in the opinion of many Vietnamese and some Americans, can still do is really reorganize his government, instead of making ineffectual efforts to create political "solidarity" by setting up new fronts and cautiously encouraging ineffectual counter-fronts while barring groups he suspects or fears. There remains no national consensus—merely a hodgepodge of malcontent elements, which, fleetingly and for opportunistic reasons, work together awhile and then fall apart. The Communists, still insisting on a new "peace Cabinet" in Saigon that would exclude Thieu, Ky, and Huong, might be put on the defensive if Thieu created something akin to a moderate peace Cabinet—a new body, set up expressly to conduct negotiations, representing a true cross-section of political opinion. Such a body could run the gamut from conservatives to far-leftists, and it should be able to lay the groundwork for the sort of Southern solidarity that, in the moment of crisis, would be capable of preventing the ultimate "Vietminhization" of the South. There are not only Southern conservatives but Southern Communists and Southern liberals who firmly believe in Southern independence and could, if they were given some backing, work together to block a Northern takeover.

There is a feeling both in Paris and in Saigon that Thieu, faced as he is by so much internal strife, has perhaps only two or three months left in which to act before the political undermining process begun by the Communists is irreversible. The problem of revising the constitution so that the Communists can legally take part in elections is one aspect of the current stalemate, but it is one that can be solved if it is handled delicately. So can the problem of creating election formulas and procedures on which the Communists, despite their present denials, might be willing to negotiate if they thought it would suit their purposes. That "if" depends on another one—if they were convinced that the Americans would not withdraw as fast as President Nixon has rather maladroitly indicated. The manner of the American withdrawal from Vietnam is what this depressing extra-inning game is all about. But even if the withdrawal is carried out in an orderly manner, and not as a result of unfortunate episodes like Nixon's apparent public attempt to rebut Clark Clifford, Thieu must act to save his own side. The sort of reorganization that is necessary must bring into the government men like General Duong Van Minh (Big Minh), who headed the junta that overthrew Diem; he could rally important Buddhist support, and he is now standing by in Saigon. The Communists have privately acknowledged that they would be willing to deal with Minh—not because they like him but because they think they could out-wit and outbid him. Minh also has close ties with the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai religious sects and with other minority elements in South Vietnam, and, more important, he and Senator Don, who, as a general, did most of the organizing of the 1963 coup against Diem, are the only men who could perhaps obtain the support of the many disillusioned, fatigued, and potentially rebellious junior officers and soldiers all over South Vietnam. Most of these men are tired of fighting, tired of facing death, and ashamed of the stealing they do from the peasants. To succeed, Minh and Don would have to obtain the coöperation of these remorseful, quasi-rebellious, often still idealistic men, some of whom are already thinking in terms of a new "resistance" that is far from the sort Thieu has in mind. At any rate, the result of a genuine governmental reorganization—if Thieu permitted it, with the stipulation that he retain the title of President—would be a truly Southern and truly constructive alternative to the present dismal political picture. (There have recently been reports that Thieu has made overtures to Minh, but these are unconfirmed.)

Many other Vietnamese I could name, including former Economics Minister Au Truong Thanh and some of the non-Communist exiles in Paris, are sporadically being wooed or cajoled by both sides, and also could play a part in providing a Southern revolutionary alternative to the Vietminh formula. Countless such bona-fide nationalists are to be found all over South Vietnam, and if Thieu is to survive he must create, from the whole spectrum of Southern religious, political, professional, and military elements, a new representative body—a negotiating council, consisting of perhaps forty or fifty men. Such a body would have to be represented in the Paris delegation, and at home it could become the force to outlast the Communists in the decisive contest that is now under way. The Communists would undoubtedly label such a group "neo-colonialist" and the like, but, being hardheaded realists, if they were convinced that there was a functioning alternative to Saigon's political disintegration they would have to reconsider the gamble they are now taking. In my own opinion, if Thieu does not do something like this he is in grave danger of letting the disaffected military officers and their supporters take the situation out of his hands anyway—a change that would either play more directly into the Communists' hands or lead to a

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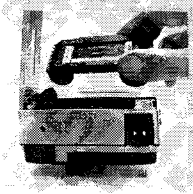

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new fratricidal war, which would complete the ravage of South Vietnam. Although Thieu seems to have been persuaded at Midway to come up with new election proposals of some sort (and was angry, after he got back to Saigon, over Nixon's premature announcement that some such proposals were imminent), the Americans apparently failed—not for the first time—to persuade him to confront the far greater challenge of thoroughly reorganizing his rickety regime. This may prove to be the ultimate American failure in Vietnam, and the familiar phrases, tying the past to the present, of "Sink or swim with Ngo Dinh Diem" and "See it through with Nguyen Van Thieu" may constitute the epitaph of the long, tragically undirected American involvement.

IN the past month, I have attended three of the briefings that follow the weekly peace conference sessions, and I have talked with a score or more of the people connected with them, including Le Duc Tho, members of the Saigon delegation, and various Frenchmen, Americans, and Vietnamese exiles. The atmosphere on the non-Communist side, including the American delegation, is one of near despair, whereas the Communists, having laid their new chips on the table, are betting high. Taken together, the official statements made at the conference sessions and at the ensuing press briefings by the four participating parties present a strange verbal caricature of what is really going on in Vietnam, in Washington, and in Hanoi. The spokesmen for Hanoi and the National Liberation Front endlessly repeat that mutual withdrawal of troops, as demanded by the Americans, is "absurd" and a "farce," and continue to deny that there are any North Vietnamese troops in South Vietnam. President Nixon is accused of wanting only to intensify "the war of aggression" through continued "neo-colonialist" support of the Saigon regime. The South Vietnamese say that "the task of developing armed forces capable of defending one's country is an ordinary task of any sovereign nation," and assert that the Communists, by demanding a coalition government in advance of free elections in which they can participate, are insisting "that your interlocutor must admit his errors and failures and that he is now ready to abandon his honor and destroy himself." Though the South Vietnamese realize the advantage that the Communists won by forming the

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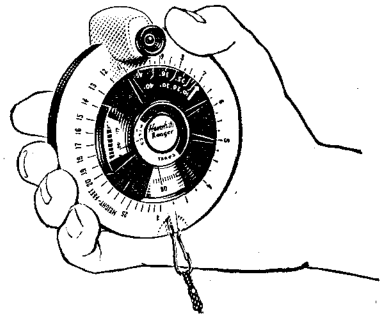

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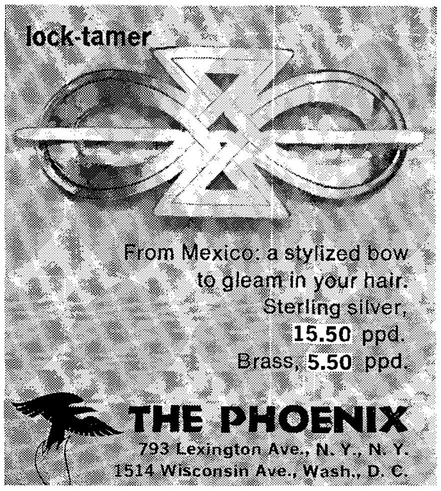

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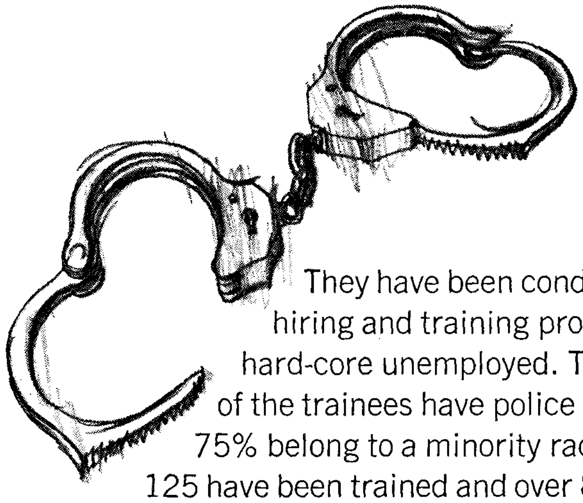

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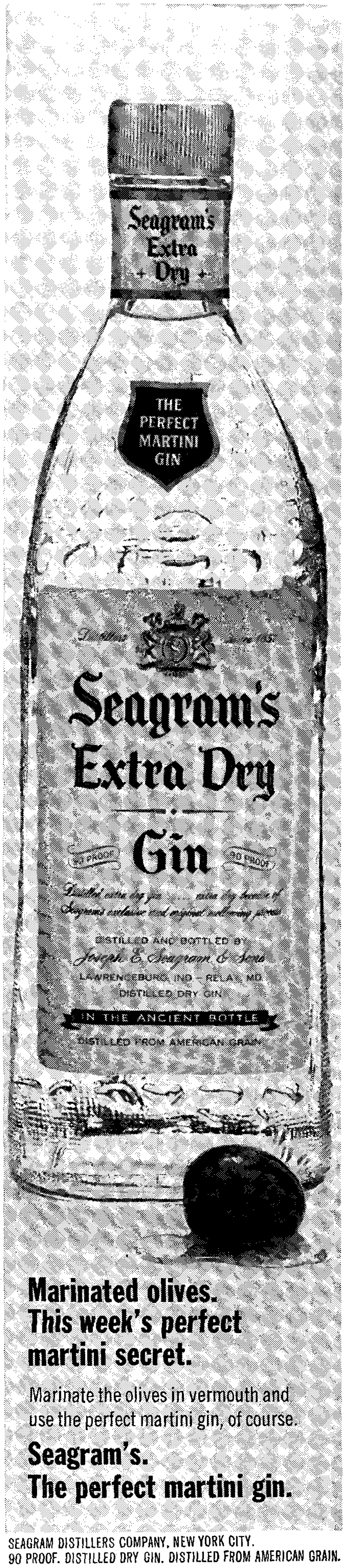

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P.R.G., they maintain that it represents "nothing new" but "simply a combination of the Front and the Alliance under a new guise." The Americans, insisting over and over again that "we will not accept a one-sided withdrawal from South Vietnam" (or, at least, not a complete one), keep pleading with the Communists to negotiate openly and honestly on mutual troop withdrawals or reductions and to join in free elections with the Saigon regime. And so it goes, ad infinitum, ad nauseam—a dialogue of the deaf.

This weird mixture of propaganda, pleading, and polemics is meaningless and is useful only for killing time. For some months now, there have not even been any multi-national tea breaks in the weekly meetings at the Majestic Hotel conference hall. Earlier, the representatives of the four sides would get together in informal groups during such breaks and exchange pleasantries, or even ideas that would lead to secret meetings around town between the opposing delegates. Some such meetings are still taking place, apparently, but they are being held far less frequently than before, and they have not yet produced any results comparable to those that led to the agreement on seating arrangements last winter, or to the more important, though merely tacit, agreement to halt hostilities around the Demilitarized Zone. According to Harriman, it was this agreement that induced the North Vietnamese to withdraw for a time into Laos—a move that the Americans failed to accept as an honest indication of the Communists' willingness to reduce the level of violence. The Russians and the French, who worked behind the scenes during that period to bring about some of the compromises, are quietly trying to find some formulas for further progress but privately admit that they are getting practically nowhere. So the conference is in a dead calm, and, as it drifts along, almost everyone agrees with Harold Kaplan, the American press officer, who has predicted "a long, tough summer."

Difficult though things look, with each side determined to outsit the other "until the chairs rot," in the words of a Communist spokesman, there has undeniably been progress in the year since these peace talks began—more progress, in fact, than was made during the first year of talks at Panmunjom to end the Korean war. The creation of the P.R.G. admittedly did polarize the situation, to the Communists' initial advantage, but by setting in motion what will undoubtedly be a further polarization of political elements in Vietnam it could conceivably stir the Thieu government into taking some of the necessary steps toward reorganization instead of continuing to play political parlor games. So far, many observers feel, the Communists are not nearly as strongly entrenched in the South as they say. It is true that they would be defeated in a fair vote, if only South Vietnam could disprove the Humpty Dumpty thesis and put itself together again. The history of the fragmentation of the South over the last fifteen years would seem to indicate otherwise, but the human resources needed to "Southernize" the government remain.

Some experts here believe that the creation of the P.R.G. was timed to coincide with the conference of Communist nations called by the Russians, and that the Russians suggested it. Others are convinced that Peking inspired the National Liberation Front to make the move because the Chinese Communists wanted to renew the "special war" in South Vietnam. Both theories may contain some truth, for both would fit into the framework of the Peking-Moscow feud. In addition, some Americans point to the recent increase in Russian activity in Southeast Asia, and especially in Laos, where their top diplomats have been talking to all sides—the government, the neutralists, and the Communists—in what could signify an attempt to end hostilities there before they end in Vietnam, and to reëstablish the tripartite Laotian government set up under the Geneva agreement of 1962. The Russians, these Americans say, may now be willing to guarantee the existence of such a government even though they were not willing to do so earlier, and consequently this may be the time to attempt to bring about a Russian-American détente in Southeast Asia, embracing all the former Indo-China states, and perhaps even a wider area. Such a détente could lead to a reduction of arms support for both sides in Vietnam—although the Chinese would probably continue to give such support to Hanoi, which would subject Hanoi to almost total dependence on Peking, something that the North Vietnamese do not want at all. In any event, a reduction of violence could occur, as Harriman hopes, and then the peace talks here could get down to the essential question of mutual withdrawals, with political discussions of elections—local, regional, and national—perhaps coinciding with arrangements for a cease-fire. Determined as the Communists are to capture South Vietnam, and good as their chances of doing so appear to be, they, like everyone else, would like to see the bloody phase of the war end. If how to do this "honorably" is the Americans' predicament, how to do it with or without honor and get away with it is the Communists'.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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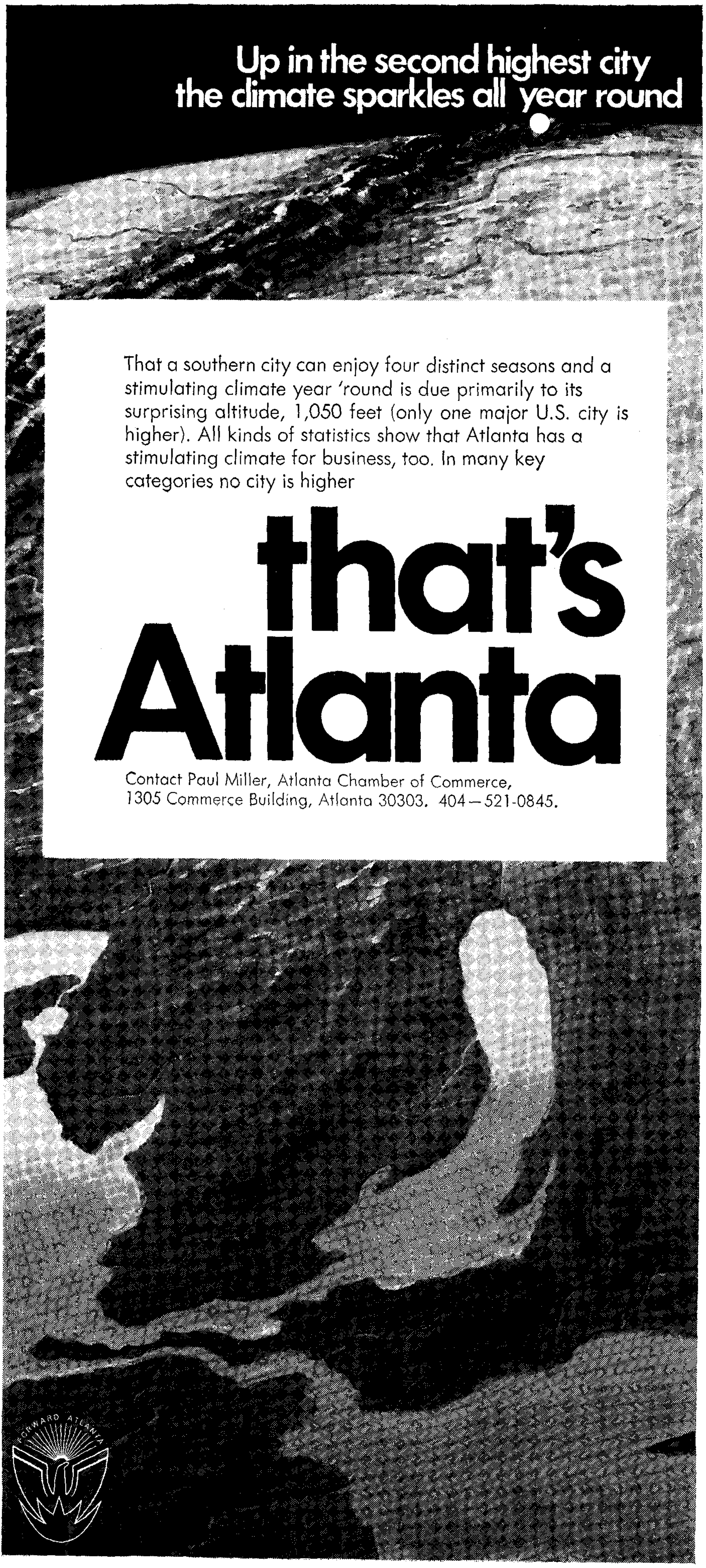
[*From "Plots and Characters in the Fiction of Henry James," by Robert L. Gale*]

Now Vanderbank, whom Longdon meets at a Brookenham party, admires Mrs. Brook and especially her daughter. Mrs. Brook next greets her husband's cousin Duchess Jane, who wants her sheltered daughter Aggie to come out socially and marry well. The two women callously discuss prospects for their daughters: Jane says that rich Mitchett will not do for Aggie but might for Nanda, in whom, however, Van might be interested. Longdon is upset by hearing Mrs. Brook gossip perplexingly with Mitchy about the propriety of letting Nanda stay with supposedly loose Tishy Grendon, sister of Carrie Donner, allegedly too intimate with Cashmore, whose wife Fanny is the sister of Lord Petherton, who reputedly sponges off Mitchy.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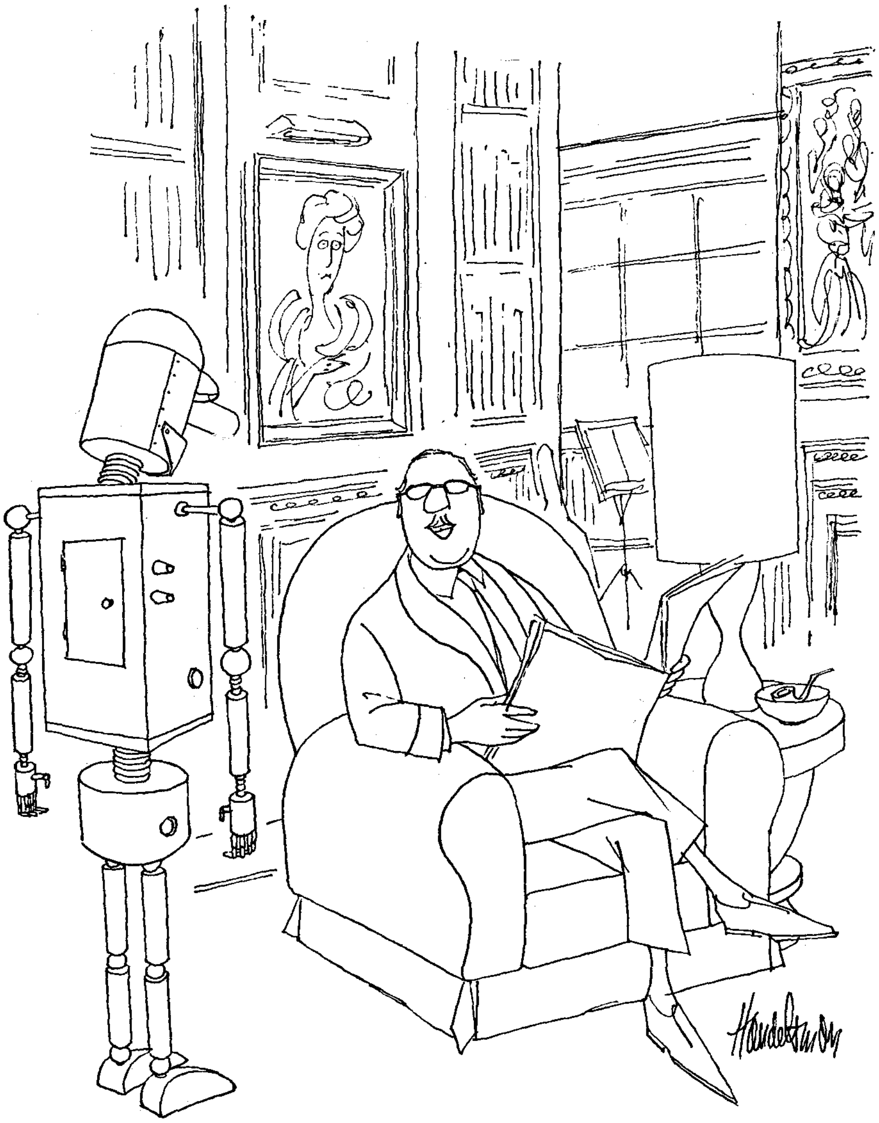
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"MAN BETTER MAN," the Negro Ensemble Company's final production this season, doesn't come to much, I'm sorry to report; nor, for that matter, does it ever take off from Eighth Street to Trinidad, where its action is set. The show, which opened last week at the St. Marks, is a musical of complex plot about a bunch of superstitious villagers, a jousting contest with sticks in which a young novice challenges the local champion (all for the love of a lady), and a crooked sorcerer, or obeah man, who tries to fix the betting on the match and gets his comeuppance. The performance runs on and on, without urgency or tension, and the West Indian accents—perhaps because the company is not yet experienced enough to conceal its patent urbanity—seem in many instances just turns or parlor tricks.

Nevertheless, the evening is anything but a total loss. Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson has, as usual, provided an engaging, melodic score; the costumes, by Bernard Johnson, are bright and pleasing; and the dancing and singing of all concerned are high-spirited and sometimes better than that. Many of the actors are able to wedge characterizations into the endless and tame rhymed couplets of Errol Hill's libretto. (Mr. Hill's lyrics, on the other hand, sound quite good.) Graham Brown, who was God in "God Is a (Guess What?)," is again humorous and persuasive, this time as a sophisticated Portuguese, impatient with all the local mumbo-jumbo; David Downing, the younger brother in the N.E.C.'s production of "Ceremonies in Dark Old Men," plays the reckless, amorous challenger with an appealing mixture of innocence and manliness; and Samual Blue, Jr., the gangster of "Ceremonies," is strong in the small part of the champion. (There is no denying that each production of N.E.C. is now a social as well as a theatrical occasion—it is so good to see everybody again.) The beautiful Hattie Winston is appropriately feline and full of herself as the Love Object. I also admired Damon W. Brazwell, Jr., as the wicked and comical Diable Papa; Afolabi Ajayi and Norman Bush as a couple of his larcenous cronies; and Mari Toussaint as his assistant in black magic, Minee Woopsa. No show with a character named Minee Woopsa can be all bad, and Miss Toussaint sings and acts the role with a gentle, dreamlike charm. The high point of the evening comes in the third act. It is a song-and-dance number called "Coolie Gone," in which the magnetic Rosalind Cash (is there anything she cannot do on a stage?) confesses, with style and humor and wry contrition, that she has been conned into "lending" every last cent of her lover's savings to one of the crooks. You'd think all that would be enough for any musical comedy, but somehow it isn't.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Before you go, Hawkins, would you whip me up a Stinger on shaved ice, please?"

* * *

Q. About a year ago, I acquired a used chopping block from a meat market. Now it is spreading apart. What can I do before it is ruined?

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Lust. Save your passions for worthy social causes. If you invest with your emotions, it might turn into a good book, but it probably won't turn into a good portfolio.

Envy. Another man's portfolio is another man's portfolio. What's good for him may not be good for you. Everybody wants to make big profits, but not everybody can afford big risks.

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Anger. See Lust.

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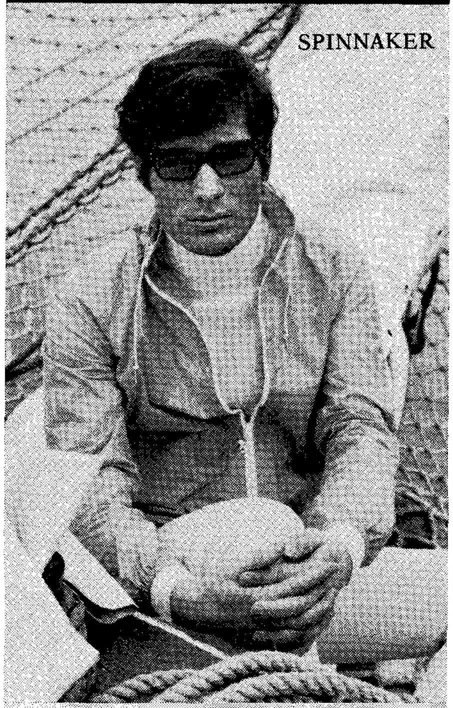

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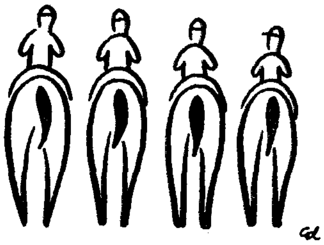
THE RACE TRACK

Right Suburban

THROUGH the years, one thing racegoers have been able to bank on is that the Suburban Handicap is always something special. Well, the eighty-third renewal at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July was as enthralling to watch as any I remember, although there were only five contestants. Mr. Right led from beginning to end, to win by a head from Dike, with Chompion third, a neck behind. The show was as good as the celebrated one put on last year by Dr. Fager, Bold Hour, and Damascus. Mr. Right, who wears a sheepskin noseband instead of blinkers, is one of those horses you can usually expect the unexpected from. His first pop into prominence was in 1966, when he took the Dwyer Stakes from Buffle, who had won the Suburban; Amberoid, who had won the Belmont Stakes; and others. His best-remembered feat in 1967 was knocking off Proud Clarion, who had won the Kentucky Derby, and Successor, who was still something of an idol, in the Queens County Handicap. Last year, after winning the Santa Anita Handicap, he came East and had the temerity to beat Damascus at even weights in the Woodward Stakes (the darling of the Turf and Field Club was 1–10 in the betting), wearing him down in the last strides of the mile and a quarter.



Mr. Right, a sturdy bay horse by Auditing out of La Grecque, was foaled in Westchester County—the first stakes winner from there in years, though there was a time when New York matched Kentucky in bloodstock. Bred by George Zauderer, the colt was a wedding present to his daughter when she married Peter Duchin. And it was a present any girl might covet, for Mr. Right earned about half a million dollars for her. Last winter, she sold him to Dan Schwartz, a Los Angeles contractor, for $400,000. Frank Sinatra is said to have a piece of him. First money in the Suburban was $69,550.

As you may remember, Belmonte was criticized for going to the front so early on Dike in the Belmont Stakes. Baeza, who rode him in the Suburban (Belmonte was under suspension), was criticized for keeping Dike so far behind Mr. Right. Seems you just can't please everyone. I thought Baeza got into close quarters in the backstretch, but I don't think it mattered. Dike made a good try, but Aqueduct has always been Mr. Right's track. The time of 2:04⅘ was slow, but then the mile and a quarter was run over footing that was drying out from the drenching rain the day before; horses break no records on footing like that. Fort Marcy, fresh from a victory on the grass at Hollywood Park, was far behind most of the way. I don't think he liked the going.

GUS RING, who buys his horses abroad and turns them over to Angel Penna, who makes them into stakes winners, did it again in the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and three-sixteenths over the turf course at Aqueduct on Saturday. His Symona II, an Irish-bred three-year-old by Sayajirao out of Lendal, was never far behind the pace, and held on well, under strong handling, to win by a neck in a photo finish from Harem Lady, a last-minute scratch from the Yankee Gold Cup at Suffolk Downs the previous Saturday, who came up very fast after making a wide turn into the stretch and beat Swiss Cheese by a neck for the place. It was the closest finish of the afternoon. Ludham, the favorite, wasn't in the picture. He wound up seventh among the twelve runners. It was the sixth stakes victory this season for the Ring-Penna combination, which may be a record of some sort. Curiously, though the crowd was smaller on Saturday than it was on the Fourth (45,605 compared to 48,288), the betting was bigger ($4,592,103 compared to $4,504,880). No five-million-dollar days. Still, not too bad, not too bad.

THIS was one of the big weekends in racing. So many stakes were scheduled all over the place that I wondered whether there would be enough horses to fill them. Monmouth Park offered an interesting event on the Fourth—the Post-Deb Stakes, which brought together for the first time this season Gallant Bloom and Process Shot, each the winner of her last four starts, and four other three-year-old fillies. Gallant Bloom, hard-pressed by Process Shot for most of the mile and seventy yards, won by half a length. Next day, a couple of disappointments in the spring classics came out for the Lamplighter Handicap, and while one of them, Al Hattab, won by four lengths over Prime Fool, the other, Top Knight, who had been resting since the Preakness, remains a disappointment. He finished fourth. Ycaza, who rode him, said he had no zip. Al Hattab apparently had plenty. Third in the Lamplighter was Mr. Leader, for whom Charles Engelhard gave $110,000 at the 1967 Keeneland yearling sales. (The colt is a long way from winning himself out.) Mr. Engelhard had better luck farther afield. Out in Chicago, his Hawaii, the top South African racer you may have seen at Belmont Park last month, was a handy winner of the Stars and Stripes Handicap, which is the traditional holiday feature at Arlington Park, and next day his Larceny Kid won the Round Table Handicap over the turf course there. It was the Kid's first stakes victory. And, for the record, Fool and His Money won the Mayflower Stakes, which wound up the summer racing at Suffolk Downs.

As we come to the season's halfway mark, it's difficult to assess the two-year-olds, each of the important events for them having produced a different winner. At Belmont, C. V. Whitney's Prize Silver won the Juvenile Stakes, and the National Stallion went to Claiborne Farm's Jackal, whose mama is Alanesian, a runner herself and the dam of Princessnesian. In the Tremont, which opened the Big A last week, Very High, King's Mantle, and Fried Eggs Over (now, I ask you, is that a name for a race horse?) passed the post in that order in a photo finish. Let's hope the stables are saving their best for Saratoga next month.

As everyone around the backstretch knows, resentment has been smoldering among trainers, grooms, and exercise boys since the nine-day tieup of racing at Aqueduct last spring failed to bring anything more than promises for the pension and welfare fund they are asking for. Last week, a temporary injunction was granted the New York Racing Association barring the New York Division of the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association, of which many of the discontented are members, from boycotting the entry box at Aqueduct, Belmont, or Saratoga—the ploy that closed the Big A. As Wrong Horse Harry used to complain back in Prohibition days, the law is a horrible thing.

—Audax Minor

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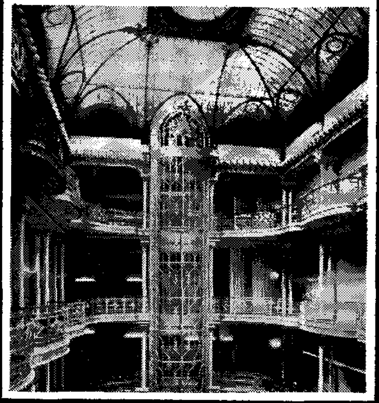

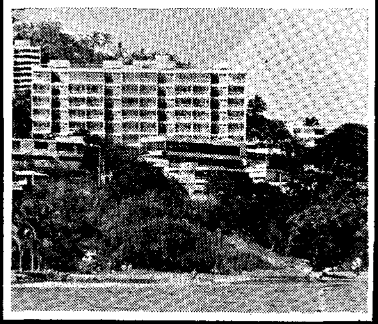

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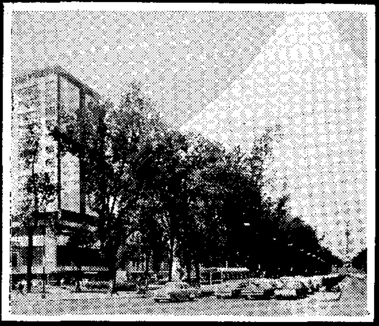

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MUSICAL EVENTS

ROCK, ETC.

EARLY in 1966, I got hold of two 45s a tourist friend had brought back from England—"Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" and "Substitute," by an unknown (in the States) rock group called the Who. The records turned out to be driving, snarling, harder-than-Stones rock and roll, with tough, sophisticated lyrics. "Substitute" was—though I didn't think in such terms then—the best rock-as-paradox song ever written. ("Street Fighting Man" is second.) It embodied the tension between the wildness of rock and its artificiality: "But I'm a substitute for another guy./ I look pretty tall but my heels are high. . . ./ I was born with a plastic spoon in my mouth. . . ./ I look all white, but my dad was black." In addition, these musicians I had never heard of were using the feedback from their amplifiers to make unheard-of noises, adding chaos to the steady violence of the beat. It seemed an odd case of cultural lag that the Who hadn't caught on here. They were obviously superstar material, they were apparently making it big in England, and "Substitute" was a sure hit if I had ever heard one. I went looking for more Who records. I had to look pretty hard, but within a few weeks I had found an American version of "Substitute," recorded on Atco (with the reference to interracial parentage deleted), and the Who's first album, "My Generation" (Decca), both of which I immediately bought.

As funny as the Beatles, as arrogant as the Stones, the Who specialized in an unbohemian youth-prole defiance that was much closer to the spirit of fifties rock. As Peter Townshend, the group's lead guitarist, chief songwriter, and presiding genius put it recently, "Mick Jagger was a beatnik. I only became one later." The unadorned message of the album's title song ("Why don't you all f-f-fade away?/ Don't try to dig what we all s-s-say") was familiar, though the anarchic electronic noise was new. That summer, when the Beatles amazed us with "Revolver," I decided that the Who had missed their chance. They were wonderful, but too provincial and unpolished for the great studio-rock era then emerging. Neither Atco, which had not yet learned how to promote the new rock, nor Decca, an easy-listening, country-oriented label, had recognized the Who's potential, and now it was too late. By rights, the Who should have been up there with the Beatles and the Stones—international celebrities, cosmopolites. Instead, I figured, they would wind up in some Birmingham factory. In taking the Who's image so literally, I was badly underestimating Townshend's brilliance—but also paying it unwitting tribute.

Months later, the Who finally had their first Stateside success. "Happy Jack," a medium-sized hit, was soon followed by an album of that name. In accordance with the times, the Who's music had grown more complex and subtle; the violence was balanced by playfulness, and the suggestion of the fifties was gone. Generational polemics had given way to narratives and character sketches, often infused with whimsey. I missed the crude energy but liked what had replaced it. The major achievement of the album was "A Quick One While He's Away," a series of brief songs about a woman, her late-arriving lover, and her temporary comforter, Ivor the Engine Driver. The mini-opera, as Townshend called it, ended with a transcendent, "Messiah"-like chorus of "You are forgiven!"—energy transformed into love and exaltation.

The Who toured the United States and established themselves as fine live performers. Roger Daltrey, the blond lead singer, made angel faces for the Who's newer, gentler songs, with their freaky characters—"Tattoo," "I'm a Boy," "Happy Jack"—but could switch to convincing j.-d. truculence for old standards like "My Generation." Keith Moon gave a non-stop, manic show on the drums. Townshend kept up and elaborated his cathartic smash-the-guitar (and sometimes the sound equipment) finale. The Who were enthusiastically received at the Monterey Pop Festival and began to gather an underground following—"underground" in that Decca wasn't pushing them. The group's managers pushed them instead, and, aided by the hip community's efficient grapevine, generated another hit single, "I Can See for Miles," and made a best-seller out of the Who's next L.P., "The Who Sell Out."

The album was presented as a Top Forty program, complete with commercials and disc-jockey patter, on Radio London, one of the illegal offshore radio stations that had been challenging the B.B.C.'s monopoly and, not incidentally, providing England with its first authentic rock radio. "The Who Sell Out" was not a satire—as many American bohemians, with their anti-commercial reflexes, assumed—but a tribute. It was also the Who's first direct acknowledgment of the Pop consciousness that had always informed their style and their music, from Townshend's British-flag jackets to footnotes on mass culture like "Substitute" to songs like "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere," which, as Townshend explains, "looked, felt, and sounded like pop records but were deliberately polished up to make them more exciting." "The Who Sell Out" emphasized the tender aspect of Pop—its humanity, rather than its aggressive vulgarity. The characters portrayed in the songs were all more or less unworldly—misfits in some way—but nonetheless the kind of people who eat Heinz baked beans and sign up for instruction from Charles Atlas. In a sense, the record was a protest against the idea of mass man; the characters in the beautifully crafted singing commercials (Spotted Henry, who found salvation in Medac pimple-remover, and the actress whose deodorant let her down in "Odorono") had the uniqueness and the spiritual dignity of, say, Mary-Anne with the Shaky Hands or Silas Stingy or the religious crusader of "Rael." Townshend's message seemed to be that people's foibles made them worthy of love. As in "A Quick One," with its theme of sin and redemption, the Christian overtones were there, but deflated to the level of the ridiculously, banally human. People might be too preoccupied with acne, money, sex, or crazy religious wars on islands, but "You are forgiven!"

The fourth Who album was a debacle. Without the Who's knowledge or permission, Decca, which still hadn't caught on to what was happening—or didn't care—took their current single, "Magic Bus," threw in whatever old Who tracks were available, some of them from previous albums, and created a mediocrity called "Magic Bus: The Who on Tour." From Decca's standpoint, this was perfectly logical: when you have a hit record, you squeeze extra money out of it by putting out a padded album—right? Right—five years ago. The group was furious, and the resulting showdown

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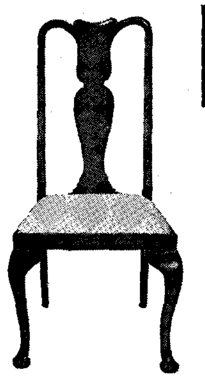

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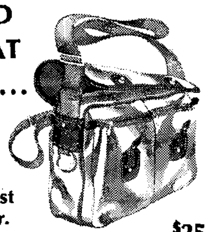

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apparently blew some cobwebs out of Decca's offices. In any case, the Who's new rock opera, "Tommy" (Decca DXSW 7205), has been packaged with as much care, and released with as much fanfare, as it deserves—which is plenty.

As befits an opera, "Tommy" has a highly melodramatic plot. Little Tommy Walker sees his father kill his mother's lover and goes blind, deaf, and dumb when his parents exhort him, "You didn't hear it,/ You didn't see it./ You won't say nothing to no one." He is bullied by a cousin, raped by an alcoholic uncle, and pitied by his parents, but develops a rich inner life. He takes LSD, becomes a famous pinball champion, is finally cured of his afflictions, and is hailed by thousands as a new messiah. But when he insists that his followers seek enlightenment by playing pinball with their eyes covered and their ears and mouths stopped, the people reject him, and he reverts to a solipsistic existence. "Tommy" succeeds purely as rock; like most of the Who's work, it combines maximum break-out frenzy (which they perfected long before the white blues bands came along) with maximum economy and restraint. But there is an added dimension, first hinted at in "A Quick One"—a quiet, melodic lyricism that represents spirituality. The melodies in "Tommy" are the most compelling that Townshend has written, especially in the songs that go on wholly or partly inside Tommy's head—"Amazing Journey," "Sensation," "Go to the Mirror." The result is a dramatic—even operatic—tension, expressed as noise vs. music, between the outside world's destructiveness toward Tommy and his inner peace and growth.

Although Tommy is clearly sympathetic, and, in fact, a hero, struggling out of a hopeless situation to attain near-divinity, Townshend is too much of a populist simply to glorify mysticism. Tommy's version of enlightenment has its ludicrous side—it's hard to blame the people for backing out. And he is ultimately a failure, a wounded ego going back into himself instead of out into the world. The people's point of view is best articulated in a song about a groupie named Sally Simpson: though she reaches out to Tommy because he serves a need, for sex or love or rebellion against her father, "She knew from the start/ Deep down in her heart/ That she and Tommy were worlds apart." Townshend's basic skepticism about transcendental solutions comes through in one of the op-

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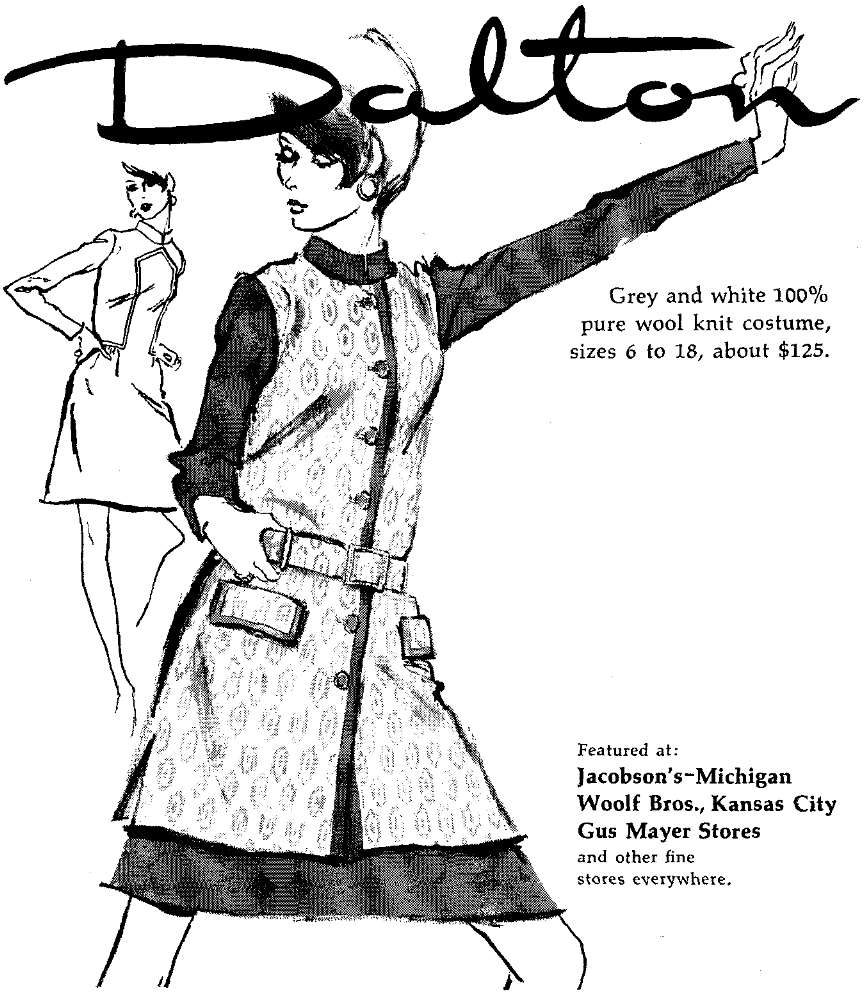
era's key songs, "The Acid Queen." Not only does acid fail to cure Tommy, as advertised, but there is a suggestion that the trip is a torture much like nasty Cousin Kevin's or dirty Uncle Ernie's: "He's never been more alive./ His head it shakes, his fingers clutch./ Watch his body writhe!"

"Tommy" works both as a long coherent piece and as a collection of songs. Although rock opera is a dangerously pretentious concept, the album is neither arty nor boring, because each cut—except for one rather monotonous instrumental—is a short, self-contained, excellent pop song. "Pin Ball Wizard" is even more than excellent—it's one of the great rock songs of the decade. With those two exceptions, this record is too uniformly good for one track or another to be singled out for mention.

So the Who have finally made it, both critically and commercially, and everyone is happy for them, and especially for Townshend. Yet the years of struggle did have their positive side. For rock musicians, freedom is the recognition of commercial necessity; no one knows that better than Pete Townshend. From the beginning, the Who knew they had it ("All the groups knew they had it," says Townshend, "but we *really* knew we had it"), and were determined to break through, differentiate themselves from the hundreds, maybe thousands, of British groups that had been inspired by the Beatles. Townshend created and exaggerated an image ("American bands don't understand about image; that's why you can't tell one from the other"), and the image *became* the Who, and became a myth. Pete's guitar-smashing climax started as an assault on indifference: "There was magic in the group, and we weren't communicating it; I had to do something." Decca's neglect and the elusiveness of success in America forced the Who to keep honing and refining the image, the music, the act.

The group's evolution has also been a function of Townshend's personal growth: "Look, rock and roll is above all an expression of the frustrations of youth. Well, this is 1969, I'm an adult, I don't have the same frustrations anymore. My concerns now are mainly spiritual." Nevertheless, the Who remain the Who, and at the core of their music, however spiritualized, is rock and roll. They look all white, but their dad was black. They are no longer kids, but they have not forgotten.

—Ellen Willis



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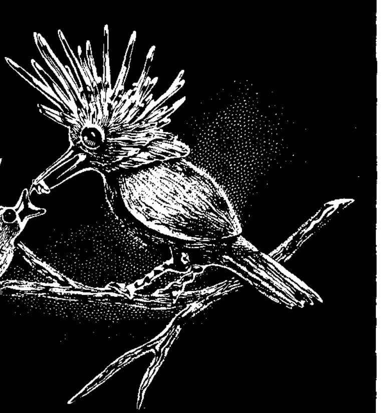

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ABOUT THE HOUSE

AN instructive exhibition entitled "Stitched in Time; American Needlework, Past and Present" is now on view in the downstairs gallery of Hallmark Cards, Inc., at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street, and will be there through July 18th. Samplers, quilts, cushions, wall hangings, linens, and various small objects have been gathered from museums and private sources to illustrate such techniques as needlepoint, crewel embroidery, appliqué, silk embroidery, and white work, and to give a collective impression of fragrant prettiness. Thoreau scolded "the ladies of the land weaving toilet cushions against the last day, not to betray too green an interest in their fates!"—adding the memorable "As if you could kill time without injuring eternity." But the busywork of a hundred years ago seems remarkable today. It has a vitality and a poignancy that put one in mind of primitive paintings, and a technical proficiency that in some cases seems almost unbelievable. The old samplers at the exhibit—and there are more here than I have ever seen together before—are especially wonderful. Most of them were done by children, several as young as nine. "They had no television in those days," I overheard a lady say to her companion, who was exclaiming over a lovely sampler done by a ten-year-old—as if all that stood between today's shiftless little girls and the ability to sew a fine seam were Rowan and Martin's "Laugh-In." But when you stop to recall that needlework was about *all* that girls used to be taught, the samplers done by nine-year-olds don't seem that impressive, and childhood today doesn't seem that bad. A sampler "wrought by Sarah A. Chalker" in the form of a family register (Names, Births, Deaths), with the names of two of Sarah's six siblings stitched into the Death column, is a sobering reminder of the infant and child mortality that was an unprotested part of life until recently. Another finely stitched piece of juvenilia, which reads

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gness

gives one the feeling that progress has been made in syllabification. Death figures in much of the needlework of the past. "Mourning pieces," as they were called, were pictures done in silk and watercolor on silk, and they conventionally depicted a veiled lady leaning with an air of demure dejection against a monument surmounted by an urn, with weeping willows in the background. A specimen at the Hallmark exhibit of this charming and ridiculous convention was done in memory of C. Chapin, who died in 1799 at the age of thirty-seven. It is stitched and painted in pale, subtle, sentimental colors, and is full of very fine, detailed work. It must have taken a long time to finish, and one wonders about the state of mind of the lady working on one of these things so long after its subject was ornately interred. An example of a "*Paradenhandtucher*," or show towel, done by the Pennsylvania Dutch has this affecting verse stitched across its surface: "Mary Nissly is my name/ Rapho is my Station/ Heaven is my dwelling place/ and Christ is my Salvation/ When I am dead and in my grave/ and all my bones are rotten/ When this you see remember me/ or Else I Shall be Forgotten."

The contemporary work in the Hallmark exhibition is, with a few exceptions, inferior to the work of the past, which is not too surprising, but I wonder if the things selected for exhibition are representative of what is being done by American women today. A considerable section of the exhibition is devoted to the needlework of famous people—Eydie Gorme, Betty Furness, Sybil Christopher, Mary Martin, Russell Lynes, Joanne Woodward, and Hermione Gingold are some of the ones I've heard of—and most of the work in this section is needlepoint cushion covers (there is one that says "LOVE") and needlepoint samplers (one is a prayer about an obedient dog). It is nice to know that celebrities are as prehensile as you and I, but the specimens of their work at the Hallmark show seem hardly worth exhibiting. A quilt made by members of the Freedom Quilting Bee, an organization of eighty women in Alabama formed in 1966, is disappointing, but perhaps, as time goes on, the skills of the group will improve.

An example of cottage industry as it should be is the now defunct Deerfield Society of Blue and White Needlework, specimens of whose art may be admired at the Hallmark exhibit. The Society was founded in 1896 and lasted until 1925. The founders were two spinster ladies who came to Deerfield to paint landscapes and stayed to revive needlework as a means of livelihood for the villagers. The crewelwork embroideries (small pieces like doilies were a specialty) produced by the Society are models of excellence. The craftsmanship is impeccable, and the designs, based on old crewelwork embroideries, which the founders studied and then adapted, are beautiful and individual and, according to an authority on American crewel embroidery, have a strength that surpasses the originals. "Blue and White" refers to the fact that in the early days of the Society only blue wools were used, on white linen backgrounds; later, pinks and yellows were added. The Society made its own dyes, and, because machine-made linen didn't seem good enough, a spinning industry was formed. If you have ever seen a specimen of Blue and White work, you will instantly recognize another, and if you haven't, look for the trademark that appears on each piece made by a member of the Society—a "D" in the center of a spinning wheel.

The specimens of Blue and White embroidery at the Hallmark exhibit made me want to know more about the Society, and I went down to the library of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, on Cooper Square, to try to find some material on it. I was astonished and impressed by the alacrity with which the librarian produced a book after listening to my vague request—a book called "Homespun and Blue, A Study of American Crewel Embroidery," by Martha Genung Stearns (Scribners), which had a chapter in it on the Society, and from which I found out what I have written about it here. The librarian also set before me a pile of other books about American needlework, which she thought might be of interest. The contrast between this sort of treatment and what you get at the main New York Public Library is enough to turn a scholar into an interior decorator. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum is a remarkable institution altogether—the only museum of its kind in this country whose avowed purpose is "to inspire more beautifully controlled design in everyday objects." More than eighty-five thousand exemplary objects are owned by the Museum, which lists the following in its brochure: tassels and fringes, textiles and costume design, embroideries and

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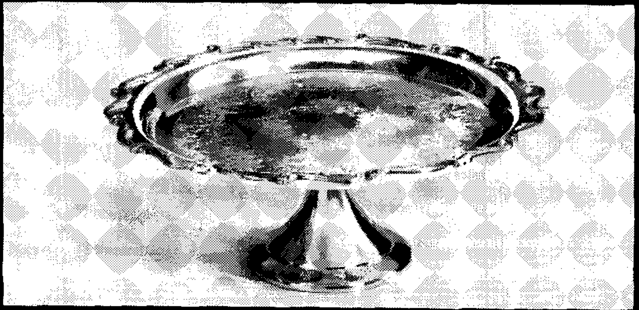

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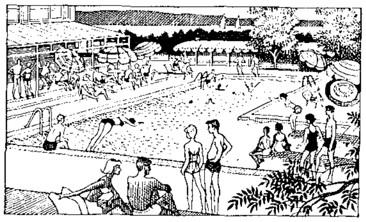

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The Museum is a great research facility for professionals and students in the decorative arts, and it is also a delightful place to visit just out of curiosity. The things on permanent display are not arranged by historical periods or according to what they are but are set out as a kind of object lesson in the elements of design (surface, form, line, color, and rhythm)—so that, for example, a chair by Marcel Breuer is juxtaposed with an ancient Italian wine vessel, or a wallpaper design by Saul Steinberg with a panel of seventeenth-century Venetian lace, and the two are seen, formally, to be the same thing. Beyond its didactic aspect, the Museum has an individuality and flavor that is unique and something to be cherished in a time such as ours, when most public places are marked by their dullness and sameness. The beautiful and strange whole formed by its disparate elements shows the selector of the objects in the Museum to be a man of parts, a person endowed with a high and serenely eccentric taste, a lover of bird cages, a despiser of the obvious. The Museum is scheduled to move to new quarters uptown in a few years, and one only hopes that the move won't disturb its remarkable character.

—J. M.

•

PSYCHOLOGICAL AND PSYCHO-PHYSICAL STUDIES OF CRAFTSMANSHIP IN DAIRYING considers the special role of such sensory qualities as firmness, body, springiness, and fightback in cheese grading. Original investigations deal with the power to discriminate by compression between finger and thumb differences between specimens of vulcanized rubber of comparable firmness to that of Cheshire and Cheddar cheeses.—*British Journal of Psychology.*

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SAIGON, South Vietnam, June 13—The United States has begun secret shipments of the M-16 rifle to the Laotian Government for use in the war against the Pathet Lao, informed United States military sources said today.—*The Times.*

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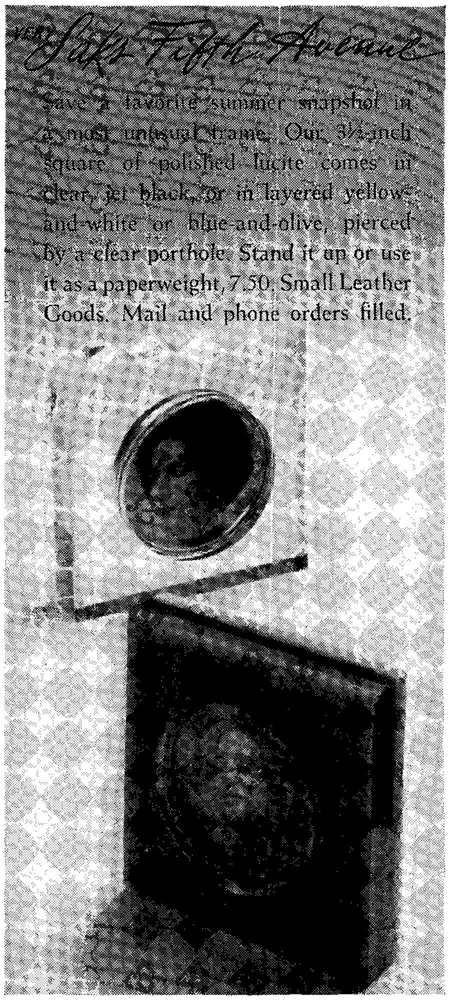

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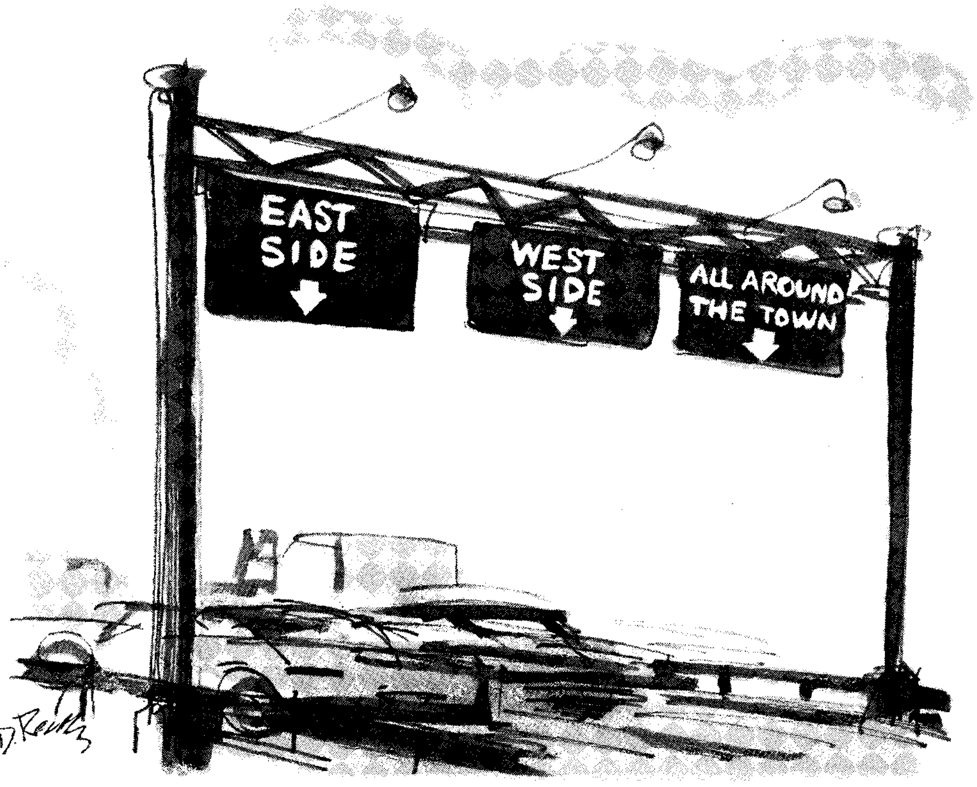
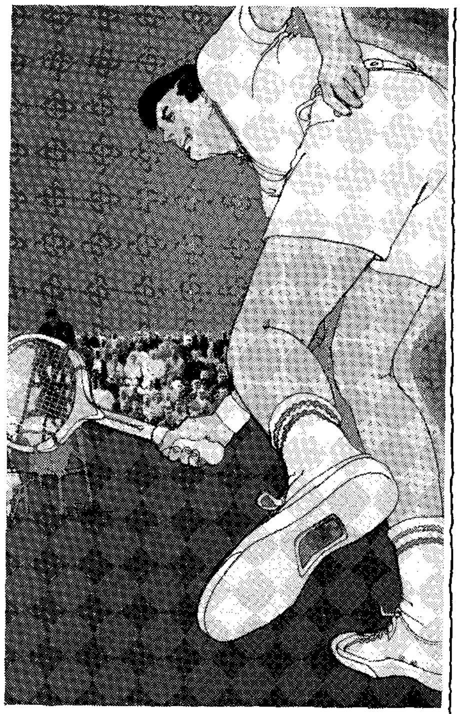
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 4

THE credibility gap is broad and bipartisan, and has been candidly acknowledged by at least one important member of the Administration. "You will be better advised to watch what we do instead of what we say," the Attorney General of the United States, John Mitchell, told some civil-rights lobbyists who stopped by at the Department of Justice three days ago. If it were always possible to distinguish between words and deeds, this would be a splendid and timesaving rule for political scientists and for all long-suffering citizens of this or any other government, and widespread appreciation and application of it would lead—no doubt beneficially—to much bureaucratic unemployment and to thinner newspapers. However, words often do have consequences ("Bombs away!"), and though there is frequently a disparity between what governments say and what they do, what they say is generally to be regarded as part of what they do—and, at times, the more important part. Mr. Mitchell's advice to the demonstrators was itself an illustration of the problem and its difficulties. His uninvited callers had come to Washington to object to what they feared was to be a retreat under the pressure of Southern politicians on the issue of school desegregation. They knew that Senator Strom Thurmond and others who had helped President Nixon in the South were urging him to relax the enforcement procedures established by the Johnson Administration, and they knew, as everyone here did, that the Administration was divided on the matter, with Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Robert H. Finch wishing to adhere to the standards and schedules set up by his predecessors, and with others in H.E.W.—including its general counsel, Robert Mardian, a man who, if he does not speak for Thurmond, often thinks as Thurmond does—and some members of the White House staff urging at least a measure of capitulation. At the beginning of the week, the issue was said to be so far from resolution that the civil-rights people were told by Jerris Leonard, the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Rights Division, that, despite an announcement that the final decision would be reached and made public today, Independence Day, this probably could not be done and there would be no word until next week. He added that the civil-rights people were "being extremely presumptuous" in supposing that the drift was toward appeasement. Little he knew. The decision had already been made, or was in the last stages of being made, as he spoke. It was, in fact, announced a day ahead of time, and it was indeed a decision to alter the procedures so as to meet some, if not all, of Thurmond's terms. Since the announcement was made jointly by Mitchell and Finch, the Administration's bear for punishment, it is difficult to imagine what kind of reasoning led Mitchell, when he surely knew what was coming, to recommend that his callers "watch what we do instead of what we say." In the context of this curious meeting, what was done—what had probably been done a day or so before—was almost exactly what his callers, having been cued in on much of what was being said in the Administration, had correctly anticipated.

The Attorney General is perhaps the least experienced of all the President's men, being no more than a late-blooming amateur in politics and a complete novice in government, and, given his background as an attorney for private persons and interests, it may be understandable that he should regard the lobbyists as parties to an adversary proceeding and try to throw them off balance with some lawyerly talk about shadow and substance. Nevertheless, it was a political *gaffe* by a high official who cannot be said to have made a place for himself in the hearts of his countrymen, and it was, moreover, only one of several revelations, most of them far more serious in nature, of a kind of ineptitude that at this point appears to be one of the more striking characteristics of the Nixon Administration. This does not come as a complete surprise. Finesse has never been one of Nixon's notable gifts as a politician, and though he has been in government a long time, his executive and administrative experience has been meagre. But this has also been true of all our other Presidents since Franklin Roosevelt (unless one counts, as possibly one should, Eisenhower's years of high military command), and the Nixon Administration, as it approaches the end of its first half year, seems unique in its administrative maladroitness. At times, it appears to be not so much an Administration, in the traditional sense, as a coalition government so racked by internal discord that it cannot be said to have a policy or a leader. It has a Director of Communications, Herbert Klein, but he is seldom heard from, and he doesn't seem to be directing anything—behind the scenes or elsewhere. The Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense often sound as though they belonged to different parties—very different parties—and had conflicting views of the world. Hoping for the best, William Rogers takes public note of a decline in military activity in Vietnam, his aim being, clearly, to get a message through to Hanoi and to increase the possibilities of an American response in the form of further troop





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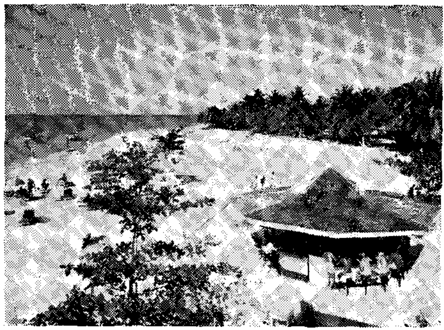

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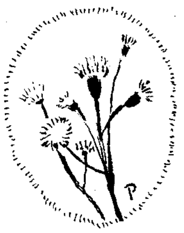
withdrawals. Melvin Laird, who should be the authority on such matters, stands mute, but does not discourage either Pentagon officials or commanders in the field from asserting that "captured documents" show the enemy to be merely pausing in his exertions to gain strength for another big push. Despite the suspicion that for several years has hung over "captured documents," which almost unfailingly yield "intelligence" that confirms what our military men have been saying all along, this may well be the situation, but if it is, the Secretary of State should know about it. Robert Finch and John Mitchell express views as widely divergent as those of George McGovern and Barry Goldwater. The Vice-President has for some time been at odds with the President's advisers on tax policy, and has gone as far as to urge governors and mayors to oppose that part of the Administration's tax-reform program which would restrict the deduction that could be taken against taxable income by wealthy citizens owning tax-exempt state and municipal bonds. He has also urged members of the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, whose meetings he attends as a White House liaison man, to propose that their congressmen vote against this important feature of the President's program.



The institutionalization of dissent within an Administration is a technique that several Presidents have used. Franklin Roosevelt surrounded himself with Cabinet officers and other advisers who were constantly in disagreement with one another. But Roosevelt seldom failed to let the country know where he stood and whose policy recommendations would prevail. Nixon, who at times seems a remote figure in his own Administration, as much observer as participant, does nothing to still the discord until he can postpone decision no longer. He has displayed something of a genius for postponement, but it is a self-defeating genius, and one seemingly calculated to create needless confusion and hostility. In the recent non-appointment of Dr. John Knowles as Finch's Assistant Secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs, there were enough misplays and, thanks to them, enough sorry consequences to last an average President a full four-year term. If the President had felt the need to clear the nomination with the American Medical Association, he could have done it months ago. (Historically, at least, this is not an entirely indefensible approach: the approval of trade-union leaders is sought when a Secretary of Labor is to be appointed; farm organizations are routinely consulted about Secretaries of Agriculture; bar associations have had considerable influence over judicial appointments.) The Administration and the country would have lost the services of a man who is evidently gifted and is certifiably charming, but it has lost them anyway, and in the process both the President and Secretary Finch have been diminished in stature, the President seeming spineless and the captive of Senators Dirksen and Tower, and the Secretary an administrator who may have the ability to do his difficult job well but can't get the kind of support he needs from his boss, who can't seem to exercise the authority vested in his office. Other instances abound. If ideological conformity was to be the test for government positions in which ideology is, or ought to be, irrelevant, Nixon should never have considered the appointment of Dr. Franklin Long, the Cornell chemist, to head the National Science Foundation. Discreet inquiry would have shown that Dr. Long, in common with almost all his professional colleagues, was opposed to the Safeguard ABM, and therefore, by the standards then prevailing, disqualified on political grounds. Evidently, no one thought about this until after the choice of Dr. Long had been announced. Then someone must have remembered the loyalty test, which the candidate failed; Long was swiftly dumped, and a few days after that, following upon certain reminders from the press and the academic community, the White House began to recall that loyalty tests of this sort went out of style some years ago (there is reason to fear they may be back in style before long), and acknowledged that the withdrawal had been a "mistake." But the damage had already been done—not to Dr. Long, who, like Dr. Knowles, can get along without a government job, but to the Administration and to the National Science Foundation.

There is a tendency in some quarters to explain almost everything the President does and does not do—particularly in domestic affairs—in terms of the demands of congressional and electoral politics. In this view, he is a man fully aware of the needs of the society and of his own need to expand his base of support, and one who tries to win over his critics by encouraging Robert Finch and by making distinguished appointments but who is constantly being frustrated by the Southerners to whom he owes his nomination and election and by right-wing Republicans in Congress. There is surely something to this. The positions he moves into and then retreats from seem generally more laudable than those he falls back on, and it may be better to try and fail than not to try at all. But the opposition does not materialize unexpectedly. Senator Dirksen is as clearly visible from the White House as the Washington Monument. He is sometimes unpredictable, but most of the time he is easily predictable—and the attitudes of Senators Thurmond and Tower can at all times be foreseen. If everything must be cleared with them, it would plainly be better to do it at the outset, which would provide them with quick, unpublicized victories but would spare the President and his principal aides the humiliation of widely publicized surrenders to them. The question that all this overlooks, however, is why the President places so high a value on their concurrence. In personal terms, Nixon has no known indebtedness to Dirksen. It was Mayor Daley's indifference to the national ticket, rather than Dirksen's authority with the voters of Illinois, that led to a Republican victory in that state last November. Nor is Dirksen a commanding figure in the Senate. He had more influence when John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson were in the White House, and both of them cultivated him at times with remarkable tenderness. But those Democratic Presidents got the Republican leader to change *his* position on issues of high importance—the test-ban treaty, foreign aid, and civil rights—whereas with Nixon it is working the other way around: in the end, the President, having failed to convert his party comrade, changes his position to that of the Senator from Illinois. Superficially, at any rate, Senators Thurmond and Tower have more valid and imposing claims on Nixon than Dirksen has. Their support was important to him last year, and, as steadfast reactionaries, they have considerable influence over some congressmen of like mind. But there is very little they can now offer the President and little they can or would withhold from him. (For example, it is inconceivable that anyone of Thurmond's persuasion would fail to vote for the deployment of Safeguard merely because Dr. Knowles was working at H.E.W. or Dr. Long at the National Science Foundation. On the contrary, such men might think

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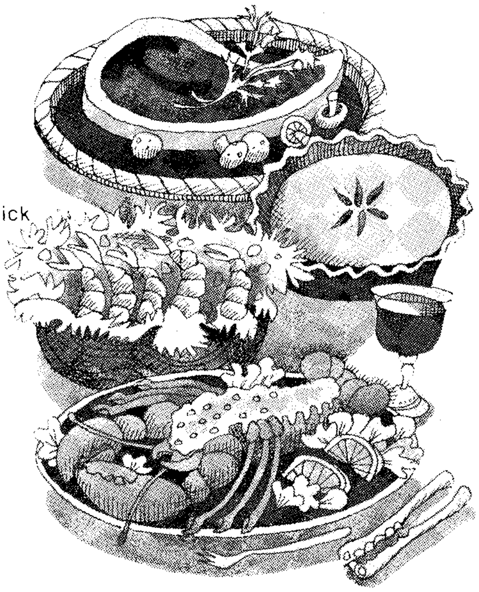

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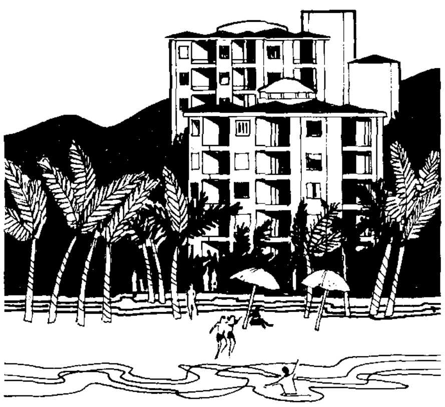

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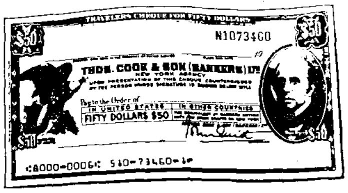

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WHY PAY MORE?

our way of life in greater danger because of the presence of the likes of Knowles and Long in government, and our defenses more than ever in need of reinforcing.) If one did not conclude that Nixon has shown an extraordinary lack of political skill and understanding, one would be driven to conclude that he defers to these men because he shares their views, and values their judgment above his own. This, we can be sure, is hardly the case.

IN foreign and defense policies, the ineptitude has not been quite so glaring as it has been in domestic matters. Nixon brought back nothing of value from his February travels in Western Europe, but this merely puts him in the company of the itinerant Presidents of the past, and since no visible harm was done, the trip can be accounted a non-failure, which nowadays is a success of sorts. As far as is known, his meeting on Midway Island with President Thieu did not make things any stickier than they already were, and his representatives in Paris appear to be doing the best they can, given the policy restrictions imposed upon them, which seem to be about the same as those under which their immediate predecessors labored. But if his diplomacy has been as proper and, in general, as prudent as it has been unimaginative, he seems to have gone out of his way to create opposition to it at home and, in some cases, abroad. No national or political interest was served by his attack on Clark Clifford, who in his article in *Foreign Affairs* had scrupulously refrained from criticizing Nixon or any member of the Nixon Administration. Clifford was offering himself as an ally, and he would have made a valuable one, if the President had seen the possibilities the occasion afforded. He not only failed to grasp these—and, by his failure, antagonized many others whose support he badly needs—but managed, in the course of the same half-hour press conference in which he accused Clifford of lack of foresight, to make what reads, despite later White House disclaimers, like a firm commitment to de-escalate in Vietnam at an even faster pace than the one that Clifford recommended. (Nixon uses no notes at press conferences and is eager to create the impression that he can answer any question in a hurry. He wants, it is said, to demonstrate that he is surer of himself and of his facts than certain other men recently in public life. The practice, if it is continued, may prove very costly to him and to the rest of us.) Similarly, his speech at the Air Force Academy commencement a month ago was a gratuitous exercise in alienation. He could have attempted—if not before the cadets, then in some other forum—to meet the congressional critics of the military on their own ground, which is not altogether unassailable; instead, he chose to denounce them as if they were a band of snipers enjoying an "open season" on his loyal troops. Yet none of this seems at the moment to compare in sheer miscalculation and political fatuity with the missions to Latin America that were undertaken at the President's insistence by Governor Nelson Rockefeller and have now, several deaths and riots later, blessedly been concluded. No one seems to know where the inspiration for this disaster came from. Among Nixon's close advisers there have never been any recognized experts on Latin-American affairs. At the time the project was planned and announced, there was not even an Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Rockefeller himself is, of course, no mean authority, but he could not have been described as a Nixon adviser, and he is believed to have accepted the assignment with great reluctance. However, it should have taken no more expertise than might be possessed by a casual reader of *Time* to be aware that the moment was hardly a propitious one for Richard Nixon—himself the victim of vilification and stonings by some of our Good Neighbors a decade ago, when he was a mere Vice-President and the world was considerably less distraught—to dispatch to Latin America a man who, though he is known to people at home for his many generous and lovable qualities, bears a name that throughout the rest of the world is a synonym for American plutocracy and exploitation. In any event, Nixon prevailed upon Rockefeller to go, and, now that the tour is over, both are saying that it was worth it, riots and all, because it in some way revealed how troubled our sister republics really are (those that have the strongest republican traditions—Chile, Venezuela, and Peru—thought it best for Rockefeller not to visit them) and how valuable it is for us to "listen and learn" in connection with their grievances. In other circumstances, this might be a plausible justification, the riots and shootings notwithstanding. These would be circumstances in which the United States had

the intention and the means of rendering assistance. But everyone both here and there knows that the Nixon Administration can't and won't send Latin America anything more worth having than some military hardware and Nelson Rockefeller's sympathetic ear. Why it was thought advisable to dramatize this melancholy truth in this melancholy hour is a state secret unlikely to be revealed in the near future.

In Nixon's defense—or, at least, in explication of his stewardship—it can be maintained that he is still quite new at the job (for which, as students of it everlastingly remind us, there can never be any adequate training), and that his performance charts show that he does, in time, learn from his mistakes. In some respects, his style as President has been more agreeable than his style as a candidate—and his 1968 campaign gave less offense than any of his earlier ones. It can be said, further, that no mistake he has thus far made—including the Rockefeller misadventure—has had consequences as damaging to our sense of ourselves and to others as John Kennedy's Bay of Pigs invasion or Lyndon Johnson's intervention in the Dominican Republic and his escalation of the war in Vietnam. However, the country, partly because of the failures of those who went before Nixon, partly because of developments that neither they nor anyone else had the power to control, is very nearly a shambles and needs firm, large-minded leadership as never before. It pleases no one here to report that the outlook for the next three and a half years, and perhaps the next seven and a half (for the polls show very little slippage of his standing with the public), seems less than promising. But, on the basis of the record of the last six months, this seems no less than true.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

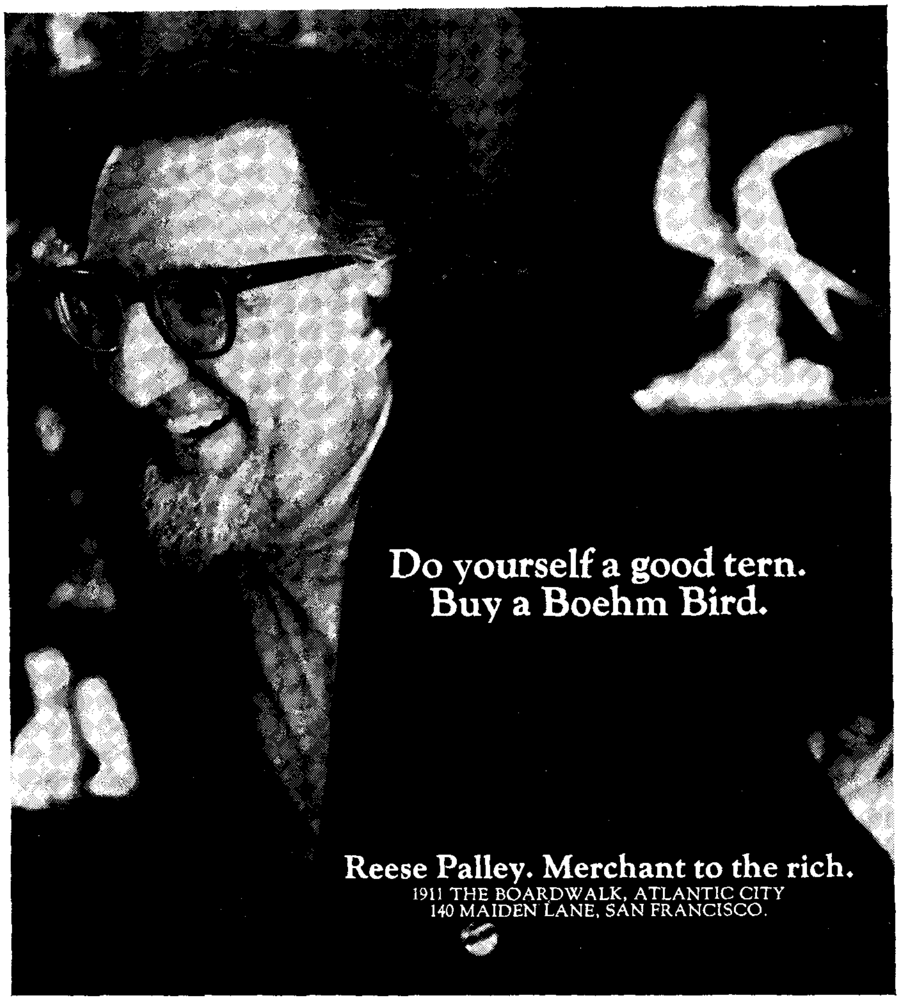
From such breathtakingly naïve beginnings she just kept right on. For the next four years her life was spent among society's rejects—old alcoholics, young addicts, beats, vagrants, kids on the run from the police, parents, the whole untidy mass of people who do not fit neatly into any of the slots ordained for them by the Welfare State, and whom we fail totally to help.—*The London Observer Review.*

Those rotten parents are the worst.

•

George M. Butler Jr., director of music at the school, was in charge of music. Henry Purcell played the recessional on the trumpet. Processional "Pomp and Circumstance" was played by Edward Elger.—*Quincy (Mass.) Patriot Ledger.*

Elg*ar*, not Elg*er*, silly!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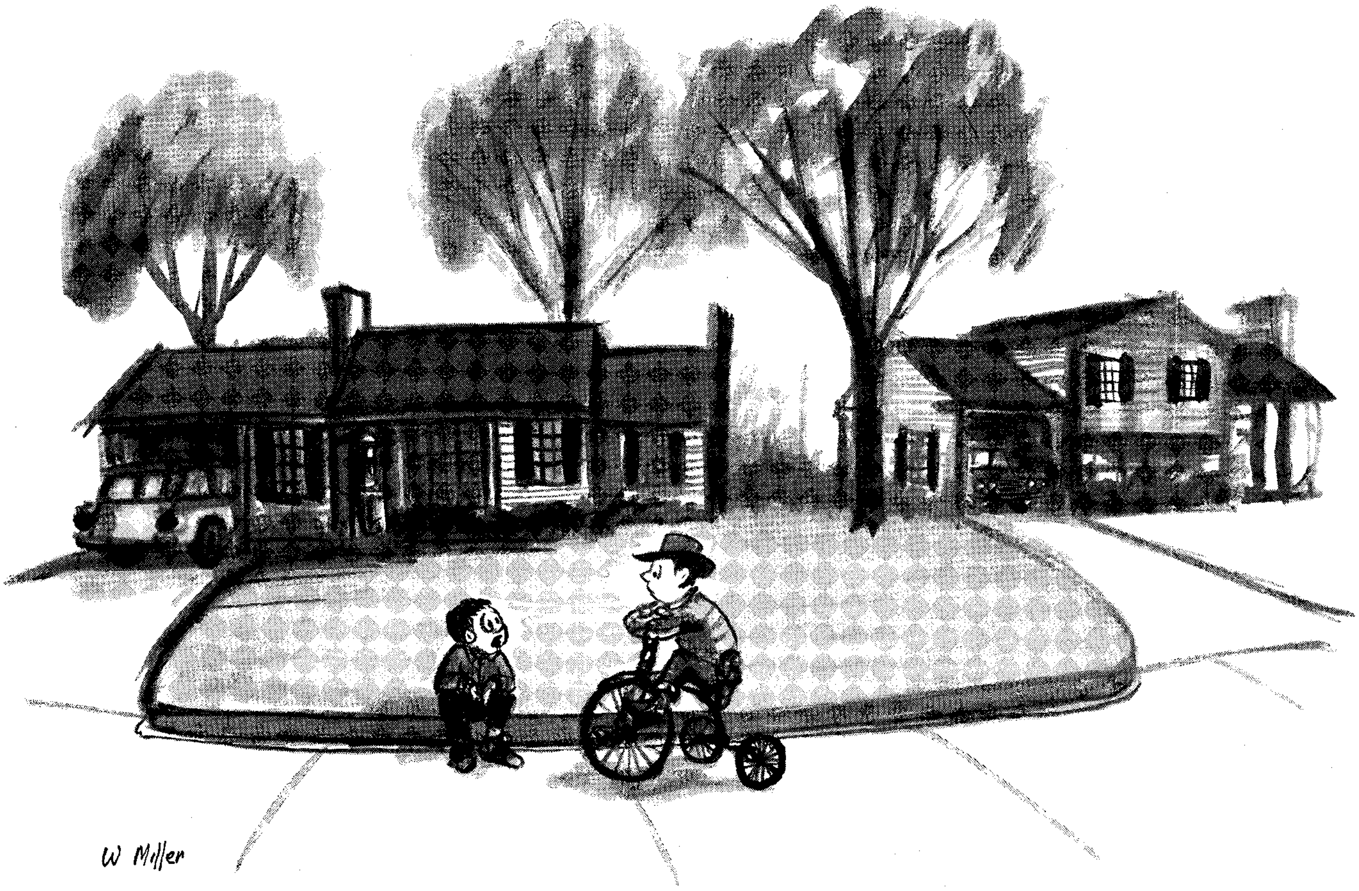
THE CURRENT CINEMA

One and One

3
ARTS
LAST WEEK

"HIMALAYAN poppy and broom. There's nothing like them for survival," says the piercing, senile mother played by Dame Peggy Ashcroft in Peter Hall's "3 Into 2 Won't Go," a story about a futureless marriage between a boozing salesman (Rod Steiger) and a saddened wife (Claire Bloom) who is slowly freezing into a life of house-furnishing. And "Is he a Yid?" says the aged Jewish woman in Claude Berri's "Marry Me! Marry Me!," peering at her future grandson-in-law, who doesn't understand much of her Yiddish, and "Try to earn a good living without killing yourself." In both films—which have to do with half-measure marriages, one decayed into attrition and covering-up, the other a passionless prearrangement that is going to settle on the young husband like a harness—the most eloquent passages are not about the young but about the stoicism and humor of two old women who have survived as bad as this and far worse. The figure played by Dame Peggy lives in an old-age home, on one of the grand-looking estates of England where the venerable can be pushed under the carpet. She speaks to her daughter about staff protocol: "Never allow staff near china. Don't let the servants see you cry." Claire Bloom, who has just moved into a New Town house with her husband—a house like a glass eggbox, all windows and open planning, with an antique grandfather clock placed at the bottom of the staircase in an effort to defeat the architecture of the new enlightenment—replies that they haven't got any servants. Her mother, who is less dotty than the son-in-law likes to make out, takes a look at her daughter here and says astutely, not about the servant question at all, that the girl doesn't seem herself. Peggy Ashcroft's performance is firm, clear, and harrowing, as the scriptwriter Edna O'Brien meant it to be, to judge by the lines. The old lady speaks with a peculiar forthrightness, courtly and declarative. When Rod Steiger has an almighty married row in his mother-in-law's presence, she uses a fastidious weight of voice to say that things are "a little boisterous." She loathes fights. They visibly frighten her, and they make her want to go back to the old-age home. "I haven't partaken in a quarrel in years," she says. The word "partaken" seems beautifully placed. Dame Peggy's performance of a woman much harmed by unspecified earlier violence, talking in a voice made meticulous and clarion by a true dread of the chaotic, is the most moving thing in the film. "3 Into 2" also has a gentle eye for the efforts of an out-of-joint couple to give some character to lives that are grindingly well expressed by their featureless, jerry-built house, which stands in the middle of rubble that the husband is turning into a garden. Most of the plot points of the story are about a cool young bird of Rod Steiger's who thinks she is pregnant with the baby that his wife has wanted for years. The narrative style seems almost more apt for farce than for a rather solemn account of a frigid marriage (there have been a lot of recent English films with girls saying "I'm late"), and the events here happen too fast and momentously for seriousness. But the sense of locality in the film is true and close to the bone, like the understanding of a lonely old woman's system of evasion that underpins



"I'd run away from home if I knew how to drive."

Peggy Ashcroft's performance, which alternates with the plunges of hard-eyed insight that can be made only by people who have lived the lives of hermits in a very modern and highly populated desert.

CLAUDE BERRI'S "Marry Me! Marry Me!" ("Le Mariage, ou Mazel Tov" in French, which is a bit better) is made with the sort of care and charm and sense of detail that mark the anecdotal Czech films. Claude Berri himself, acting the hero as well as directing his own script, plays the shy son of a French furrier. The family he is to marry into is a cut above him—a tribe of Belgian diamond merchants. One of the few things he knows about Belgium is that it is very clean. He likes it for this. He also likes his old, Yiddish-speaking grandmother-in-law-to-be. He looks agape with interest when he goes to meet her, and her uncomprehended welcome warms him greatly. A scene in an English-language class is exquisitely played by Berri, in a state of raptness over a pretty teacher who tells him how to say what color her eyes are. Most of his future in-laws range from unattractive to monstrous, but Berri sees even the monsters with an engaged affection. There is an immensely fat, henna-haired future sister-in-law who refuses to eat at the Buddenbrooks-like family table and then has huge feasts out of the fridge late at night. In the wedding sequence at the end—the hero would have preferred to marry the English teacher rather than his stodgy bride, but events ran against him, as they always will against this sweet-spirited and humble man—we see the fat sister-in-law dancing marvellously with some children at the party, and the old grandmother, in her hat, drinking orange juice; and we also hear a scrap of dialogue that holds the spirit of the picture. The father-in-law, looking at his harridan wife, says to the hero, "You're lucky. When I got married, my wife didn't love me." Asked why he married her in that case, he says quietly, "I loved her." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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CRIES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CRIED

[*From "The Miracle of England," by André Maurois*]

In 1238 a Papal Legate, whose followers had insulted some young clerks, was chased through the streets by Englishmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen, who killed his cook. "Where is he?" they kept crying. "Where is that usurer, that simoniac, robber of revenues and insatiate of money, who plunders us to fill strangers' coffers?"

~~defiance~~
~~but excitement.~~
~~vod'ka (vo... [Russ... little water.]~~
~~A Russian disti... holic liquor commonly made f... rye.~~
~~vo'gie (vō... vōg'ĭ), ad: ... vain: also ... merry~~

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

JULY 5

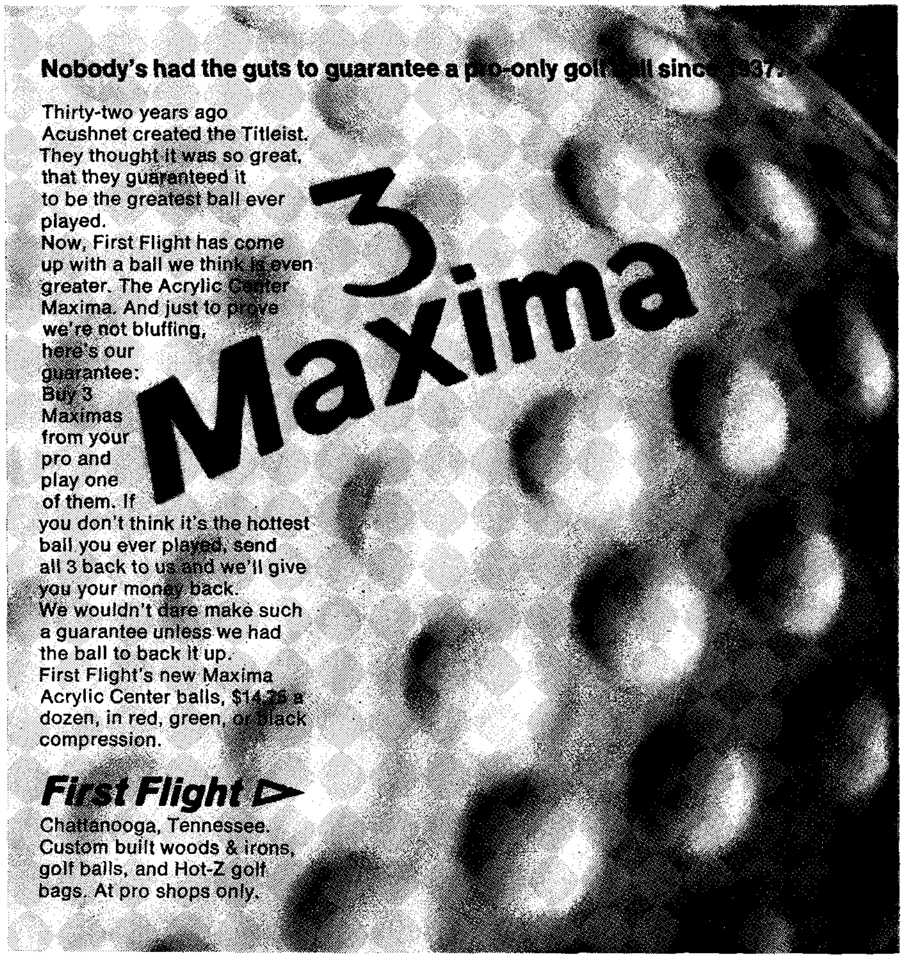
LESS than eight years ago, the Manned Spacecraft Center, outside Houston, which is the headquarters for the flight to the moon, was a patchwork of open fields dotted with sheds, shanties, and windmills. Today, it is a large industrial park of about forty chunky rectangular buildings that look as if they had been set up almost as hastily as the poor, small houses they displaced. The buildings, which are blindingly white in the Texas sun, are functional and are not bad-looking, considering that they were built by the government, and quite a few of them have shady columned arcades. In the lobbies of many of the buildings are signs giving the number of days remaining until the launching of the Apollo 11 spacecraft July 16th, as though they were the number of shopping days left before Christmas. Underneath the number of days remaining is the portentous question "Will You Be Ready?" There is a sense of nervous expectancy at the Space Center, and the people who work here talk a good deal about the trip to the moon as a "historic" event. In the smooth, glassy gatehouse of the Space Center, where visitors check in, there is a poster calling 1969 "The Year of Apollo"—a slogan thought up by a department of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration called Manned Flight Awareness.

Anyone who wants to take a tour of the Space Center can report to the Public Affairs Building, which is Building No. 1. (The Project Management Building, the headquarters of the center, is Building No. 2, and the Mission Control Center, the command post for the flight to the moon, is Building No. 30.) In the public-relations section of Building No. 1, a visitor can pick up news releases from the corporations that do business with NASA, such as one left over from Apollo 10: "Screeching around the moon at five times the speed of sound, only 10 miles above that alien landscape, Apollo 10 astronauts Thomas Stafford and Eugene Cernan will be securely fastened to their control stations by Astro-Velcro tapes." (With or without Astro-Velcro tapes, the Apollo 11 astronauts—Neil A. Armstrong, Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., and Lieutenant Colonel Michael Collins—won't be doing much in the way of screeching in the alien landscape, because there is no atmosphere to screech in.) While waiting for his tour to begin, a visitor can examine, in a small museum, items like a collage of fake-diamond pins, cameos, and earrings that depicts an astronaut walking in space outside a space capsule. A brand-new case, labelled "Manned Exploration of the Moon," is at the moment empty. On a recent tour of the Space Center, visitors piled into a squarish white bus, which stopped first at a small building that housed the docking trainer—a large black room that, in its finite dimness, somehow evoked the infinite blackness of space. In this room, the astronauts practice docking maneuvers in life-size replicas of the command module and the lunar module. A white-haired lady in a blue dress, who seemed unable to digest the fact of her proximity to the space program, asked the guide if this was really where the astronauts trained, and he replied politely, "We didn't build it just for you to look at, Ma'am." Not unnerved, she went on to ask what the difference was between the Manned Spacecraft Center and Cape Kennedy, and upon being told that all that happened at the Cape was the launching, and everything else happened here, she looked pleased. "You mean you actually see more here than you do there?" she asked. The guide nodded. In the next building, a huge centrifuge stood in the center of a circular room the size of a railroad roundhouse. The guide explained that the machine, which rotates counterclockwise, could whirl a man at a rate of two hundred and forty-two revolutions a minute, under which circumstances he would experience a force thirty times the earth's gravity. A youngster asked whether the centrifuge would simulate lower gravity if it was spun the other way, and the guide answered curtly that it would not. The last building on the tour was blank and windowless—the Mission Control Center. Here the guide led the way into a visitors' gallery behind the mission-control room, which is a theatre with four banks of closed-circuit television consoles and five large screens. Though the room was empty, some of the screens on the consoles were constantly flickering. One man asked why the equipment had been left on, and he was told that electronic equipment lasts longer if it is kept running. The man asked if this was true of his television set, and the guide replied that it was—a bit of information that represents what engineers and

"There's a skillful juxtaposition of contrasting elements, but, doggone it, I miss his oblique, offhand symbolism."

public-relations men at NASA triumphantly call a "spin-off" of the space program.

MOST people at NASA would qualify the often repeated statement that putting a man on the moon is a team effort by pointing out that the one person most responsible for the effort is George M. Low, a slender man with the title of Manager, Apollo Spacecraft Program. Low, who started the job shortly after the fire that took the lives of three astronauts at Cape Kennedy in January, 1967, occupies a large corner office on the seventh floor of the Administration Building. A picture of a crescent moon hangs near a shelf on one wall of the office, and the shelf itself is covered with small components—items, Low explains, that at one time or another have failed in a spacecraft. Low, who is in his early forties, is a tall man with a keen, intelligent-looking face not unlike the late Robert Oppenheimer's. He can look bemused, as when he tells of being caught red-handed recently in the act of withdrawing a copy of Jules Verne's "From the Earth to the Moon" from a public library in a nearby town. The next day the local newspaper carried the headline "HOW IS OUR SPACE PROGRAM BEING RUN?" Like most of the other people I saw at the Manned Spacecraft Center, Low was working in his shirtsleeves. Though it was only noon when I visited him, he had already put in what for most people would be a full day's work. He had arrived at the office at six that morning—his usual time—and had done paperwork until eight. From eight to nine, he had had a review meeting with all his chiefs in the Mission Control Center—as he has every morning. From nine to ten-thirty, he had lingered in the mission-control room watching a simulation of the flight—a recurrent exercise in which an entire mock flight plan is fed into the computers that will be used for the real mission. (In a mock flight, engineers and astronauts fly the mission from beginning to end, negotiating malfunctions of various sorts that have been programmed into the machine.) Low feels that the only way to prepare for a mission is to fly it over and over again in simulation. At ten-thirty, he had returned to his office to see a succession of visitors. First, he had seen a group of engineers who had come to report on the failure, in an airplane somewhere, of a small motor like the one that positions the landing radar of the lunar module, or LM. The failure of the motor had to be investigated,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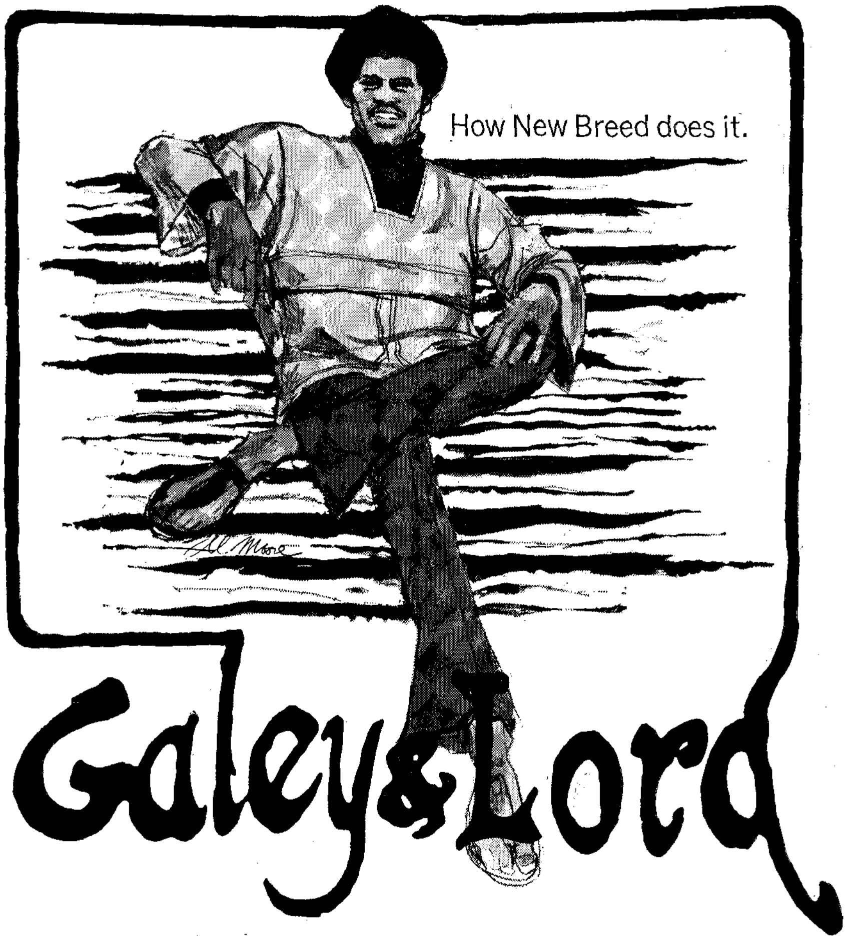

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to determine whether there was any chance of a similar failure during the descent to the lunar surface. At about eleven, Chris Craft, the Director of Flight Operations at the Space Center, had come in to talk over what the procedure would be if the radar failed. At about eleven-thirty, Low had met with a group of scientists and engineers to look into the progress of a tool that is being developed for the astronauts to take a sample from beneath the surface of the moon, so that biologists at the Manned Spacecraft Center can look for subterranean life on the moon. The tool—the aseptic sampler—still poses some problems, so the men decided to hold it back until the flight of Apollo 12.

Low, who was born in Vienna in 1926 and still talks with a slight Austrian accent, says he had wanted to be an engineer for as long as he could remember. He would like to go to the moon himself, he says, because he has been part of the space effort since it started (he graduated from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, in Troy, New York, in 1948, and the following year he went to work for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the predecessor of NASA) and it pains him not to be *wholly* a part of it—that is, not to have the ultimate experience his field has to offer. Like most NASA people, he has absolutely no doubt that the United States ought to be going to the moon. The country, he feels, must move forward to stay young, and to him moving forward means that we must always have a frontier on which we can pioneer. In this decade, the frontier is the moon. Low rejects the idea that the money being spent to send men to the moon might better be spent to end poverty in the United States. "If we didn't prove to the world that we were a young nation, then we couldn't solve poverty or anything else," he says.

Low is not at all romantic about the moon, and when he looks at it on clear evenings—a hard white ball in the Texas sky—he thinks about the engineering problems that stand in the way of getting there. He says, "I don't think you'll find anyone at the M.S.C. who is emotional about the moon, because all of us have such a tremendous job ahead of us." To Low, the flight to the moon is of necessity a mosaic of minute details. Walking over to the shelf of electronic parts that had failed in spacecraft, he said that his whole life was made up of problems like the ones that the parts represented. A couple of dozen objects—tiny valves, small switches, instrument-panel lights—formed a pattern of reds, greens, and bronzes on the brown wooden shelf. One item was a small chunk of silvery pipe—a valve that is supposed to force helium into the fuel tanks of the LM, and that, if it malfunctioned in flight (as this particular one had on the ground), could mean that the LM's descent rocket wouldn't fire. Another was a set of warning lights that indicate whether the five rockets that make up the first stage of the Saturn booster are ignited. This set had failed in a test, without serious results, but a failure of the lights on a real mission could lead the astronauts to take the dangerous step of aborting the mission seconds after its launching. A third item was a toggle switch, which isn't unlike a light switch. Just before the Apollo 8 flight around the moon last December, the contractor found that of a batch of eighteen thousand toggle switches turned out by the manufacturer twenty-two *might* have been defective. One of the switches was to be used in the Apollo 8 command module to deploy the craft's parachutes just before splashdown, and no one knew whether that switch was one of the twenty-two that was possibly defective—or even whether it would actually fail if it was defective. A failure could have meant that the parachutes would open during the launching—a mistake that would have been disastrous. Low and a team of engineers investigated and found that if a switch was defective it would fail at some point within the first two hundred and fifty times it was turned on and off. The switch in question was turned on and off two hundred and fifty times and then X-rayed to make sure that it had not failed, and that it would be ready for its two hundred and fifty-first flicking. Because of such problems, Low said, it is a little hard for him to look at the moon landing with any degree of historical perspective right now.

There is a difference between the focus of the engineers, like Low, and that of some of the project scientists, who can now settle back and take a slightly longer view of the Apollo landing. At the moment, some of the scientists, far from being weighed down by details, are very enthusiastic about Apollo. One geologist, Dr. Elbert King, who is the curator of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, which will handle the rock samples that the astronauts will bring back from the

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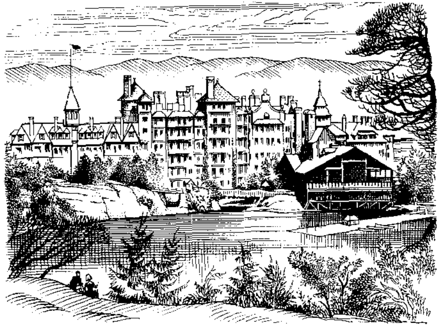
moon, can hardly contain himself when he talks about the historical significance of the lunar landing. "This is terribly exciting," he says. "The first trip to the moon comes only once in the entire history of civilization. I've never seen the whole scientific community so stirred up about anything."

IN a remote corner of the Space Center, Dr. William R. Carpentier, a young physician who will be aboard the helicopter that meets the astronauts after their splashdown and who will go into quarantine with them for eighteen days, was stowing medical equipment—test tubes, glass jars, and a small black bag—aboard the Mobile Quarantine Facility, or MQF. The astronauts will enter the MQF as soon as the helicopter has taken them from the Pacific and landed them on the deck of the U.S.S. Hornet, which will be positioned about twelve hundred miles southwest of Hawaii. The MQF looks like a chromium-plated diner with rounded ends. With the three astronauts, Dr. Carpentier, and an engineer, John K. Hirasaki, inside it, the MQF will make the three-day trip, first by ship, then by truck, and then by air, to more permanent quarantine quarters, at the Space Center. Neither Dr. Carpentier nor Mr. Hirasaki is the least bit perturbed at the thought of coming into such close contact with the astronauts. Mr. Hirasaki feels that on the whole he has less chance of catching a disease inside the sterile MQF than he would have outside it, and Dr. Carpentier says that his wife is more worried about his riding out in the helicopter that picks up the astronauts than she is about his contracting some disease caused by a moon organism after he meets them. Dr. Carpentier regards meeting the astronauts as a risk that an individual can take without hesitation, but he feels that there must be some precautions about exposing the whole world to anything they may bring back. For that matter, there are some scientists at the Space Center who look upon the precautions as a little silly, or even as a public-relations stunt. One geologist says he would gladly roll in the samples of dust and rock that the astronauts are bringing back from the moon, and even eat them.

Although the interior of the MQF will be rather cramped, Dr. Carpentier doesn't mind getting into it with the astronauts. He had lived inside it for a week as a test last March, and says it isn't a bad place to be. The MQF has three small separate compartments: a rectangular sitting room,



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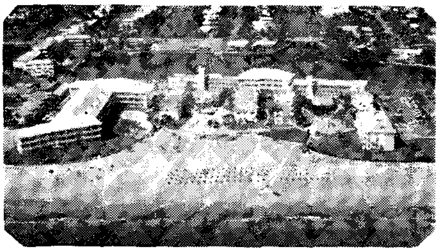

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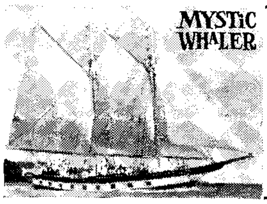

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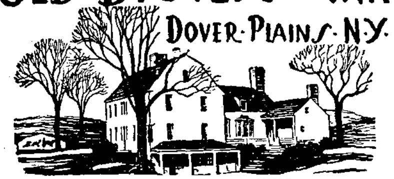

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with a long yellow table down the center and six brown and yellow chairs, which are attached to the floor and can rotate in a full circle; a long, narrow compartment that serves as kitchen, bunk room, and storeroom; and a bathroom, with dull-pink fixtures. Dr. Carpentier doesn't expect the astronauts to need any particular medical attention when they return from the moon, though he says he may prescribe a drink for them. He expects to find them a few pounds lighter than before they left, and in a somewhat weakened condition, like that of people who have spent a long time in bed, for that is the effect a long period of weightlessness has on astronauts. Dr. Carpentier's first job will be to take microbiological samples, among them swabs from the skin, noses, and throats of the astronauts; he will put these into the test tubes for transmission to the Lunar Receiving Laboratory. There, the microbiological samples will be compared with the astronauts' known cells and bacteria (which will have been catalogued before the astronauts left), so that if there are any organisms from the moon they can be identified immediately. Then Dr. Carpentier will take blood samples and will give each astronaut a rigorous physical examination. He expects the process to take him about six hours.

Meanwhile, the spacecraft will have been brought aboard the carrier and deposited next to the MQF, and Mr. Hirasaki will have left the MQF by way of a polyethylene tunnel leading to the spacecraft's hatch. Having walked through the tunnel, he will open the hatch and retrieve the boxes of samples from the moon. These he will take into the MQF. Then he will go back inside the spacecraft, photograph the instrument panels to record the position of all the switches and gauges, and make sure that all the switches are off. He will then reenter the tunnel and seal off—by means of a flap—the end that adjoins the spacecraft. The air pressure inside the MQF is to be kept lower than that outside, so that if there is a hole air will come in rather than escape. When Mr. Hirasaki gets back inside the MQF, he will turn a knob lowering the air pressure still further, and as this happens the MQF will suck in the tunnel as if the tunnel were its tongue. Outside, someone will slam the MQF's door shut, isolating the men inside. Mr. Hirasaki, speaking professionally, says, "We will then be in a sealed configuration."

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BOOKS

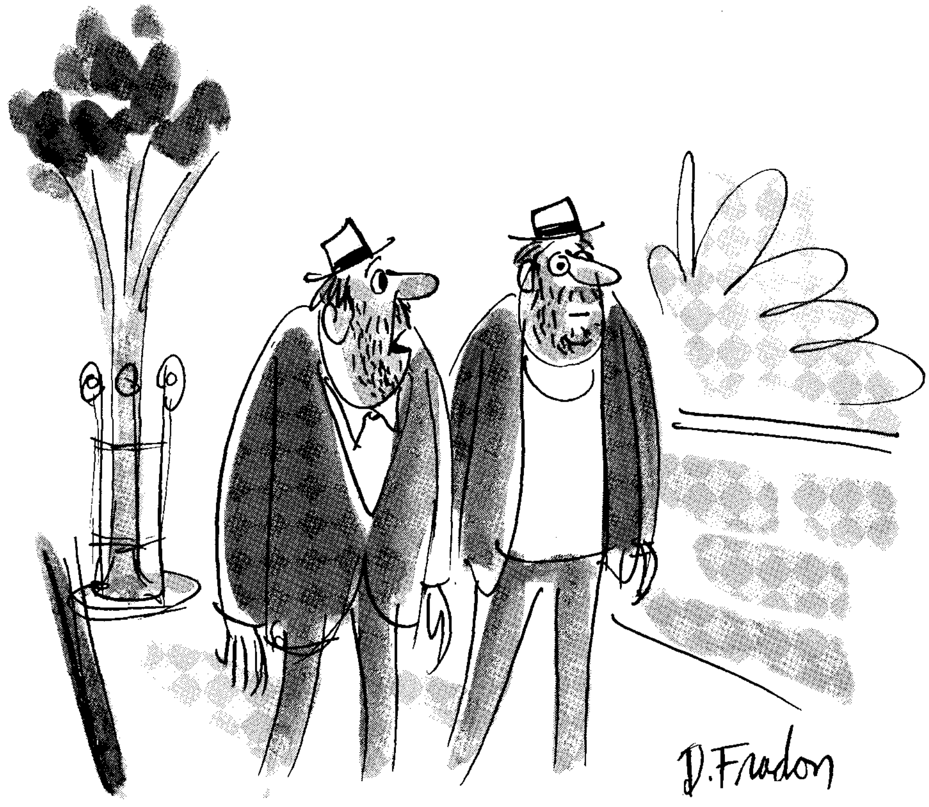
Last Stop for Mrs. Brown

ONCE there was a train and a little old lady, an agitated brown speck of a lady named, appropriately, Mrs. Brown. She was travelling to London, she spoke low and with visible distress to a somewhat uncouth gentleman in the compartment, then dimmed away into the faceless crowd. Virginia Woolf pondered about her. In a lecture she gave at Cambridge in May of 1924, she wondered what novelists of the day would have made of Mrs. Brown and the obscure tide of her troubles, glimpsed momentarily in a railway carriage. Dear Mr. Wells would have focussed on a raw slice of social and economic history; a landscape of class conflict and precise material harassment would have sprung to his unblinking eye. What stress of psychological *misère*, of banal yet corrosive dereliction, would have struck Mr. Galsworthy? He would have seen to the bottom of Mrs. Brown's heart, were so proud a term appropriate to so clenched and dusty an organ. And Arnold Bennett? (Virginia Woolf's essay was entitled "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown.") Ah, Mr. Bennett would, after patient scrutiny, have lavished upon the matter of Mrs. Brown a very cornucopia of insight. He would detail her background in Stony Stratford, her smoke-drift progress to the great city, her familial connections thrice removed. The stain on her galoshes, the abjection of her bonnet would speak volumes. Three novels by evident masters, and Mrs. Brown made solid, even revealing, to the reader's imagination. Yet at journey's end Miss Woolf found herself less than grateful: "What odd books they are! Sometimes I wonder if we are right to call them books at all. For they leave one with so strange a feeling of incompleteness and dissatisfaction."

Something rarer was called for: an art of the novel responsive to the wonders of human privacy, to the dart and duplicity of light between Mrs. Brown's net bag and the eye of the beholder. The year is 1924. There is a sudden poetry in grimy fact, an obstinate and vital seed of chaos. T. S. Eliot, out of St. Louis, has seen Mrs. Brown tripping across London Bridge with Dante's shadows at her heels, or enthroned on Cleopatra's barge amid the river lights. Mr. Joyce, an elusive man, so bawdy yet secret in his laughter, has seen Mrs. Brown only for an instant, framed in the sooty windows of the slowing train, as Cézanne saw those cardplayers. But what voices he has heard, what a sinuous current of dreams. Mrs. Brown's nights now seem to belong to him. And here is E. M. Forster, home from India. Observant as a hummingbird, pecking at life with delicate sharpness. Perhaps it was the curve of Mrs. Brown's shoulder that fixed his glance, perhaps some quaver of speech. He will not probe for more. What matters is the luminous fragment of truth around which novelist and reader build their conspiratorial trust. Mr. Galsworthy is too public a personage altogether, there is a hint of the bully in H. G. Wells, and who would trade intimacies with Arnold Bennett? Such writers stand before their readers and their characters in a posture of unwavering authority. Mutiny is at hand. "At the present moment," said Virginia Woolf, "we are suffering not from decay but from having no code of manners which writers and readers accept as a prelude to the more exciting intercourse of friendship." A choice of words that Mr. Galsworthy might have found a trifle . . . suggestive.

Forty-five years have passed since the author of "Mrs. Dalloway" set out her program for literature and that of her fantastically gifted contemporaries. But the conflict over the nature of the novel and, by inference, over the valid uses of language and the imagination is as notable today as when modernism lit its fireworks in Paris, in Trieste, and in Bloomsbury. Moreover, when Mrs. Brown steps on that perennial train, she will find in the seat across the aisle an observer who is the direct descendant and legatee of the Messrs. Bennett, Galsworthy, and Wells.

The case of C. P. Snow is of peculiar interest to anyone concerned with the current condition of letters. It implicates the role of criticism, the potential for civilized disagreement, more than it does Charles Snow. The stature of the man ought to require no argument. He is a household word in many places, and has a celebrity achieved by few writers after Shaw and Hemingway. His novels, biographical essays,



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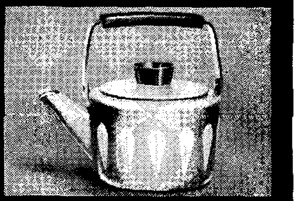

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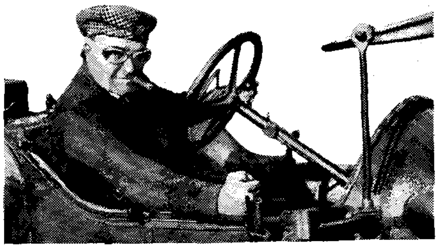

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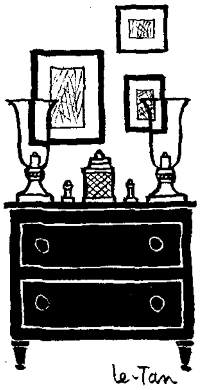
and lectures sell enormously and in a dozen languages. Dramatized, "The Masters" and "The Affair" have been on the stage from New York to Budapest. By force of premonitory common sense, by virtue of a special vulnerability to the stresses and vital processes of the age, Lord Snow has made his way almost to the top of a society notoriously immune to intelligence, acidly unforgiving of those who admit to their ambitious dreams. He has done so in the Civil Service and in the politics of science. In the nineteen-thirties, he belonged to a handful of scientifically trained men who understood what Hitler was about and who sought, against snobbery and defeatist indifference, to marshal England's resources for survival. His biographers will one day recount several acts of vivid generosity toward writers threatened or temporarily gagged in post-Stalinist Russia. This is a spacious man.

The famous argument about "the two cultures" was anticipated in a muted essay by J. Robert Oppenheimer. But Snow caught the wind at full sail, and the concept—whether one admits it or not—bears his stamp. Well before most, this passionately awake watcher noted the paradox of similitude between the United States and the Soviet Union, the necessary evolution in both social systems of that technological mandarinate of which he himself has been both member and recorder. Snow's recent warnings of the danger of world famine, his analyses of the drama of excessive survival in which the human race is now cast (*too many survive at birth,* too many grow old) are dicta of obvious authority and moral intelligence. Yet in the English press the lecture that Snow gave in Fulton, Missouri, for all the urgency of its theme, for all the prestige of its occasion, was passed over in silence. Why? Why the ferocity of attack in England on Snow's work and person, the facility of insult or dismissal to which his recent novels have been subject in academic and critical circles? Why does a presence of such manifest seriousness and humane commitment arouse such brutal rebuke?



There is no simple answer. Criticism is, just now, in a jaundiced state. The needler and the vinegar merchant make the big noise. Snow's success, the unembarrassed breadth of his ambitions, of his appetite for life, have made him a target almost physical. Here is one who proclaims that fame is warm to the touch, that those whom the world crowns are different from the ruck. In his bulky yet often swift-moving persona, Snow represents the antipodes of the "cool," of the post-Romantic enervation and Camp that set the current mood. But the assaults loosed on his fiction—even before, and monotonously since, the notorious anathema by Dr. Leavis—must have more complex grounds.

Snow's enterprise, now in sight of its closing volume, is in fact more difficult to place than either its detractors or its admirers—who are legion outside the literary shooting gallery—suppose. The cliché comparison with Trollope won't do. Unlike Trollope's novels, the "Strangers and Brothers" saga has, in Keats's phrase, "a palpable design upon us." It addresses itself to the social problems of the day, hoping that action will follow. On the other hand, although C. P. Snow's mind is better stocked than Trollope's (there are few areas of contemporary culture on which he has not spoken notably), it lacks that trust in the imagination, in the free energies of invented form, that makes possible as great a novel as Trollope's "The Way We Live Now." This, indeed, is the book Snow might have written had he been, in some very precise but difficult-to-define way, less intelligent, less implacably knowing. Georges Duhamel's "Chronique des Pasquier" provides a more genuine parallel. Both Snow and Duhamel are managers of sensibility, publicists, and arguers in the key of fiction. To both—and this may be the crucial discrimination—the daylit truth, scientific, political, social, is more compelling than the dynamics of feeling and of language. Having an ear for certain ranges of human speech and the gift of plot construction, but a gift perhaps nearer to that of the builder of scientific hypotheses and social models than to that of the artist, Snow, like Wells before him, has chosen to write novels. But elsewhere, and perhaps to even greater effect, he has adopted other modes of statement. This contingency, this "opportunism"—in a formal sense of the word—goads the critic.

But even this somewhat mechanistic treatment of a genre to which Virginia Woolf and James Joyce have given an aura of poetic magic does not account for Snow's reception. The predictable reviewer who greets his "The Sleep of Reason" (Scribners) with yet another rasp about "Snow jobs" is picking at a rawer scab. The art novel and the major achievements of modern fiction have been more than half in love with easeful death. They have dwelt on the ceremonies of hurt and collapse in the psyche. Mann, Proust, Faulkner are the masters still, because of the genius with which they made the very form of their narratives expressive of the motifs of infirmity, of incipient chaos, in man and society. There is a metaphoric sense in which Kafka helped make inescapable the lunatic blackness he foresaw. Charles Snow's is a maddeningly robust temper. He is too much an intimate of action, he is too familiar with the collaborative forward motion of the natural and mechanical sciences, to experience history as capricious or defeating. Even when he prophesies darkly, the pulse of confident reason, the axiomatic trust in empirical means are unmistakable. Snow is, deliberately, a man of the complex surface. Like Ben Jonson, whose moralistic fascination with the social, professional bustle of life he shares, Lord Snow stays on the hard crust of things. He is wary of the unverifiable ecstasies of the diver and of the glider's cloudy, wind-hazard soar. Sanity is the art of staying on the surface, of moving with the pragmatic contours of the landscape. It is this "superficiality," with its attendant note of confidence, with its impatient refusal to thread the marsh when there is a highroad, that infuriates Snow's harriers. Their quarrel with him, and Snow's response, is eloquent between the lines of this tenth novel in the "Strangers and Brothers" sequence.

As, by now, most readers will know, "The Sleep of Reason" knots two strands in the *Bildungsroman* of Lewis Eliot. Even more than hitherto, Eliot is Snow's explicitly recognizable self. There is, once again, an imbroglio in academe. "Vice-Chancellor, in the circumstances nothing is going to be satisfactory. But I must say, I've never heard of a compromise which made things so easy for the powers-that-be." This kind of sentence, with its ritual unction and bureaucratic gravamen, is Snow's hallmark. It is fearfully easy to parody, and it incites Snow's critics to derision. It is probably a matter of olives; one can't acquire the taste. But it is important to get right the reasons C. P. Snow has located so much of his fiction in the Oxbridge common room or the clubland of the

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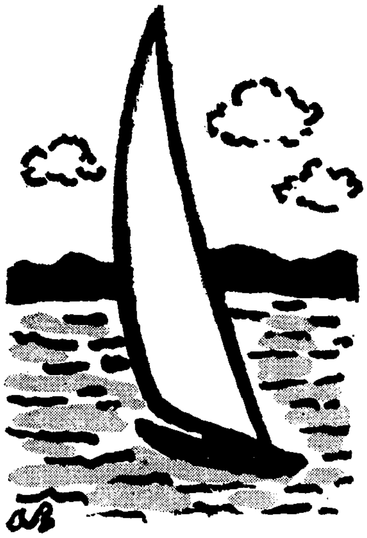

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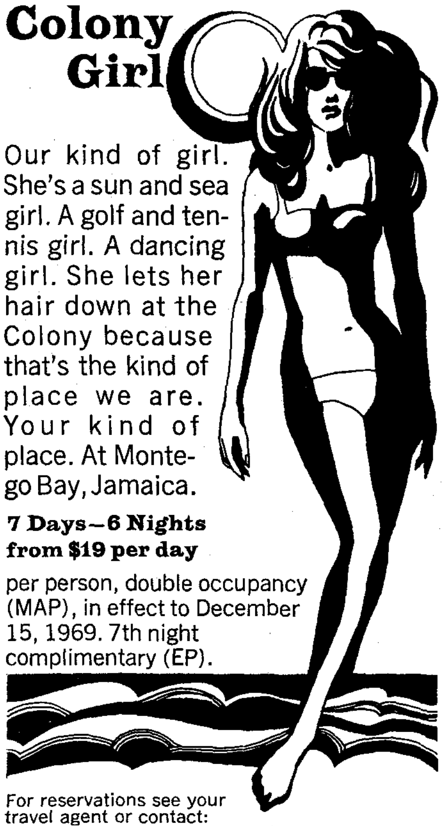

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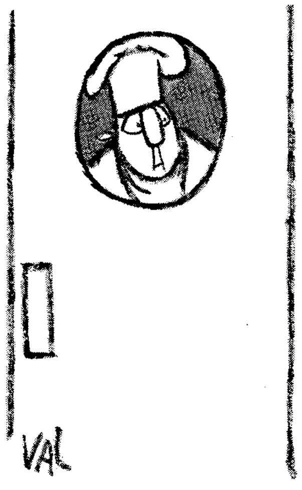
boffins. The grounds are not only autobiographical and the charge of snobbery is naïve.

If we except George Eliot's "Middlemarch," the novels of Aldous Huxley, and the inferred context of Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse," it is fair to say that the English and American novel is strikingly lacking in explicit intellect, in the imaginative rendering of the world of learning and of the play—which is the breath of life to many human beings—of philosophical argument. There is nothing in English or American fiction to match the treatment of the intelligentsia we find in Dostoevski or in Thomas Mann's "Doctor Faustus," no dramatization of the passions of thought such as we find in Paul Bourget's "Le Disciple" or the art of André Gide. Fiction in the English language, right down to Hemingway and Philip Roth, seems to reflect that basic physicality and amused contempt for abstraction which mark its early sources—"Robinson Crusoe" and "Tom Jones." Snow has set out, succeeding best in his early novel "The Search," to reclaim for the *métier* of English fiction the waste ground of scientific and specifically intellectual life forms. Moreover, he has seen in the spectacle of academic rivalry and ambition a paradox of peculiar importance. By their vocation, scholars and scientists are committed to a maximal regard for truth and to the collaborative pursuit of truth. Yet they are also men, and men circumscribed by modes of daily life in which success and failure have a heightened, dramatic tenor. Whence the ferocity, the mutual hurt occasioned when private sensibility and scientific conscience are in conflict. It is not stately comforts and public renown that are principally at stake—though these matter—but the intricate, fragile conditions in which truth may be found. The Cambridge combination room is to Snow what the chancellery of Parma was to Stendhal: a privileged terrain on which to chart power relations that also involve the root dignity of the human mind.

Lewis Eliot's involvement in a provincial university fracas suddenly leads to much grimmer affairs. He finds himself an active spectator—this being Snow's distinctive posture—in a case of child torture and murder. (There are filaments that lead upstream to the world of George Passant and his Nietzschean circle of young people as shown in "Strangers and Brothers," the first of the series.) In fact, of course, C. P. Snow is dealing with the notorious Moors murders. Together with his wife, Pamela Hansford-Johnson, Lord Snow was a guest of the court during the Moors murder trial, and the hideous business has deeply marked his imagination. Here was the mystery of evil crystallized in a pure, irredeemable instance of damnation. To Snow, as to Dostoevski, the torture of children places in doubt the rational design of the universe and man's evolutionary status. The affair laid naked those forces of anarchy and of sadism to which the permissive, sexually obsessive fashions of contemporary culture may afford destructive passage. Snow is too shrewd to be a conservative in a routine sense. But, like Wells, he sees in the legal, customary modes of society, imperfect as these may be, an indispensable containment of chaos. It is here that his regard for social hierarchies, so obnoxious to his detractors, comes into relevant play.

The Moors case afforded Snow a look into the volcano. The legal mechanics, on whose subtleties and ceremonious dilatoriness Snow dwells fondly—as Galsworthy and Dreiser did before him—embody a symbolic conflict. In them, the most refined forms of intellectual and social relations are immersed, deliberately, in bestiality. "Perhaps it's a mercy not to have too much imagination," remarks Mr. Justice Fane. His "was a Johnsonian way of dealing with metaphysics," the narrator comments. The observation holds true of Snow. Having peered into the molten core, he steps back to the shielding surface. He finds much of modern art and literature irresponsible because it willfully solicits chaos. He is suspicious of brilliance and the cult of expressive intensity; fireworks bring little light to the murk of history. Dr. Johnson kicked a stone to disprove the spindrift cleverness of idealism. That blunt argument has yet to be refuted.



The plot of "The Sleep of Reason" is a double one, and underlying it

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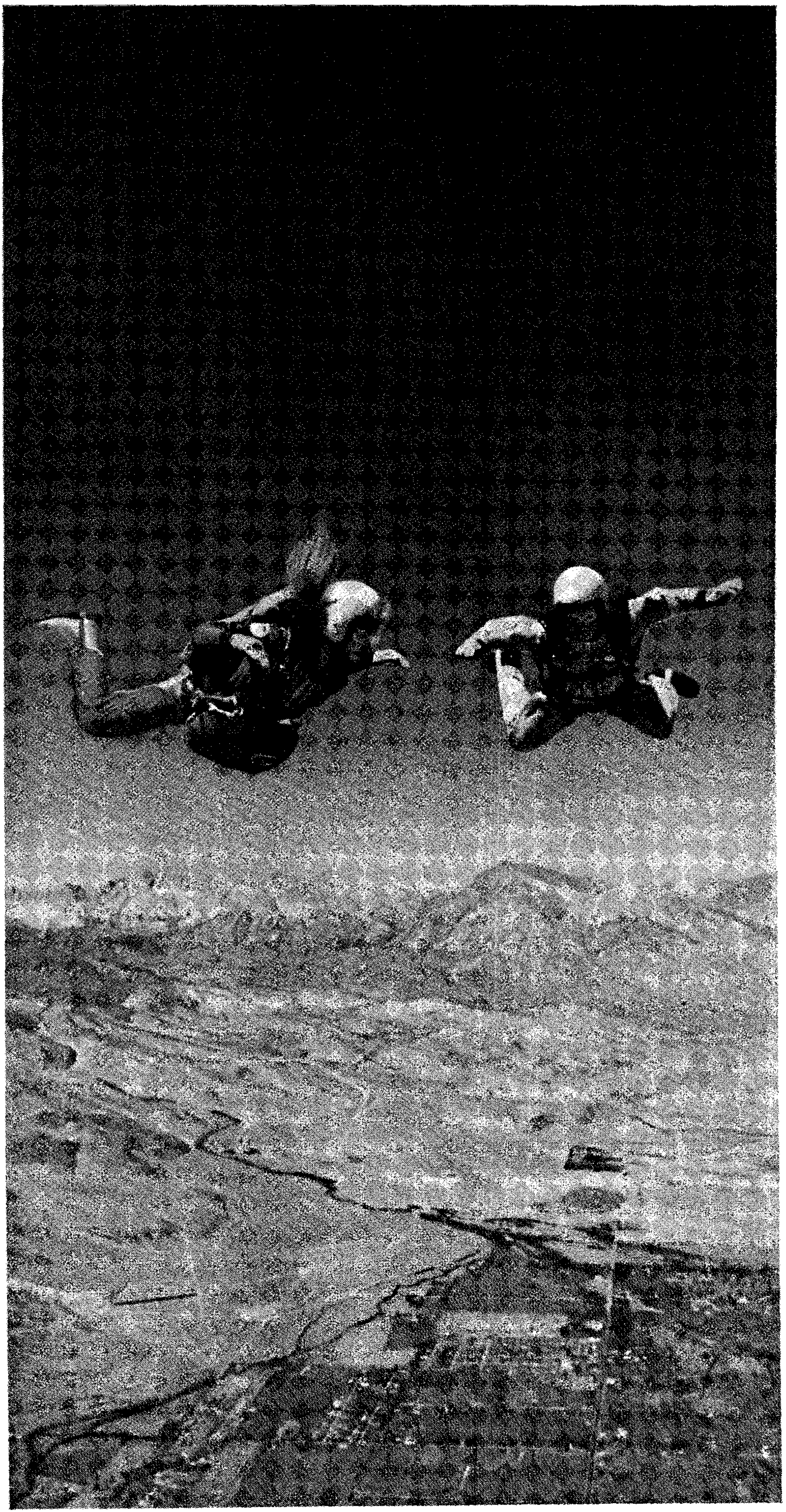

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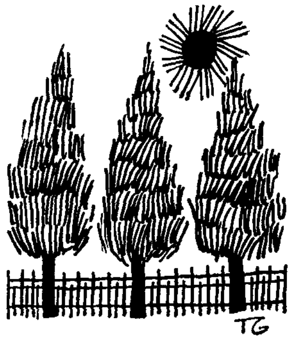
is an intensely personal stress. Lewis Eliot suffers a detached retina, as Lord Snow did not long ago. The record of his pain and temporary blindness is beautifully exact. Here author and narrative persona are wholly at one. The same applies to Eliot's relations with his son Charles. Snow has never written anything sounder, anything more informed by that courtesy of heart which is so rare in today's literature. No critique of Snow is worth taking seriously that fails to register the tact and economy of Charles' visit to his father after the unsuccessful operation. (Entitled "The Dark and the Light," this chapter inverts the title of an earlier novel in the set.) Portnoy Senior's comic agonies of bowel are not the whole story of the perennial theme of fathers and sons. The fact that this entire part of the book is closely autobiographical does not diminish Snow's merit. It merely underlines how much more at ease he finds himself in the resistant medium of fact than in dreams. "The Sleep of Reason" is a book about staying awake.



WHAT the pointillist fables of Virginia Woolf were to the solid carpentry of Bennett and Galsworthy, the art of Nicholas Mosley is to the workmanship of C. P. Snow. "Impossible Object" (Coward-McCann) is all witch fire and mercury. It is a novel, or a set of potential novels, within a fictional narrative, all inside the shadow lines of a projected life of Nietzsche, and particularly of Nietzsche's collapse into Dionysian madness on the streets of Turin. Scenes, personages, memories cut in and out of focus as in a film by Godard out of Pirandello. The dialogue is monosyllabic, razor-honed, almost totally stripped of the waste matter of social convention. Language is less an exchange of information than a game, a confrontation of mirrors: "I thought of my story about this man and the girl who looked at themselves in mirrors, who moved the opposite ways from what they intended." Games are crucial to Mr. Mosley. His scenario begins with a queer blindman's buff played in a lightless cellar; it closes with something very like play, a day's sailing and sudden breakers, "like looking down an avalanche." Both games end with death capturing one of the pieces. But are the players real or "all wild animals disappearing and appearing between shadows"?

Already, in "Accident," Mosley has shown his gift for strangeness, his ability to make light bend around familiar shapes, until trees and solid Oxfordshire houses, young women and cars moving just a little too fast on country lanes assume the sheen of objects glimpsed in half sleep or in the yellow of a storm. Following directly on Virginia Woolf, "Impossible Object" is less a novel—though there is a brilliant mystery writer at work in even the most arcane of Mr. Mosley's effects—than an exploration of those puzzles of human perception and recital that may make it impossible to write a straightforward novel in the first place. It is also a parable, obviously influenced by various years at Marienbad, on the labyrinth modern lovers must construct for themselves if Eros is to remain passionate and comely in an age of casual sexuality. Nicholas Mosley's power lies in his ability to dovetail these two interests. The considerable difficulties posed by his narrative style exactly reflect the enigmatic quality of love experienced by his characters ("voices" or "gathered intensities" would be a more accurate term). Yet, in his oblique, expressionist vein, he is also a master of locale. His London pubs have a haunted density. His North Africa is tangible: "It was a bright windy day with the eucalyptus trees like fists and the sun a glass breaking." And when human beings do touch, the contour is memorable: "We drank out of yellow cups like sunshine. She wore a dark jersey and jeans. She sat on my bed and when she swallowed she made a noise like heat going down."

In its formal criteria, in the kind of critical approval it invites, the work of Mr. Mosley is frankly antithetical to that of Snow. It says much for the "prodigious elasticity" of fiction, as Henry James put it, that the term "novel" will include both books. Comparison is very nearly sterile. Mosley is full of secret mirth; Snow has always been oddly wary of humor (does he see in it a touch of anarchy?). Both writers know a good deal about evil and the snap of violence. But Snow's terrors are immanent, they are grounded in the realities of social and political existence. The daemons in Mosley's work are like splinters of the psyche; we catch their uncanny motion between

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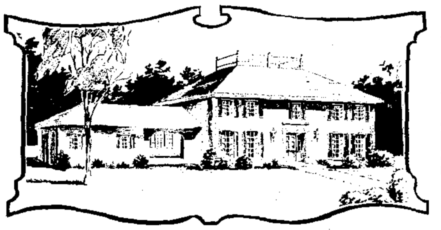

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lines of ordinary speech, theirs is a noon shadow in a sunlit place. Snow ponders "genetic flukes;" he knows that there is rational mystery enough in a chromosome to make creation sing. Mosley's landscape is built of anti-matter: "There is that silence when all birds fly out from porticos: animals rush into the hills. The rock cracks. Iron bands force emptiness into matter. The cry of lovers past each other is heard back round the world. It goes on, endlessly." Nonsense, says Lewis Eliot. It does nothing of the kind. It ends with remarkable speed. In the laundromat at morning or with a stale cigarette.

He is right, of course. The delicacies and *élan* of the lyric, cinematic novel are gained at a price. "Impossible Object" discards that impulse of sheer narrative which makes a book such as "The Masters" difficult to put down. Since Joyce, much of "high" fiction is musical. Mosley draws heavily on poetic means, on devices of repetition, on the spiral and glitter of sound. Lyrical facility mars some of his tautest writing. If Virginia Woolf's thoughts on old Mrs. Brown and that rattling train continue to be so pertinent, it is because she herself, the herald of the new, put the case fairly for the traditional, realistic genre: "We must reflect that where so much strength is spent on finding a way of telling the truth, the truth itself is bound to reach us in rather an exhausted and chaotic condition." Mr. Mosley is too intelligent, too finely responsive a novelist to fall under this telling stricture. But it does find out much of the kind of fiction that is now acclaimed by critics and anatomized by academics, if little read by those whom Virginia Woolf called, without any condescension, "the common reader." *Romans nouveaux*, prose poems, lyric sketches—many of these shed an empty brightness. What they report of man and of his works and days is thinner, more arbitrary than what we already know.

Nicholas Mosley's "Impossible Object" is a beautifully wrought, exciting novel. It is difficult to believe that future historians will not turn to "The Sleep of Reason" to buttress or verify their insights into our society when it was in a state of exceptional stress. Somewhere between these two fictions, the ancient art of the teller of tales is being skimped. Who among us will know how to make Mrs. Brown pause from her grief and look up, spell-riven, as a story unfolds, as imagined men and women spring into active being and, by some wonder of re-creation, come to seem more present to her than

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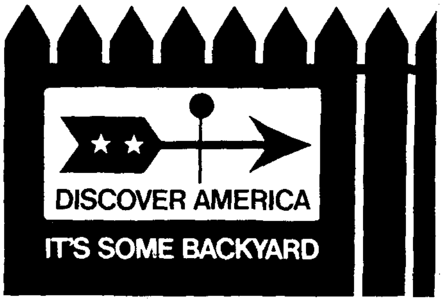

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her own troubles? Night after thousand nights, the slave in the Caliph's garden and the Norse singer stranded on his enemy's shore bought a day of life by telling a story. How many of our current novelists would have long shrift?
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LOVE, ROGER, by Charles Webb (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Webb, whose first novel was "The Graduate," here describes the gradual formation of a *ménage à trois*. The novel is made up mainly of dialogue between the deliberate hero, a young Boston travel agent, and the two dissimilar girls who simultaneously interest him. Their laconic conversations are set against a variety of homely pursuits, like cooking hamburgers, opening a suitcase, trying on shoes, and undressing, and the talk and action are interwoven with precise comic timing.

THE MARCHIONESS, by James Broom Lynne (Doubleday). In a converted house in London, eight eccentrics rattle through their sad, odd lives. In the basement flatlet, an aged marchioness hears the scuttling vitality and barricades herself within distressed gentility. Above her—in ascending order—musty Mrs. Jimmy watches her forty-five-year-old son crochet blankets in nursery colors, two single girls snarl out a dying relationship, the Abbots make stocky love and prepare hearty meals, and a lonely, meth-soaked lavatory attendant rains curses on his dog. Vulgar Death visits the household and disturbs its routine. "The Marchioness" is a black and clever novel.

HIGH, by Thomas Hinde (Walker). Mr. Hinde, a British novelist who taught at the University of Illinois for two years, has written a novel about a British professor writing a novel about a British professor writing a novel, each work set in a Midwestern college town. Mr. Hinde's book is most interesting as a demonstration of the ways a writer translates his life into fiction, and until he shifts into a darker mood and tries out some Nabokovian tricks that seem to be more than he or his fictional colleagues can manage, "High" is a pretty funny book.

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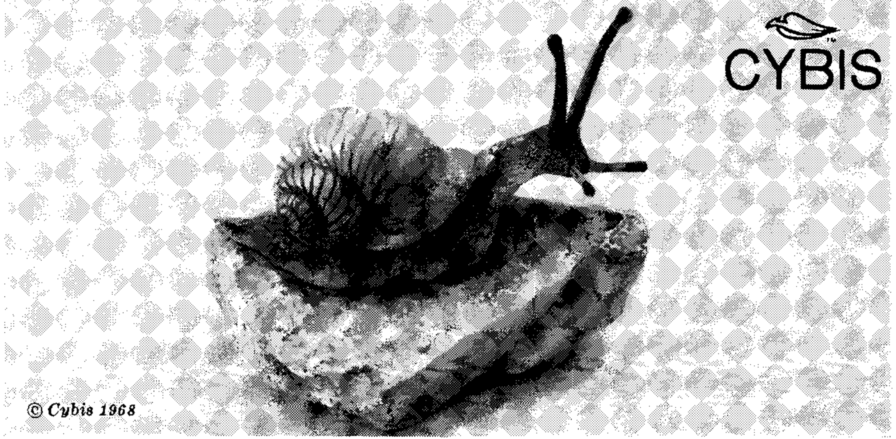

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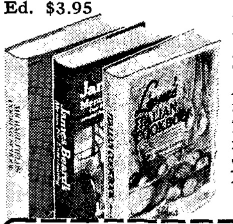

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GENERAL

TORMENTED LOYALTY, by Christopher Sykes (Harper & Row). A biography of Adam von Trott zu Solz, who was executed by the Nazis for his part in the July 20, 1944, plot against Hitler. Trott was known and loved in Great Britain, where, as a Rhodes Scholar, he had made many influential friends. He had innumerable opportunities to leave Nazi Germany, but stayed because he did not want to exile himself from his homeland. He used his government job (he joined the Foreign Office) as a screen for anti-Nazi activities. Over the years, he was able to save other people's lives, but, in the end, not his own. Mr. Sykes is by *no* means worshipful—Trott had faults, along with a few tastes (a passion for Hegel among them) peculiar to Germans—but he is patient, clear, and knowing in delineating the painful conflicts of feeling that assailed this very good German.

THE TRANSATLANTIC PERSUASION: THE LIBERAL-DEMOCRATIC MIND IN THE AGE OF GLADSTONE, by Robert Kelley (Knopf). This remarkable book describes the intellectual, political, and emotional unity among three political parties of the nineteenth century—the Liberal Parties of Great Britain and Canada and the Democratic Party of the United States. Mr. Kelley believes that they all represented particular ethnic, religious, and social groups as well as particular economic interests and political opinions. The three parties spoke for religious dissenters and ethnic minorities—for the Scots and the Welsh in the United Kingdom, for the Irish in the United States, for the French in Canada—and their members shared, in Mr. Kelley's words, "an image of the enemy," whether Tory or Republican, as rich, arrogant, corrupt, and coercive. Mr. Kelley does not overwork his hypothesis; he attends to such matters as the Liberal-Democratic preference for a forceful executive, the influence of ideas and of intellectuals, and the doings of historic figures like Cleveland and Gladstone. He is nice in his distinctions and broad in his sympathies, and his style is lively.

CONVERSATIONS WITH JORGE LUIS BORGES, by Richard Burgin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). An entertaining writer may not be an entertaining talker, or even a particularly attractive person, but Borges is all three. We owe this discovery to the enterprising Mr. Burgin, who was just another undergraduate fan of the Argentine writer in 1967, when he learned that Borges was going to lecture in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Burgin determined to meet his idol, and they hit it off immediately. Mr. Burgin decided that Borges's chat was too good to lose, so he taped it. The man talked about a variety of subjects, but mostly about writing. Borges is steeped in books without being in the least bookish, and his talk, like his writing, is brilliant and original. It is also gay, funny, frank, and precise.

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY: THREE ESSAYS, by Henry A. Kissinger (Norton). Three sharp-edged pieces. None pretends to be exhaustive; each, however, points specifically toward further thought and, where possible, action. The first deals with the effects that particular forms of government have on nations' foreign policies, the second suggests some steps toward formulating an American foreign policy aimed at creating the stablest possible world for the rest of the century, and the third comments on the current Vietnamese negotiations. Mr. Kissinger is well able to confront complexity and uncertainty and to write about them clearly. His own outlook is not optimistic or pessimistic so much as concerned, but readers may find his discussion of the bad effects of modern bureaucracies (Russian, American, and others) on foreign policies extremely depressing.

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[*Georgia Hesse, travel editor, in the San Francisco Examiner*]

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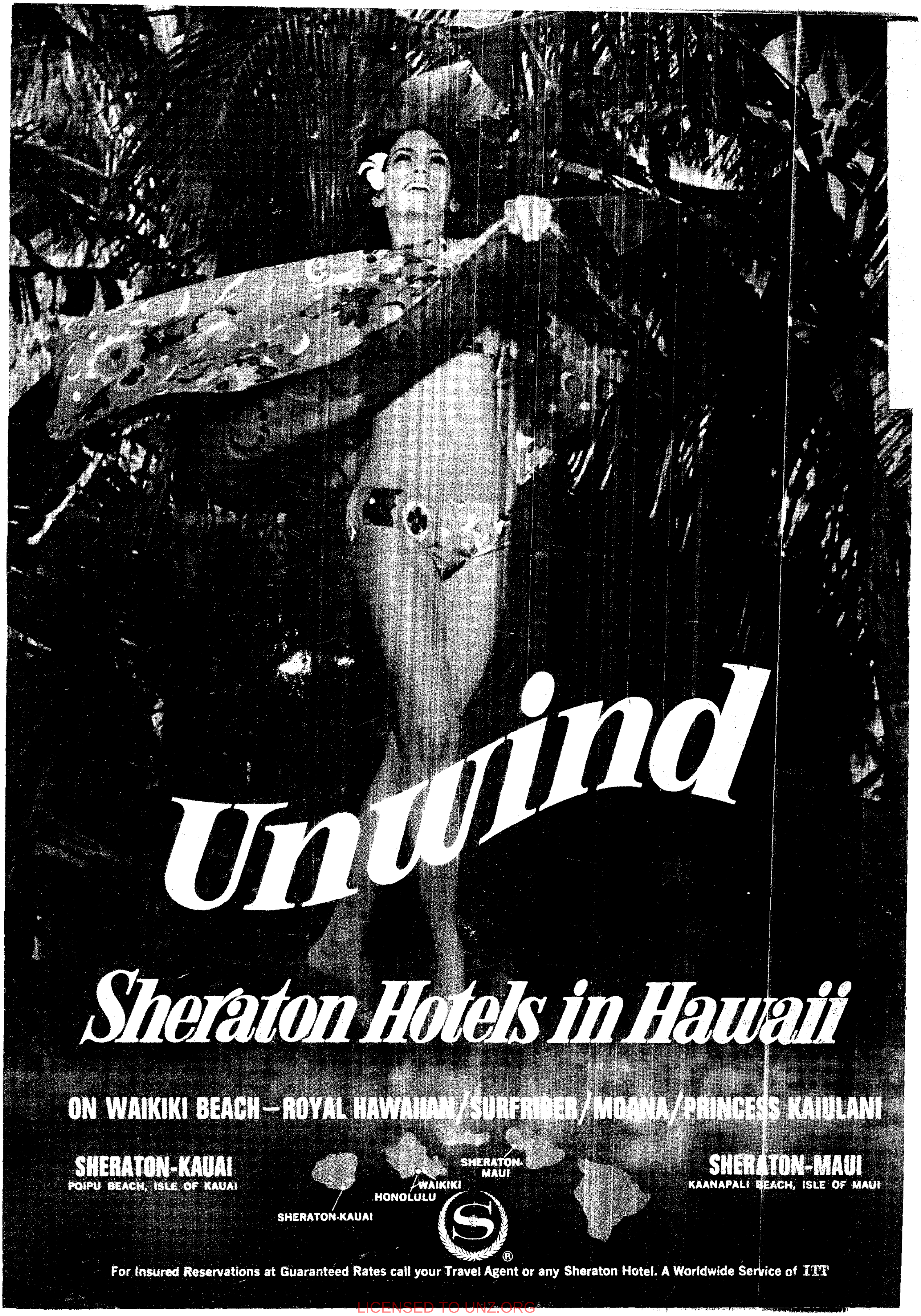
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